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The Truth About Poison Gas

By Major PAUL MURPHY

Major Murphy was formerly Director of Experiments of the Chemical Defence Experimental Station, Porton, and is the author of 'Armadas of the Sky'

EVERYONE is familiar with the ancient—and no less modern—weakness in human nature, the desire to make the other fellow's flesh creep. We all like, though some of us won't admit it, to see a good glaring gloomy headline splashed occasionally across the pages of our daily newspapers; the 'Grand Guignol' thriller is still calculated to extract such coinage as the Chancellor of the Exchequer may have overlooked from the pockets of playgoers; while the passion for a really hair-raising ghost story remains unabated. But there are limits to everything.

Ever since the introduction of Poison Gas during the Great War, there has been a systematic attempt to make the public blood run cold with horrific accounts of its devastating, overwhelming, and wholly uncontrollable powers of destruction. During the progress of the War it certainly proved a potent weapon; but in the years which have succeeded it has become a legend. The efforts to ban it by protocol and treaty have been in part responsible for this state of affairs. The desire, from the point of view of those who believe that the form of war can be so controlled, is understandable. But the methods adopted were decidedly unfortunate. The case against the use of gas in war has been so overstated as to have actually strengthened the case for it. Whatever the moral issue, those responsible for national defences have been reinforced in their view that they cannot afford to ignore

potentialities so portentous. Consequently they have claimed the right at least to carry on research on possible developments in order to devise means of defence against them. Secrecy has surrounded these investigations, and secrecy is an atmosphere in which legends grow to monstrous size. Fuel has been contributed to the flame from various quarters; not, unfortunately, in some cases, unimportant ones. Even Mr. Baldwin, sanest of men, made a speech in the House of Commons which half suggested that in the event of aerial gas warfare we could do little save fold our hands and perish. Lord Halsbury will not grant us time even to fold our hands. One whiff of gas from his walnut-sized bomb and a city is wiped out of existence.

There is no question that a section of the public has become seriously alarmed. Is it very surprising? In an uneasy world the possibility of fresh outbreaks of war is ever present in the minds of many people. To this is added the threat of a new weapon, ill-defined and said to be enormously potent, terribly cruel, quite impossible to combat and destined to encompass the mass destruction of civil populations.

It might be thought that so exaggerated a picture could best be reduced to some semblance of reality by the substitution of authoritative views of experts acquainted with the history and present state of development of chemical warfare. But the views so far published have differed so widely as to make it difficult for anyone not

acquainted with the subject to form any opinion at all as to either the nature or the degree of the menace. There would be little value in adding yet one more opinion to the rest. It is proposed instead to make a selection from the essential facts in order to enable readers to draw their own conclusions. Because there is little controversy about these facts even amongst the experts who differ so widely in their interpretation of them.

One of the curious discoveries of the War was that lethal and toxic gases, liquids and solids, were less poisonous than had been supposed—poisonous, that is, in the sense in which that word is used by chemical warfare experts. A really poisonous substance, from this highly specialised point of view, is one which can be effectively projected into the atmosphere or on to the target attacked, which on dilution with the atmosphere—a rapid and inevitable process due to dispersion by air currents and to diffusion—does not become ineffective too quickly, which is not too adversely affected by meteorological factors other than those which make for dilution, which cannot be easily and effectually countered by defensive measures—such as respirators, protective clothing and anti-gas training generally—and, lastly, which can be manufactured in sufficient quantities to be used on the vast and wasteful scale required by war. It is hardly surprising that this experimental sieve strained off the vast majority of the substances examined. Of the thousands experimented with in the various countries engaged in the long-drawn-out struggle, perhaps a hundred attracted the serious attention of the investigators. Of these, some forty-odd found their way into the battle zones. Today, as the result of the experience of the War and of subsequent research, a bare half-dozen engage present attention as having possible value for future use. Save for these few, respiratory irritants, paralytics, lachrymators, sternutators, escharotics and systemic poisons, to give them the names which indicate their displeasing effects, all have vanished into the historical records and museums of gas experimental stations. Granted that some of these verdicts of dismissal may be reversed, is it not obvious that there must be stringent limiting factors in chemical warfare to account for such a drastic purge? At any rate this wholesale elimination is worth remembering when the discovery of yet another world-destroying gas is proclaimed. The odds are against its being heard of again.

Of the chemical substances which did prove to be highly effective and whose value has been confirmed by subsequent research, two stand out as typical examples of the kind of materials which might be used in aerial raids. They may be replaced by more effective analogous substances. But as types they will serve the purposes of illustration.

Phosgene or carbonyl chloride is a colourless gas which is intensely poisonous in high concentrations. Its smell has been variously likened to the 'melancholy sweetness of decaying flowers' and to that of a 'mouldy haystack', a combination which suggests not too successful co-operation between a decadent poet and a disgruntled farmer;

yet a mingling of these two scents does resemble it closely. Being a gas which is easily liquefied and, when liquid, as easily gasefied, it is eminently suited to chemical warfare purposes. A respiratory irritant, its value in war declined as soon as the improved forms of respirators gave complete protection against it; and this despite great improvements in the method of using it, of which the Livens Projector was a notable example. Phosgene could not be allowed simply to fall as a liquid from aeroplanes because it would immediately be gasefied in the upper atmosphere and so dissipated. It would, therefore, be employed in a projectile of some kind such as an aerial bomb or torpedo. If a big projectile of this nature fell into a street outside a house, office, or factory it would form a



Chemical v. chemical: learning how to make innocuous an area infected with mustard gas *Planet News*

highly toxic gas cloud sufficiently poisonous to kill anyone who breathed it. But such clouds soon dissipate and become innocuous; the danger would be immediately where it fell and for a short distance down-wind of it. If during a raid people remained indoors and turned their houses, offices and factories into reasonably gas-proof dug-outs by closing doors and windows, eliminating inward draughts, and so on, they would in all probability escape injury. For, during the dissipation of the gas, the penetration into adjacent buildings would be slow. In the worst event, in districts where intensive attacks might be feared and a number of aerial projectiles might be dropped in close contiguity, respirators could be issued to reinforce the protection of the partly gas-proofed buildings. If hundreds or even thousands of such projectiles were 'plastered', that is, grouped together, on a restricted area, the results would be very serious and many people might be killed whatever the precautions. But before accepting that as evidence of exceptional potency and frightfulness, consider

what would happen if high explosive or incendiary projectiles were similarly used. I think most people would decide to take their chance with gas. I am quite certain that the chemical warfare experts would, and equally certain that the military value of high explosive or incendiary attacks on such lines would be greater than that obtainable with phosgene.

A very different and far more difficult problem is presented by a consideration of the other type of material. Mustard gas or dichlorethyl sulphide is stated in several textbooks on chemical warfare to have been first made by Victor Meyer in 1886. But there are earlier references. M. A. Riche synthesised it in 1854 (*Comptes Rendus*, 1854, 39, p. 910), but does not appear to have noticed its peculiarities. Frederick Guthrie (*Journal of the Chemical Society*, 1860, XII, p. 117) not only prepared it but gave an excellent account of some of its characteristics. He describes it as a '... heavy sluggish liquid. Its smell is pungent but not unpleasant, resembling that of mustard; its taste is astringent and similar to that of horse-radish. The small quantities of vapour which it diffuses attack the thin parts of the skin, as between the fingers and around the eyes. If allowed to remain in liquid form on the skin it raises a blister'. Mr. Guthrie did not allow much to escape him. In these days

of mass hysteria there is something soothing in this placid comparison of its taste to that of horse-radish. But, lest I should incur similar criticism to that evoked by a jocular reference to hot baths as antidotes to gas raids in the recent widely reported speech of Dr. Freeth, the distinguished Director of Research to Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., I hasten to add that I do not recommend mustard gas as a fitting accompaniment to the Roast Beef of Old England.

This remarkable substance proved to be the most potent chemical warfare weapon developed during the War. As already described, it is a heavy viscous liquid

concentration, attack the skin—causing a lesser type of ‘burning’ or blistering; the lungs—causing bronchial and lung trouble; and the eyes—causing conjunctivitis which may be so severe as to blind temporarily.

Since mustard gas is a liquid, its use in aerial raids presents no chemical warfare difficulties. The air method is indeed the most effective way of using it. It can be allowed simply to fall in the form of ‘rain’ or filled into aerial projectiles which, on bursting on the ground, will distribute their contents. The first or ‘rain’ method will give an even distribution of a diffuse character, whilst the second or projectile method will make for highly contaminated localised patches.

No one examining these facts will have any difficulty in understanding the remarkable potency of mustard gas, the variety of effects which it can produce and the complex task of the defence in combating it. A glance at the yearly totals of British gas casualties in France in 1915-1918 would be confirmatory of its effectiveness. In 1917, when it was first introduced, the casualties rose to more than seven times those of the previous year, and in 1918 this huge total was more than doubled. On the other hand, the ratio of deaths to total casualties fell. Despite its effectiveness, mustard gas proved a casualty-causing rather than a killing weapon.



In gas masks: the civilian—

rather like pure decolourised lubricating oil in appearance and consistency; like oil it is readily absorbed by all kinds of substances and materials, such, for instance, as soil, brickwork, concrete and clothing; by any relatively porous body, in fact. The faint but characteristic odour which has given it its name quickly tires the sense of smell and becomes unnoticeable. Since the name ‘mustard gas’ clings to it, the fact should be noted that it is, in its normal physical state, a liquid. It does not readily vapourise unless conditions are favourable. If some were poured on to the ground on a dry cold day it would probably be absorbed and retained unchanged, especially in the absence of wind, for days or even weeks. If, on the other hand, a fine spray of it fell on to a sun-warmed pavement-stone and light winds passed over it, evaporation would be rapid and the surrounding atmosphere seriously infected with the highly toxic vapour.

If mustard gas is splashed or sprayed on to the skin—or even the clothing—it will cause very serious injury which will be fatal or not according to the extent of the skin affected and the rapidity with which remedial measures are applied. The nature of the injury is a kind of ‘burning’ or blistering producing deep-seated effects which are very difficult to treat. Again, if the liquid fall on to soil, concrete, bricks, iron, wood, fabrics—on to any unprotected object, in short—anyone who comes into contact with such objects will be ‘burnt’ or blistered in the same way though probably less seriously. Lastly, the gas or vapour which arises from the scattered liquid and from the contaminated objects will, if in sufficiently high



—and the soldier

Wide World

During an actual raid, therefore, and immediately after it, when the danger arises from splashes, spray and falling liquid droplets, and from the temporary high concentrations of gas arising from them, there appears to be no reason why casualties should not be kept down to normal proportions by arrangements similar to those suggested for phosgene. But after such a raid and its immediate sequelæ, the real power of mustard gas will be revealed. Scattered about in every quarter and on every object will lie the source of potential danger. It may be likened, if the simile is not too fanciful, to an invisible garrison left behind by the attacking force. The pressure of a boot on the pavement or on the roadway, the touch of a hand on the latch of a gate, a sleeve brushed against a wall or a faint pungent smell fading away too soon to be recognised. So the invisible garrison strikes

(Continued on page 1102)

What I Like in Art

III—Piero della Francesca's Nativity

By KENNETH CLARK

IN asking the contributors of this series to confine themselves to a single work of art, the Editor of *THE LISTENER* has helped us to avoid vague abstractions, but he has also limited our scope in a way which may bring down upon us the charge of narrowness. Most of us would agree in liking such different works of art as, shall I say, a Byzantine mosaic and an oil sketch by Constable, a figure from the portals of Chartres and a portrait by Goya? Each of these might give me similar sensations of joy or ecstasy—what is called æsthetic pleasure; but even supposing this ecstasy was identical in each case, the factors which contributed to it would certainly not all be the same; and so an article on What I Like in Art must vary considerably according to the work which I choose as my text.

I have chosen to write about Piero della Francesca's Nativity in the National Gallery partly because everyone can visit the original, and can see for themselves that it is enchantingly beautiful; and partly because it combines a number of the elements which lie at the centre of European art. It belongs to a period of perfect equilibrium, the point of balance between the Gothic and the revived Classical world, between faith and science, between tradition and experiment. It has a completeness which can only be achieved at such a moment; and it is also the work of a very great and very individual artist.

In writing of it I shall put down its various qualities as far as possible in the order in which they strike me. But before doing so I had better describe what I believe happens when I am enjoying a picture. First of all I see the picture as a whole, and am immediately struck with its general beauty of colour, tone and pattern. This is an instantaneous process and often occurs before I can even identify the subject of the picture. It is the great moment, the æsthetic shock, and like other great moments in the world of sensation it is, unfortunately, very short. Then follows the period of inspection. I look from one detail to another, enjoying various passages of colour and felicities of drawing, and in doing so I often repeat, on a smaller scale, my original shock of delight. The whole process may occupy me for three or four minutes. Then my senses become weary and I have to fall back on that discredited part of my equipment—the mind. I identify the subject, and sometimes enjoy the originality or dramatic truth with which the artist has treated it; I also identify, if possible, the artist and remember similar passages in his other works. There is a real pleasure in identification, and I confess that when I am finding my way in a motor map I experience sensations which remind me of some so-called æsthetic experiences. If I cannot identify the artist my pleasure is greater still, because I am in the delightful position of the practised reader of detective novels when faced with a mysterious crime. These mental activities are much decried by the 'pure' æsthete, and fundamentally they are, of course, irrelevant. But they have one great advantage. They allow me a second wind. While my mind and my memory are at work, my senses are renewing their powers of receptivity, and in the middle of some purely pedantic researches, I may suddenly become aware of a beautiful passage of drawing or colour, which I should certainly have missed, had not an intellectual pretext kept my attention fixed on the picture. Beauty, like all forms of divinity, loves to come by stealth, and many pictures only yield to the 'impure' æsthete, who is prepared to forgive a rather chilly reception and content himself with some pedantic researches, until the moment of grace.

Now let me follow this sequence of experiences in front of Piero della Francesca's Nativity. It is emphatically *not* a picture which fails to attract at first sight. On the contrary, I know of no picture which produces in me a more immediate shock of delight. This I suppose to be due to the beauty of the general tone. Piero had the power of painting in light silvery colours, which combine in an extraordinary way atmospheric truth and beauty of surface, and it is this combination which makes his pictures so immediately attractive. This beauty of

colour and atmosphere I enjoy the instant I see the picture. It is no exaggeration to say that I would enjoy it if I saw it in a shop window from the top of a 'bus going at 30 m.p.h. But, of course, I should jump off the 'bus and go back to enjoy the picture in detail. So great is Piero's mastery of atmospheric truth, his power of enveloping his figures in silvery air, that it will be some minutes before my shock of delight in this quality is exhausted; indeed it is not exhausted, but transferred to the actual colour by which his effect of atmosphere is achieved. The analysis of a colour effect is a laborious intellectual process, and, as I have said, such analysis has little part in my immediate enjoyment of a work of art. But actually what I am enjoying is a subtle modulation of blues. The blue grey cowshed in the background forms the accompaniment to a wonderful progression of blues, one angel's tunic being as warm as violet, another as cold as turquoise, and the Virgin having a dense powder-blue dress, and a rich, serious, blue mantle, which closes the chord and prevents it from being too sweet. Unfortunately all this is lost in the accompanying reproduction, as is the famous pink of St. Joseph's cloak, which balances the whole composition. And I may take this opportunity of saying that it is not only colour which is lost in black and white. Composition, which critics often attempt to analyse from photographs, must, at its best, depend on accents of colour; and in the present instance it would be useless to describe the composition of Piero's Nativity in terms of form alone.

But in enjoying the colour, I have already begun to dwell on certain passages of drawing, and for a moment I can think of nothing but the beauty of the angel's skirts, which seem to fall in such natural, simple folds, yet have the calculated harmony, the *cantiques des colonnes*, of a Greek temple. I admire the way in which the solid form under the skirts is suggested without any over emphasis, and notice the tact with which Piero has used a very simple scheme—the drapery hanging straight over the leg on which the weight of the body rests, and curling in transverse folds over the other leg. Then I look at the composition of the whole group of angels and find that it has that flower-like, open, objective quality hardly found outside of fifteenth-century Italy. It is simple, but not bare; dense, but not heavy; frontal, but not formal. I notice that the very simple outline is broken by the noble invention of the two lutes, and the formality of the row of heads is enlivened by subtle differences of direction and expression; and then, as I am in the middle of attempting an analysis of the composition, I begin to think of the beauty of the heads.

The creation of a beautiful type which shall be classical without being cold and insipid, is one of the most difficult achievements in art. It is like the problem of dialogue in epic drama, which can so easily become either commonplace or stilted. Piero was master of a type at once personal and universal. Sometimes his figures are accused of being too austere and impassive, but the Nativity is the most human of all his pictures, and the angels, though they still have something of his noble aloofness, condescend to open their mouths and sing with an unusual naturalism. Then I turn to the Madonna. At first sight I am afraid that her head is going to be insipid; but after a second I perceive that Piero has created a type of divine simplicity and purity—in form, in pose, in expression—before which I must be silent. Innocence in a work of art is always rather a terrifying quality. When it is false it is revolting, and so we are apt to be rather too much on our guard against it. But where it is expressed by such a master of noble severity as Piero, we may be quite sure that we shall not be deceived (as we so often are by Perugino), and we can give ourselves up to this rare and lovely mood.

The next thing to take my eye is the landscape. Piero created a landscape of his own. It is true that one can find in Umbria white rocks and little brown shrubs and distances of humpy hills not unlike his, but I have never seen them in the still, crystalline light of a Piero which gives us the beauty of the air without its transitoriness.



The Nativity, by Piero della Francesca

National Gallery

By this time the period of shocks is over, and I look at the picture with greater detachment: and I notice for the first time that it is unfinished. The tufts of dark brown grass end suddenly on either side and the shepherds on the right are so thinly painted that they are only ghosts compared with the Virgin and the angels. In one of them even, the eyes are unfinished so that he looks as if he were blind. This incompleteness is the starting point for all sorts of reflections which are not part of my original æsthetic emotion, but are continually bringing me back to it and renewing it. For example, I try to imagine how Piero would have finished the picture. Did he leave off because he felt that another touch would do it harm, or did he leave off because he had become blind; for we know from Vasari that he went blind in old age. And if for the second cause, I am led to think that it must be his last picture, and so I begin to try and fit it into a chronological scheme of his work. This leads me to think of Piero's other works and compare them with the Nativity, asking myself in what ways they resemble it. And each time I make one of these mental comparisons I am forced to study the Nativity afresh and I regain a part of my original enjoyment. There are other subjects to occupy my thoughts, each bringing with it the fraction of a new sensation.

But the mind works fast, and I have seldom looked at a picture for more than fifteen minutes on end, even with all the devices of memory to sustain my interest. Fortunately I know that I have only to return to the picture after a few hours' absence to renew practically all my former delight in it. And I think I can honestly say I feel the beauty of Piero's Nativity with almost equal force every time I see it, which I now do every day of my life.

If to make the British Isles look a pleasant, a beautiful and a merry place is the criterion of a good guide-book, then that issued by the Travel Association of Great Britain and Ireland—and printed in three versions, English, French and Spanish—is completely successful. The text is lively, the illustrations well-chosen (even those of familiar landmarks like Big Ben and the British Museum compel one to look at them, for they are generally aspects one had not noticed before); but what chiefly makes them good reading, even to a Briton who on principle never reads a guide-book to his own country, is the lay-out, which is effective but not distracting, different in every double spread, with ingenious and effective use of photographs superimposed on each other. *Londres*, another Travel Association booklet, published so far only in French, is produced on the same lines, with a very good cover design by John Farleigh.

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The Listener

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New Ideas About Copyright

IN the course of an interesting survey of the question of copyright in books published in a recent number of *Economica*, Professor Arnold Plant has drawn attention to a certain contrast which exists between the interests of authors and publishers on the one hand and the reading public on the other. The copyright laws give the producers of books—that is, the authors and publishers—a monopoly of what they produce similar to a patent in the industrial sphere, the purpose of this monopoly being to encourage the publishers to undertake the risks of producing books and to remunerate their author. But since many books are in fact issued without making a profit, the copyright monopoly also affords a means whereby the publisher can counterbalance such losses on the issue of unpopular books by increasing his receipts from successful books, through restricting the supply and raising the price of them. To quote Professor Plant, 'more authors write books because copyright exists, and a greater variety of books is published; but there are fewer copies of the books which people want to read'. A survey of the history of copyright shows that in proportion as the copyright laws have been strengthened in favour of the author and publisher, the book-reading public has been forced to resort to borrowing books instead of buying them. Hence the rise of the circulating libraries, which in their turn have tended to form a vested interest resisting the too early issue of books in cheap editions.

Professor Plant points out that the whole basis of our copyright system was challenged several times during the nineteenth century, and the alternative put forward of introducing the compulsory licence or 'royalty' system, by which any publisher could issue an edition of a book provided he paid a minimum royalty to the author. But this 'free trade' in book production has never come into being, because of the contention that it would force publishers to concentrate mainly on issuing books certain of popular success, which would diminish the publication of serious and valuable but unprofitable works, or books by unproven authors. At the same time, a step in this direc-

tion was made in 1911, when the latest increase in the duration of the copyright period was counterbalanced by permitting any person to reproduce a published work during the last 25 years of the copyright period, upon paying a fixed royalty to the owner. Professor Plant would now like to extend this principle to make the compulsory licence or royalty system operate five years after first publication, instead of being delayed, as at present, until 25 years after the death of the author. The purpose of this reform would be to prevent the public having to wait more than five years for cheap copies of the books which they wish to buy. Already, however, many publishing houses follow the plan of issuing cheap editions within this period; so that the reform proposed would merely have the effect of bringing all into line upon a policy which would benefit the book-buying public. To meet the objection that the change might discourage publishers from taking risks with worthy but doubtful publications or with expensively illustrated editions, Professor Plant suggests that copyright monopoly could be limited to such enterprises by the grant of special licences.

Professor Plant's proposal might lead on to another reform which he does not mention. In France, publication of classical and popular works after the expiry of copyright is allowed upon the payment of a tiny royalty to the State, this going to form a fund for the relief of distressed authors. Justice is well served by this system, which ensures that after the author's own material individual interest in his works has lapsed, the community shall continue to benefit. The money raised in this way is not felt as a burden by the publishers, but it amounts in total to a considerable sum. The principle would surely be worth applying in this country, where we are so justly proud of our national literature, but where no public provision at present exists (other than the Royal Bounty) for the helping of those writers whose fame or hard work has not brought them adequate economic recompense.

Week by Week

SEVERAL countries, notably France, the United States, and this country, have benefited by the dispersal of the distinguished scholars, artists and writers evicted by the Nazis from Germany. The cultural life of these countries cannot fail to be enriched by the presence of scientists like Einstein, philosophers like Cassirer, or writers like Thomas Mann. But the influence of these scattered personalities will naturally be somewhat impalpable, and limited to a privileged few. Far more immediate and real is the advantage we in this country derive from the transfer to London of the Warburg Institute, which has recently been opened at 3 Thames House, Millbank, under the able directorship of Dr. F. Saxl. Founded thirty years ago in Hamburg by Professor Warburg, the Institute is in effect an educational instrument of unique scope and value. It is in the first place a library devoted to a special subject, but that subject is so fundamental that its ramifications touch on almost every aspect of European culture. But the main subject, the stem from which all the branches extend, is the development of the classical tradition of Greek and Rome in post-classical times. The 70,000 volumes which comprise the library are divided into four sections, namely: Religion, Natural Science, and Philosophy; Language and Literature; Fine Arts; Social and Political Life. Each section is logically subdivided, and in such a way that the student, who has open access to the books, passes naturally from one aspect of his subject to another. He does not have to search through a catalogue, and try and guess from the titles of books whether they are likely to contain anything of interest to him; once he has a starting-point, he finds the books which can throw light on his subject arranged in sequence on the shelves. When the student has grasped this logical sequence, he has at his command an instrument of research such as has never existed before. In addition to books

and periodicals, there is a collection of photographs, specialising in astrological and mythological manuscripts (including reproductions of 1,230 illuminated manuscripts) and in the iconography of classical subjects in mediæval and modern art. The Library is open daily to scholars and students, who have at their disposal a reading-room fully equipped with reference books and bibliographies. The Institute is not intended for casual consultation; but for the student with a special field of research in the history of European life and thought, it provides not only every convenience, but an extraordinary stimulus.

Over sixty hours' discussion took place on the agenda of last week's meeting in London of the International Broadcasting Union, which came to a successful conclusion on June 20. Seventy-three delegates to the Union examined in detail the results of the application of the Lucerne Plan for the distribution of broadcasting wavelengths in the 'European zone'; and in particular the changes which have followed the proposals made at Geneva in February for the improvement of the long-wave situation. A number of important legal questions were also discussed at the meeting, such as the need for defending the justifiable interests of broadcasters and listeners against the action of the gramophone record industry in certain countries, in seeking to impose unacceptable conditions to the broadcasting of records. On the programme side, the Union decided, as a further method of developing the means of exchange of programmes of special importance or interest, to substitute for the 'European concerts' which have been given monthly for some time past a new type of concert which will not exceed half-an-hour in duration but will consist principally of national works performed by national artists. At the conclusion of its sittings, a special message from the Prime Minister was conveyed by the Right Hon. W. Ormsby-Gore, First Commissioner of Works, to the delegates of the Union at a farewell banquet given by the B.B.C. on June 20. The text of the message was as follows:

Will you please convey to the delegates to the Assembly of the Union Internationale de Radiodiffusion, whom you will be meeting this evening, a message of my cordial greetings and good wishes? I was very glad to hear that the Assembly would be held in London this year, and I hope that this first meeting in our country has been in every way useful and enjoyable. Broadcasting is an instrument of tremendous power for good in our day and it is most important that there should never be any incompatibility between its national and its international responsibilities. We are thankful for what the Union has already achieved and are sure that its future career will be one of continued success.

Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Carpendale, C.B., was again elected President of the Union, for the tenth successive time.

'Artistic Posters' was the title of the first London exhibition of the kind, held in 1894 at the Royal Aquarium—a title that sounds particularly silly today when nobody would think of speaking of 'an artistic poster' any more than of 'an artistic picture'; it is so generally accepted that a good poster can be a work of art (and perhaps even conversely that no poster can be good unless it is a work of art) that it is now only necessary to say, 'This is a good poster', and the art can be implied. That this should be so is largely due to Messrs. Shell-Mex who (along with the Underground) have done as much as any one body to establish firmly the good poster: and how firmly, can be seen by their present exhibition at the New Burlington Galleries, from which we reproduce some posters in this issue. Contrasted with their last one, three years ago, there is an increase both of self-consciousness and self-confidence. The self-consciousness is entirely of the urbane and witty kind, reflected both in the amusing series where hikers, acrobats and the inhabitants of Juba-Juba discuss Shell advertising, and in the entertaining display of (quite genuine) letters of abuse ('These inartistic pictures', etc. etc.). Shell evidently finds its advertising so productive of goodwill that it can display evidence to the contrary as a quaint and amusing curiosity. The self-confidence is shown in the long strides taken away from the dull literal truth which is so apt to produce the dull literal

poster. In 1931 we were urged to See Britain on Shell, and shown what we *should* see. But in 1934 even so much plain statement has been left behind for pleasant fantasies and quaint conceits. 'Everywhere you go you can be sure of Shell' says the poster, showing not a petrol pump but the Long Man of Wilmington or the Great Globe of Swanage—irrelevant, but delightful. 'Antiquaries (and Architects, Artists, Athletes, Actors and Anglers) Prefer Shell', says another group, without shadow of proof. And if the captions can be cheerfully extravagant, so can the designs: if you say goodbye to dull fact, then goodbye also to naturalistic painting. Hence the artists, by working to a definite order, to match a definite slogan, are actually set free to try almost any kind of painting. In this exhibition there are abstract designs (McKnight Kauffer), geometricised paintings (Edgar Ainsworth's 'Gordale Scar'), still-lifes (Eve Kirk's 'Athletes' and Hans Feibusch's 'Architects') and pictures that are almost surrealist in conception (Rosemary and Clifford Ellis's 'Antiquaries'). The interesting thing—and one that can be tested by comparing those original paintings that are exhibited with the completed posters—is that, excellent as the pictures may be by themselves, they are nearly all given more significance and charm by their setting as posters. It is as if so much modern painting, far from being too functional, had worried people by not being functional enough: and that when it finds its function, as in advertising, it very quickly finds its appreciative audience.

The slum clearance campaign initiated by the Government in April, 1933, has reached a point where paper programmes are beginning to be translated into bricks and mortar. At such a moment no more welcome contribution could have been made than that of the Council for Research on Housing Construction, in their first Report on Slum Clearance and Rehousing*. With admirable clarity, the Report estimates and defines the technical and economic problems: an annual production of 250,000 dwellings, for at least five, probably ten, years, 100,000 of which must replace demolished slums, and 150,000 of which must be within the rent-paying capacity of the lower-paid workers. Imaginatively and practically the obvious way of meeting these requirements, particularly in central urban areas, is by building large well-planned blocks of tenement flats, with communal facilities for recreation, etc. But in this movement England, compared with several continental countries, has made little progress. 'Tenement flats cost considerably more to build than cottages of corresponding type'. It is in the recommendations it contains for reducing such costs, 'by the application of modern and rationalised building technique', that the chief importance of the report lies. Standardisation and mass production methods are essential. The Report postulates five- to ten-storey blocks, with standard layout and equipment of sanitary services, a central system for heating and hot water and, for blocks of over five storeys, lifts. To such specifications it supplies a range of designs, with illustrative charts, and considers with care and in detail the necessary expenditure. Unsubsidised tenement building is impossible, but under the present generous subsidies, it should be possible to build three-room tenement flats for approximately £318 in five-storey, £402 in ten-storey, blocks, to let them at 10s. per week and still to be able to acquire the central sites, that may cost from £15,000 to £20,000 per acre. It will be clear, however, that many of the methods and principles here advocated would be impossible within the present building regulations. The Report therefore recommends, that in reviewing the London Building Act, the L.C.C. should seek powers to govern the rapidly changing conditions created by technical development, by means of by-laws. In its concentration upon technical and economic detail, the Report does not lose sight of the wider problems of rehousing. It advocates the determination of standards of fitness for occupation and overcrowding, the collection of much more exact statistics of the slum situation, and the linking up of all rehousing schemes to the wider aims of town-planning. The charts, plans and photographs which accompany the Report are admirable and the whole production of great interest for the general as well as for the professional reader.

* *Slum Clearance and Rehousing*. Published for the Council for Research on Housing Construction by P. S. King. 10s. 6d.

The Treaty of Versailles and After—X

How the Treaty Looks to the United States

By MARJORIE HOLLOND

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THE attitude of America today towards the Treaty of Versailles has its roots in the traditional American foreign policy of keeping, politically as well as physically, the Atlantic between itself and Europe and—one might add—the Pacific, similarly, between itself and Asia. For a brief space this tradition broke down. Let me mention three important dates.

In 1917 the United States found, in unrestricted submarine aggression against itself as a neutral, what at last seemed to it a good answer to the question asked by the first American President, George Washington, over 100 years before—the question, 'Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground?' In 1919 President Wilson showed himself a braver, if perhaps not a wiser, man than his early predecessor, John Adams. President Adams, when taunted that he seemed afraid of being made the tool of the Powers of Europe, had exclaimed, 'Indeed I am'; and, when asked 'What Powers?' he had replied, 'All of them'. President Wilson, on the contrary, righteously armed with his Fourteen Points for World Peace, sailed for Paris apparently unafraid of any power on earth. In due course he brought back from the Conference of Allied and Associated Powers the Treaty of Versailles.

'Peace, Commerce and Honest Friendship'

In 1921 the American Congress decisively rejected the Treaty and, by a simple resolution, declared the state of war between Germany and the United States at an end. By so doing they acted in accord with the motto of yet a third early American President, Thomas Jefferson, 'Peace, commerce and honest friendship with all nations—entangling alliances with none'.

Thus, after an experiment of four years of participation in European affairs, America reasserted her policy not to meddle in European war or the compacts between European nations. In the fourteen years that have passed since the American Congress refused to accept the Treaty of Versailles, events in Europe and Asia have only confirmed the wisdom of that step to most Americans. There are two aspects of this attitude to be observed. First, the American case against the Treaty itself. Second, the nature of the contribution which America has been prepared to make towards the comity of nations, without allowing herself to become embroiled in a treaty which she has held in distrust. I propose to deal with these two aspects in turn.

It is an old story that President Wilson carried to Paris a programme for peace which included as its main provisions fairness to the defeated Powers, the right of minorities to determine their own nationality, and a plan for co-operation by all nations in the settlement of their differences without recourse to war. Fairness to the defeated powers was essential in order that they should find in the Treaty provisions no just cause for disturbing the peace in future. Hence, no indemnities were to be imposed upon them; no annexations of their territory were to be made. So President Wilson urged. But his colleagues were out for the spoils of war; and they were in the majority. The Treaty in the name of reparations imposed on Germany a colossal financial burden. Again, the Treaty bereft Germany of her colonies, and in the name of mandates handed them over to the proximate governmental control of particular victorious powers. America failed to carry her points of no indemnities and no annexations: she could only, and did, refuse to claim any share in reparations, or to accept any mandate.

Self-Determination of Minorities

What of the American principle of the self-determination of minorities? When the Treaty translated this into French, it came to mean the total disruption of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and the carving out of pieces of other enemy States. Those peoples who might be expected to find their interests on the side of the victors were immediately constituted independent States. Those whose sympathy was less certain were pro-

visionally placed under international tutelage in the hope that they might be converted to a 'right' allegiance by the time a plebiscite should be held. And those whose interests certainly lay with the other side were left no choice as to the sovereignty which they would prefer. The treaty, in short, turned the American principle of self-determination into a set of weights, bearing down the balance of power in Europe heavily on the side of France.

What, finally, of the American plan for an international organisation which should prevent future wars? From this aspiration sprang the League of Nations. Initially it was to be open to the victorious and neutral States alone. Other States were admissible only by later 'invitation'. Once established, it was to become an important instrument by which the Treaty was to be made effective. Chief amongst its duties—at least in the American view—was that of securing by agreement amongst its members the gradual reduction of their armaments. The victorious powers had solemnly bound themselves to such a reduction when they dictated to Germany both the immediate destruction of her Navy and a strictly limited professional Army. But the responsibility of the League was not confined to promoting disarmament. Nor was it confined to regulating and supervising the system of mandates and plebiscites, nor to easing the way of any other *actual* provisions of the Treaty. It was charged as well with the duty of facilitating the *revision* of the Treaty, should its terms prove inequitable or impracticable. Under its Covenant, finally, a Court of International Justice was to be set up.

President Wilson's Faith in the League

From President Wilson's point of view, the League was all-important. He counted on the prompt admission to it of late enemy States. He counted on its securing a prompt measure of agreement as to general disarmament. He counted on it to revise the anomalies and iniquities of the Treaty against which he had fought in vain. He counted on it, finally, to introduce ordinary legal procedure in disputes amongst nations, in place of war and threats of war. So great faith had he, that he was even prepared to enter into a special defensive pact with England and France, at the instance of France, confident that no call to act under it could arise.

But the American people did not share his faith. They saw in the Treaty of Versailles only a series of vindictive financial and territorial conditions imposed on peoples not in a position to resist them—conditions certain to lead to grave international difficulties. Against their long-maintained tradition of detachment from European problems they saw themselves involved in making the conditions of the Treaty effective. They even found themselves committed, within a narrow European alliance, to the use of armed force upon due occasion. This, most of all, went against the grain of American tradition. America expressed its views by refusing to contemplate the special defensive pact; by rejecting the Treaty; and by deciding not to join the League. Europe had made its bed, and must lie on it, whether the sheets prove smooth or rough.

The decisions of the American Congress undoubtedly took Europe by surprise. That the American Constitution vested treaty-making power in the President only 'by and with the consent of the Senate' was, nevertheless, a public fact of which European statesmen should have been aware. Ratification by the American Senate was, equally with action by the American President, a condition of the Treaty's becoming binding upon America. The Senate's refusal to ratify was not breaking a pledge, as one sometimes hears asserted. It was, instead, the exercise of its constitutional right on behalf of the United States not to give a pledge. The Treaty of Versailles never received the official sanction of the United States.

It is probable that by 1921 England disapproved many of the provisions of the Treaty as strongly as did the United States. But, whereas the United States was saved by her cumbrous, slow-moving Constitution from being drawn into

the maelstrom of controversy which the Treaty was to engender, England had already been drawn in by the very excellence of her Constitution. Englishmen will often since have wished that their genius for government had, in this instance, not proved so great! The only measure that remained open to Great Britain, having due regard to her own interests, was to reject the defensive pact. This she did, when America determined not to join the League. Otherwise she set to work with generous goodwill to try—especially through the League of Nations—to make the best of the Treaty.

Let me, briefly, look back on the past fifteen years of the Treaty—recognising, at the same time, that American eyes have not in general been turned towards Europe during this period. The evils of reparations, the cases of biased administration of mandates, the abuse of the principle of self-determination, the sacrifices of the standard of life of the peoples of the smaller countries of Europe through economic protectionism dictated by the political interests of larger countries—these developments would all justify America's original suspicions and condemnation of the Treaty.

America's Co-operation with the League

What of the League of Nations? All Americans would pay tribute to the valuable work of the special Commissions and Bureaus set up directly or indirectly under its auspices. In this work America has been ever ready to co-operate by sending 'observers' or representatives when invited to do so. The ubiquitous American chairman became a familiar figure. To the United States there commends itself especially the endeavours of these bodies towards a reasonable reparation settlement; their help towards the financial stability of Austria and other precariously situated countries; their persistent striving for an effective disarmament agreement; their exploration of avenues of peace between nations with drawn swords—for example, the acceptable terms they framed to end the dispute between Colombia and Peru over Leticia, and the notably impartial Lytton Report on the Manchurian issue. Finally, I should mention their preparatory work for the various monetary and economic conferences, and the constructive research of the International Labour Office.

But the good that the League Commissions and Bureaus have accomplished does not prevent the League itself from presenting to Americans a dubious appearance. With the development of the Little Entente sponsored by France, and especially since the withdrawal of Germany and Japan, the League has increasingly become to observant Americans a partisan organisation, England alone bravely exerting its weight to keep the scales even. Signally the League has failed to reconcile the conflicting views of its members as to disarmament—one of the foremost causes America has genuinely cherished and promoted. Fundamental revision of the most grievous of the original terms of the Treaty has proved beyond the League's powers. The integrity of China—a principle rooted in American foreign policy—has suffered aggression by Japan, and against this aggression the League has so far shown itself impotent. The Permanent Court of International Justice, finally, which as a conception has full American sympathy, has only received limited recognition by any great power. Its jurisdiction extends over contractual matters between States, not as yet over political issues proper.

To this brief summary of the American indictment of the Treaty of Versailles in operation, France vigorously, Great Britain probably with some hesitation, would reply: 'It would all have been quite different, and better, if America had signed the Treaty. If not that, at least if America had joined the League. And', France would add, 'if only America and England had been prepared to underwrite French so-called "security".'

Dividing Waters of the Atlantic

What reason has America to be convinced by this thesis? America does not really pretend to be all-wise, although she may on occasion speak with some unction. America would, I believe, be ready to say that the lesson which she had long ago learnt, had for a space forgotten, and had once again re-learned at Versailles, is the lesson that she really knows nothing about Europe. How should she be able to advise or act as arbiter in European problems? Even should she chance upon the temperate and practical way out of a difficulty, why should she suppose, in the light of the incontinent rejection of her proposals in 1919, that her views would prevail? Has the point of

view of England, patently moderate and workable on numerous occasions, prevailed? Furthermore, America would go on to ask, why should her military or economic strength be by standing engagement invoked to support claims which primarily she deems to be not her business, claims which she may actually hold to be wrong or inexpedient in themselves, as, for example, particular terms of the 1919 Treaty? Has not England also reserved to itself discretion as to the use of its armed forces to police the Continent? Between the Continent and England lie the Channel and the North Sea; between Europe and America lies the Atlantic Ocean. Both nations pay the respect that is due to the limitations set by these waters upon their relative interests in Continental problems—and American interests are accordingly remote.

I may sum up America's attitude, perhaps, in this way. For America, the Treaty as such, died at birth. Towards the League, America is prepared to evince great good will, signs of which are multiple and increasing. Full membership in the League, however, America believes would only place her in the false position of a busybody. Full membership, moreover, would mean her surrender of that influence for peace which turns precisely on her independence of judgment and action. Finally, in the Permanent Court of International Justice America finds an agency close to American tradition: the tradition of her own Federal Supreme Court which by constructive interpretation has resolved many of the perplexities of the American Constitution; the tradition, further, of the Hague Tribunal for International Disputes in the formation of which in 1899 America took an active part.

I should be giving a wrong impression of America's relation to world affairs if I did not go on to refer to those international matters in which America has judged its interests to be affected; in which, therefore she has either taken the initiative, or joined in the endeavours of other nations to bring about understanding and the solution of difficulties.

Common Stand on Disarmament

The first of these matters is disarmament. On this issue Great Britain and the United States have, on the whole, taken a common view and a common stand. At the Washington Conference of 1921-2 and the London Conference of 1930, England and America managed to effect a working agreement amongst the principal Naval Powers to limit their naval strength in various ways. Unfortunately Japan is not content with the 10-10-6 British-American-Japanese ratio of total tonnage. Italy and Germany have today larger naval aspirations. The United States herself, in view of the situation in the Far East, and to help her own domestic unemployment problem, is less inclined to continue to maintain her tonnage even below the maximum agreed, as she has done hitherto. The Conference of 1935, for which preparation has been actively proceeding, will demand heroic measures of tact on the part of Great Britain and the United States. These two countries alone seem really to want to limit the expansion of armaments, and that despite adverse propaganda by particular groups in each of the two countries.

Their common readiness to promote disarmament, not only at sea but also on land and in the air, as well as by control of private traffic in arms, is shown by their refusal to 'throw up the sponge' at Geneva during these past critical months. Although neither Great Britain nor the United States will contemplate special pacts of security, 'consultative' or otherwise, as proposed by France—a general convention on disarmament is not to be bought at that ignoble price—they are urgent in pressing the claims of a convention on its own powerful merits. The hope expressed by the Prime Minister at Seaham that something might yet be done at Geneva, finds an echo in the reported words of America's Ambassador at Large, Mr. Norman Davis, 'Well, I might have to go back to Geneva at any time'.

Again, both Great Britain and the United States have given an earnest of their condemnation of the private traffic in arms with nations at war. The American Congress at the end of May prohibited the sale of arms to Bolivia and Paraguay. The British Government took similar, if short-lived, action in 1932 as regards China and Japan. But this well-intended effort illustrates the difficulties attendant on such action. For, should other states also have imposed an embargo, the prohibition of sale to both belligerents would have been tantamount to penalising China, which lacked supplies,

whilst leaving Japan well armed. It also illustrates the futility of action by one country alone. Of this the present American Administration is fully aware. Let me quote from a recent message of President Roosevelt to Congress: 'The grave menace of the mad race in armaments to the peace of the world is due in no small measure to the uncontrolled activities of the manufacturers and merchants of engines of destruction, and it must be met by the concerted action of the peoples of all nations'.

America and the Far East

Let me turn from disarmament to another issue touching American foreign policy—the Far Eastern question. To this question, again, Great Britain and the United States, except during limited periods, have given a common answer. The maintenance of the integrity of China and the 'open door' were matters of British and American co-operation certainly as early as 1899. These principles were implemented by the Nine-Power Pact and the related treaties, which obtained assent at Washington in 1921-2 with cordial British support. In 1932, following Secretary Stimson's sharp Notes to Japan, the British Government after a brief delay engaged actively in proceedings at Geneva in furtherance of America's non-recognition of any settlement between China and Japan which should be reached in defiance of the Nine-Power Pact or the Kellogg Pact of Paris of 1928. I might perhaps mention that the latter Pact, which America had vigorously sponsored and which has obtained the adherence of sixty-two Powers, renounces war as an 'instrument of national policy' on the part of its signatories—the several powers reserving, however, the right of self-defence where their special interests are concerned. The negotiations at Geneva had a double outcome. The League Committee of Nineteen reported against Japan. And the subsequent Advisory Committee recommended that members of the League should refuse to recognise Manchukuo. To these measures America has given full official concurrence. She has, moreover, withdrawn her Fleet from the Pacific. Thus in what has been, and is, to America an extremely important foreign issue, she has against a more militant section of American opinion taken a notable official step in the direction of concerted action towards peace.

I come last, if not least, to the economic sphere of America's International Relations. As regards Reparations, America, whilst never admitting the European *ex-post facto* contention of a relation between reparations and Allied war debts, nevertheless under the Hoover administration proposed in 1931 a moratorium for the latter, subject to one for the former. In this case it was France who denied a relation between the two sets of obligations and insisted on at least partial payments by Germany into the Bank for International Settlements. In 1932 came the Lausanne Conference. For all practical purposes, it reduced German obligations to the service of the Dawes and Young Loans—an annual sum of about eight instead of the eighty million sterling (old gold parity) of the Young Plan. This concession was only reached, however, on condition of the cancellation of Allied debts, a fact which did not emerge until the 'Gentlemen's Agreement' leaked out. The initial suppression of this agreement added to America's distaste of the contention itself.

But the real significance of reparations from the American point of view lay in the fact that from 1924 to 1929 it was largely American investment in Germany which enabled her to transfer reparation payments across the Exchanges. The bulk of that investment, in view of Dr. Schacht's statement of last week, now bids fair at the best to be frozen in Germany for a year. Nor can America, or this country which has similar if smaller claims, seriously challenge Germany's present stand on economic grounds.

Another View on War Debts

As regards Allied debts, on contractual grounds America's case is impregnable. To the debtor governments' claim that the war was a common cause, America might well ask why the domestic holders of the internal war loans of these governments should not have had the thesis still more strongly applied to them? On the issue of the principle of 'individual ability to pay' America might simply point to Great Britain's settlements with its own debtors which clearly followed this principle. As to the capacity of the debtor country's budgets to stand the strain of debt payments, America's reasonable view is that the service of outstanding debts comes before new

expenditure for greater armaments, and that the relatively heavy burden of taxation, say thirty per cent., of the national income in the case of Great Britain, is to a considerable extent illusory, since a third, perhaps more, goes back in the form of internal debt payments into the pockets of the same classes from which it came.

But these several arguments are all beside the really essential point. The fact of which American financiers have long been aware and which the American Congress is beginning to perceive, is that America cannot both have the annual export surplus which its present internal economy, especially as regards agriculture, requires for equilibrium, and at the same time have the Allied debts on their past scale finally paid. To leave these debts fully paid, American tariff rates, progressively raised during the post-War period, would have to undergo a sweeping downward revision, and American agricultural output would have to be permanently and drastically curtailed.

Of course America might, as she did from 1924 to 1929, lead enough abroad to enable foreigners not only to meet their debts on governmental account, but also to obtain goods and services from America to a roughly similar value in addition. Today she has only assets impounded in various parts of the world, and partially worthless, to show for those loans. It is not likely that she will knowingly and willingly repeat the experience. Some accommodation in the matter of Allied war debts is economically inevitable, even if sections of the American public are slow to recognise this necessity. But it is for the debtor governments to make proposals to this end.

In other economic matters, notably questions of currency and of trade restrictions, America may, I believe, claim with justice that outside the orbit of what she considered essential to preserve her internal economic balance, she has been anxious to co-operate with other nations. She has been a prime mover for international discussion of monetary standards and tariff adjustments, and her decision at the London Economic Conference that she could not commit herself to immediate stabilisation of the dollar in gold was governed by much the same considerations which has led England to take the same view. England properly desires to retain the measure of internal stability which she has achieved; America desires to attain a corresponding stability.

I should sum up what I have been saying in the proverbial nutshell, as follows. If, in the post-War period, America, consistent with the Jeffersonian tradition, has steadily refused to enter into entangling alliances, she has equally, according to that tradition, striven hard for peace, and she has to the best of her ability cultivated honest friendship with other nations. If she has done far less than she might towards facilitating international commerce, she has nevertheless not set up economic barriers to serve international political ends. And in the powers of tariff revision, just obtained by President Roosevelt, the door is at least partially open to more liberal action in the interests of international trade.

A complete programme of instructional sound films—the first beginnings of an important series which Gaumont-British Instructional have undertaken to make—was shown to a large and enthusiastic gathering of educational experts at the Academy Cinema, Oxford Street, on June 21. The exhibition, which was held under the auspices of the British Film Institute, was introduced by an address from Mr. H. Ramsbotham, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education, who observed that if there was room for the stationary picture on the school wall, there was also room for the moving picture on the school screen. He urged teachers to examine and assess the possibilities of the cinematograph without detachment and without prejudice, and to find out what contribution it can make to education. He also advised local education authorities to make use of the services of the Film Institute which could keep them abreast of developments in educational cinematography.

The programme which followed comprised films for instruction in natural science ('The Thistle' and 'Roots'), domestic science ('Kitchencraft'), hygiene ('Breathing'), economic geography ('Wheatlands of East Anglia'), languages ('French'), and literature ('Shakespeare'). Each film had been prepared in collaboration with expert teachers of the subject, several of whom we notice have also broadcast courses to schools on similar lines, e.g., Professor Winifred Cullis and Monsieur Stéphan. The 'Shakespeare' film, which was supervised by Dr. G. B. Harrison, was an interesting experiment in the relation of Shakespeare's life story and 'associations' to his poetry. Explanatory leaflets, giving the text of the spoken commentary, were provided with this and 'The Thistle' film.



Finale of 'Union Pacific', one of the new productions of the Ballets Russes—libretto by Archibald MacLeish, music by Nabokoff, choreography by Massine, décor by Albert Johnson

Art Movements in the Ballet

By TAMARA TALBOT RICE

IT is pleasant that the Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo are presenting us this season with revivals of some of the old Diaghileff productions. Thus 'L'Oiseau de Feu', 'Boutique Fantasque', 'Contes Russes', and possibly also 'The Good-humoured Ladies', 'Aurora's Wedding' and 'The Gods go a-Begging', are once again to be seen upon the Covent Garden stage. Several new ballets—creations of the company—are also being performed. Of these 'Les Imaginaires' is of particular interest, since it offers us an opportunity of studying the development of Lichine as a choreographer. 'Union Pacific', a ballet on American themes, will certainly prove amusing, and, judging from photographs that have appeared, its décor seems of a higher quality than some of de Basil's other productions—for it was in the décor that the Monte Carlo ballet was at its weakest last summer. Another new ballet which London may hope for is 'Rebus' with music by Markevitch. Based as it is upon a pun around the words *le vice n'est pas un péché*, it should have a special appeal to the English mind. With these new additions the company now possesses a repertory of some twenty-six ballets with which to charm again its old admirers; and it will not fail, if the standard is as high as it was last summer, to acquire many a new and ardent devotee of this, the most ideal of the theatrical arts.

It is indeed no exaggeration to claim so high a title for the ballet; the fact that it stands alone in aiming exclusively to achieve the beautiful on the stage fully substantiates this statement. Dancing was probably man's earliest form of æsthetic expression, and as it became linked in more sophisticated times to the two most subtle forms of music and design, it was at once in a position to become the most discriminating and the most precious of the arts. As its connection first with

music and then with décor became closer, dancing gradually lost its spontaneous artlessness, it laid aside all elements of improvisation, and came to delight in its schooling. This great formative period in the art of the modern ballet coincides with that of the classical revival which flourished in Europe, to a greater or lesser extent for some two hundred years, appearing first in Italy in the seventeenth century, then in France and England mainly in the eighteenth, and in Russia in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. This classical movement was responsible for a great formalism in art and architecture, combined with a certain romantic Rousseauesque love of the rural and the curious. It led to the creation of such striking anomalies as the juxtaposition of the magnificent palace of Versailles and the farm of the Petit Trianon, of a stately English mansion with a summer house of shells embellishing its majestic park, of a Georgian house, such as Drakelow Hall in Derbyshire, where the walls of the dining-room are frescoed with rural scenes, and the fireplace is made like a grotto, that diners seated at the most sophisticated of tables might still have the illusion of partaking of the most ideal of picnics.

Though not a nineteenth-century creation in date, 'Les Sylphides' stands out as an excellent short example of the classical ballet of that period. It is devoid of plot and exhibits in its every movement the same stateliness as that found in Georgian architecture; in addition it is able admirably to express in motion the perfect static pose so much admired before the 1890 renaissance of the Russian ballet. Décor, in the real meaning of the word, does not exist, for the dancers wear purely conventional costume, and the ballet is performed against a rural background, which—though in the original

Diaghileff production one of the best of Benois' lovely scenes—is of no essential significance to the ballet.

The 'Lac des Cygnes' presents slight modifications of the classical ballet: here there is a plot, however slight; then there are dresses which hint at the birth of costume, and though there is the same romantic background, it now serves also as scenery. In fact the entire production savours more of one of those excursions into the past which Benois is such a genius at organising, than of the period picture presented by 'Les Sylphides'. Petipa's choreography alone belongs really to the

the character of the scenery also changed, it ceased to be a mere background, and became an artistic creation in itself, for Bakst, a great artist, and the greatest of theatrical geniuses, soon showed what was possible in this direction.

It was under his guidance that the art of scenery and design leapt ahead, and that the painter Vroubl's theory of treating the stage as a living picture, not as a fictitious one, was realised. Yet Bakst went even further, and though affirming that the décor should be a picture, and have the value of a good picture, he also maintained, in the words of Gregor, that 'the artist should seek to drop the picture and to treat the theatre as a theatre, an art of movement in space, for which the picture is only a sketch, a note, a first draft'. Larionov, a younger painter, is a follower in this tradition, and his work is that of a real creative artist. That it was possible thus to aim at and to achieve producing a picture which, though no longer a picture, should still create the impression and retain the value of one, was due to Impressionism, which had come to blend with the ballet.

Impressionism was indeed well suited to the ballet, for in it it was easiest to achieve that decomposition of colour which is at the basis of the movement. This decomposition was obtained in painting, in the words of Gustave Kahn, in an arbitrary manner: 'by some wisp of paint throwing an impression of red across a landscape'; perhaps by some obscure member of the *corps de ballet* moving across the background, and thereby unnoticeably furnishing that splash of colour and of movement essential to the whole. Yet impressionism is more than just this arbitrary touch of colour. Seurat says of it:

Art is harmony; harmony is the affinity of the unlike (of contrasts), and the affinity of the like (of gradation); the affinity of tone, of colour, and of line; tone=light and shade; colour=red and its component green, orange and blue, yellow and violet; line=directions taken from the horizontal. These various harmonies create the calm, the gay, the sad: gaiety of tone is the dominance of the luminous; of colour the dominance of the warm, of line the rising above the horizontal, calmness of tone is the equality of light and shade, that of the warm and cold in colour, that of the horizontal in line. Sadness of tone is formed by the predominance of shade; that of colour by the preponderance of cold tones; that of line by the lowering. The means of expressing this harmony is by the optical blending of tones, colours and their reactions (shadows) subjected to very definite rules.

Henceforth not only did the shadows of dancers come to play a very important part in the ballet, but the technique also began to alter to a considerable extent. Nijinsky's enormous jumps—the rise above the horizontal, the expression of gaiety—were introduced, and evoked by their quality the wonder of all. Sadness—the lowered line—is presented in 'L'Après-midi d'un Faune', where a young boy lies upon the stage tor-



Drawing by Pedro Pruna for 'Les Matelots'—music by Auric, choreography by Massine

In the Lifar Collection; reproduced from 'The Russian Ballet in Western Europe, 1921-1929', by W. A. Probert (John Lane)

past, to the day before the *malaise du temps* began to exercise its influence on the ballet*.

This influence came to be felt in Russia late in the nineteenth century, when the element of the instantaneous, as Clive Bell calls it, had already revolutionised French painting. This element had appeared at the call of the machine, of the camera, even of the telegraph laid beneath the sea, and its presence already served as an indication of the importance which motion and speed were soon to have in life as well as in art. The ballet and the more modern cinema are the two theatrical arts whose very existence is based upon motion. The Russian reformers were quick to realise this with regard to the ballet, and, in opposition to contemporary French and Italian producers, they hurried to adopt the new ideal, which already ruled French painting. Seurat's picture 'The Circus' is a splendid example of this movement in art, and leads one to deplore that no Diaghileff was then in power to enlist the talents of the great painter in the service of theatrical art—what a superb ballet décor he could have created!

'Prince Igor', 'Carnaval' and 'The Sleeping Beauty' embody the birth of this new spirit. In accordance with the doctrines of Fokine, the young ballet reformer of the end of the last and the beginning of this century, they aim at achieving the unity of all their component elements. Thus they are all ballets with a definite plot; they are all ballets whose classical choreography has been electrified by a new outlook and by new ideals; they are all performed to good music which is an essential part of the whole, not merely to rhythmical tunes such as those which the nineteenth-century ballets proper were danced to. At the same time



Drawing by Picasso for 'Le Tricorne'—ballet by Martinez Sierra, music by De Falla, choreography by Massine

*It is to be regretted that Benois' admirable scenes for these two ballets were not adopted by de Basil



Drawing by Larionov for the first scene of 'Contes Russes'—music by Liadov, choreography by Massine

From 'The Russian Ballet in Western Europe, 1909-1920', by W. A. Propert (John Lane)

mented by the longings of adolescence—and thereby rouses a storm of protests from the shocked Parisian critics. Fortunately the ballet had by now found a mighty champion in Diaghileff, who was there to weather the storm. He reinforced the new doctrine with a series of masterpieces, and led to the invention of a new form of music—of ballet music proper, like that of Petroushka. To this period belong amongst others the creations 'Contes Russes', 'Tricorne', 'L'Oiseau de Feu' and 'Boutique Fantastique'—all of which are to be revived in London during the next six weeks. The age of the creation of these ballets must have been one of the most enthralling in the history of dramatic art, for each first night was an event of such importance that at times it featured in the headlines of the daily press—no small achievement in pre-War days. Only a few years ago it seemed that we should never again see these gorgeous scenes, over many of which battles fiercer than that of Waterloo had been fought—that we should at best hear the music as but the wraith of its whole. But now a revival has been made possible, thanks to a number of English ballet-lovers who have enabled Colonel de Basil to repurchase the Diaghileff sets of these ballets, and thus to obtain that which his restricted funds made it impossible for him to achieve in his own productions—namely, an excellence of décor equal to that of his company's dancing and choreography, and to that of the music to which they dance.

Inevitably impressionism waned, and the War set a bound to ballet activities outside Russia; then, in the post-War vortex, the Diaghileff ballet was caught in the wheels of Parisian preciousness. With its classical foundation and its impressionist glamour it danced itself into the whirl of Parisian intellectual and witty pretentiousness, producing ballets such as 'Les Biches', 'Les Matelots', 'Le Pas d'Acier',

and the truly remarkable 'La Chatte'. All of them—even the seemingly simple 'Matelots'—are highly sophisticated compositions; all of them are of rare beauty. Yet they are imbued by no great movement, no invigorating wind stirs or ruffles their sedate exquisiteness; in fact they are *fin de siècle* in spirit if not in date; they are the swan song of a class, the last expression of the perfect taste of a small set of people—of the European gentleman, that cultivated amateur and patron of the arts. Thus these ballets stand before us not only as works of art, but also as the justification of this class whose day is past, and whose numbers are fast diminishing. When Diaghileff, the man who epitomised both this movement and this class, died, there died with him a movement in itself so ephemeral, so intangible, so limited and individual that none, even if he so desired, could resuscitate it. Evolved as it was on the recoil of impressionism it left no successors, for the ballet of de Basil is the direct descendant of the impressionist, and only the collateral of that of Diaghileff.

During last year's Alhambra season this fact was less evident than it will be this year, when ballets other than the strongly classical, the typical impressionist, and the essentially lyrical—as the de Basil ballets may best be called—will be produced. This year the addition of an important number of Diaghileff creations will make it difficult for the spectator to ignore the dissimilarity between such ballets as 'Aurora's Wedding' and 'Les Présages', 'Tricorne' and 'Le Beau Danube', 'Boutique Fantastique' and 'Jeux d'Enfants', to name but a few examples.

A notable innovation of the lyrical ballet is the fact that the gulf that existed until now between the *premiers danseurs* and the *corps de ballets* has at last been finally bridged. Today the entire company upon the stage is embraced in a single sweet-



Curtain by Dérain for 'Boutique Fantasque'—music by Rossini, choreography by Massine

ing composition, and every member dances to convey a single idea and to produce a single picture. The result of this union is always convincing and at times—notably in 'Les Présages' and 'Choreartium'—truly magnificent. The company has not as yet evolved any new technique, as did the Impressionist ballet, but the spirit of dancing, which sometimes in the Diaghileff ballet, as for instance in 'Le Pas d'Acier', seemed likely to go astray, has now been entirely recaptured.

This spirit answers to a need which, ever since Berners' 'Triumph of Neptune', has intermittently, and of late more

insistently, broken into expression. In England Noel Coward gave vent to it in 'Cavalcade', where songs of days gone by were again brought into the limelight. In Soviet Russia Asafiev has succumbed to this un-Bolshevik sentimentality, though he has indeed clothed it in the garb of socialism. His ballet 'The Flames of Paris' is based on French songs of 1790, on melodies of Méhul, Gossec and Gretry. And now de Basil presents us with 'Union Pacific'—a piece of modern American folk-lore, as he calls it—in which popular American songs dating from the construction of the great railway after which the ballet is named are incorporated. These productions throw enchantment over a past from which the difficulties of everyday life are banished, and as we watch them reality fades, all the lyricism of a past period supervenes, and the glamour which history so seldom recreates rises vividly before our charmed eyes. This glamour is so powerful in the lyrical ballet that at times it follows us into the present and existence seems heroic, almost homeric. We feel this in 'Les Présages', where battles are fought with Destiny, where the mass—almost the crowd of Russian workers—moves powerfully across the stage. Then the whole performance, the whole evening, even life itself, become enthralled.



Finale of Choreartium—the music of Brahms' Fourth Symphony, choreography by Massine, and décor by Terechkovitch and Lourié

Stage Photo Co.

*Economics in a Changing World**Politics and the Open Market*

By Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL

SOME eight or nine weeks ago we went for a run round the Empire Parliaments in order to see what they were talking about from the economic point of view, and a number of correspondents asked me to do it again at the first opportunity. This will be a good time, since I have just got hold of the latest copy of the *Journal of the Parliaments of the Empire*. But charity begins at home, so perhaps we had better say a word or two about the German situation. In simplest terms the issue at stake is as follows. The Germans claim that their default is not due to unwillingness to pay their debts, but to sheer inability to obtain the necessary foreign exchange. The Germans point out that their export surplus has steadily decreased. It is probable that at the present time Germany's exports, visible and invisible, just about equal her imports; that is to say, she has a balance of nil to meet a debt service of about eight or nine hundred million Reichsmarks. For this state of affairs Germany blames the tariff policies of her creditors. The latter retort that German internal policy is largely the cause of her financial difficulties. They point out that there has been a boycott of German goods by Jews all over the world and by Russians, and that German exports have been handicapped by the high cost of German goods, which in its turn has been due to the overvaluation of the Reichsmark, heavy public expenditure in Germany, and the German schemes for dealing with unemployment which consist largely of putting pressure on employers to spread labour amongst a larger number of work-people. This last device necessarily tends to raise the cost of production of German goods. To these accusations a German would certainly reply that if the mark were devalued so that German exports became formidable competitors in world markets of the exports of creditor countries, the latter would at once say that Germany was dumping and would proceed still further to raise their tariffs against German goods. In fact the argument could proceed endlessly, but I think we can sum it up here by saying that in a broad sense the smooth functioning of the process of international investment depends upon the existence of a smooth working international economic system, and that it is quite impossible to be nationally international.

Now a word or two about the British Empire. The most interesting development of an economic nature which has been debated in some of the Dominion Parliaments during the past few months has been the question of the establishment of Central Banks in Canada, New Zealand, and in India. In all cases three main points of view were put forward.

Firstly, the desirability of the creation of a chain of Central Banks throughout the Empire in order that there may exist machinery for Empire monetary co-operation. This view was upheld by the various governments which were introducing legislation to set up the Banks.

Secondly, suspicions that the creation of such Banks would mean the domination of the monetary systems of the Dominions by the Bank of England. One finds members making speeches in which they suggest that though the Dominions have achieved political independence from Downing Street, there may be a danger that the establishment of Dominion Central Banks will amount to the creation of satellites revolving round the Bank of England.

Thirdly, you will find in all the debates on this subject of Central Banks a certain number of farmers' representatives making speeches, the gist of which is that they want to know what the Central Bank is going to do for farmers, that it ought to be a Government Bank and not a private Bank, and that monetary systems based on gold are out of date.

I think it is true to say that all over the world the farmer, crushed under a burden of debt and faced with low prices for his products, is attracted by the view that the dislocation of the world's economic system is very largely a monetary phenomenon and could be remedied by monetary action.

An Interim Report of the Canadian Tariff Board has just been published. The British woollen industry applied for a reduction of certain duties in the Canadian tariff on the grounds that the Ottawa Agreements had specified that the

tariffs in Canada should take into account the costs of production both in the Canadian and United Kingdom woollen industries, with a view to ensuring fair competition between the two industries. As I pointed out some months ago, if the notion were realised that the ideal to be aimed at in trade is the elimination of all the competitive elements, there would be no trade at all; if, to put the matter crudely, a Gaelic broadcaster on economics and myself are both competing for the market of your attention, and it has been decided by the B.B.C. that we must be given an equal chance, and that in order to achieve this feat I am ordered to give 99 per cent. of my talk backwards, a stage will be reached when no one will listen at all. The Canadian Tariff Board seem to have found themselves in a somewhat comparable difficulty. They admit quite frankly that they have been unable to reach any conclusions about the rates of duty on woollen goods which would ensure an equitable application of the competitive principle. The Canadian woollen interests questioned the validity of the statistical information supplied to the Tariff Board by the United Kingdom wool manufacturers, and the Tariff Board came to the conclusion that in order to clear up this point they would have to inspect every detail of the costs of the British firms. The Board also discovered that the conditions in which the industry in Canada and the industry in the United Kingdom manufacture their products were so diverse that it was really impossible to compare them. This must indeed be the case, for a British woollen goods manufacturer will, for example, pay rates and taxes for social services which cannot be compared with, say, the Federal and provincial taxes which a Canadian manufacturer will be paying. Also, wage rates will be different.

The episode is instructive as illustrating the extreme difficulties of finding a half-way house between complete State intervention in economic life and the system of the uncontrolled market.

The Unattained

On the evening of a day on the threshold of Summer,
Before the full blast of vertiginous Summer, I flung
This foursquare body down upon the crumpled ground,
Moist with cool glaucous sweat; and on all sides heard
The ceaseless clicking and fret of insect swarms;
I felt energy drain from these limbs spread cruciform,
Dribble away like sap from crushed bracken's veins;
Felt this my heaviness upon acid-green grass and sand,
Under the passive sky, becoming magnetic as stone;
And my lids slid down over eyes fanned by coloured winds.

And fierce desires swelled up from out my quiet:
To pierce through this flesh outwards, to embrace
The eternal blue, against my nostrils to smother—
The fragrant cotton of the clouds: to feel beneath
(Slick limbs flickering) hard soles of feet the grit
Of gravel, the sharp sides of stones; and endlessly
Against the eyeballs' skin to press fresh images,
To lave in the swift stream of forms these avid eyes:
By passion suspended, hands stretched out, gnawed
From within, O how and to where could I pass?

Not within facile grasp swings that unattainable globe:
Tho' to catch an echo of the spheres' music these ears strain
And nostrils yearn for the rich scent of flame and of blood,
Hands strive clumsily phantoms' ambiguous flesh to caress,
In vain the inward divinity batters against the gates,
Kicking against the pricks till the urgent spirit breaks.
Hourly the ocean, World's clock, smashes against the cliffs;
And savage relentless Time shreds onwards through the skull,
Whispers: 'Come home, only Death burns out there'. And I
know

That this is my body, my shell, and I am alone and prone.

DAVID GASCOYNE

*The Web of Thought and Action—XI**The Voice of Philosophy*

A Discussion between Professor H. LEVY and JOHN FULTON

Mr. Fulton is a Fellow and Classical Tutor of Balliol College

PROFESSOR H. LEVY: As you know, in this series I have been trying to extract from a number of individuals engaged in different specialist pursuits sufficient material to enable a sort of practical philosophy of life to be built up, particularly in its social relation. Now you are professionally engaged in the study of philosophy, and I should like you to subject me to cross-examination in much the same way as I have been doing with the others.

JOHN FULTON: Certainly, Levy. For our purpose I think it would simplify matters if you could explain briefly in a few sentences the sort of outlook that has developed from your investigation.

LEVY: Briefly it is this. I have begun by accepting the existence of an objective world of matter in motion, and accept also all well-established scientific facts about how the physical universe developed, and how the animal kingdom, including mankind, became differentiated, and in particular the special characteristics man has developed or acquired that made community life a possibility. Philosophy, Science, Art, Culture, Morals, then become simply Man's reactions to the objective world about him and are, therefore, individual and social attempts to describe and understand and express his feelings and thoughts about the world, including himself, and to change it. Individuals analyse the world by means of their senses, including their brain.

FULTON: Would you explain your point about the brain?

LEVY: Yes. It is an organ for experimenting with the world about us. The nose for sniffing and smelling at things, the eyes for seeing what can be seen, the fingers for feeling, the ears for hearing the sound it makes, the tongue for tasting it, and the brain for thinking about it, co-ordinating it, and comparing it with previous experience. It is a sort of super-sense organ linked up with every other.

FULTON: Then you would argue that the brain could not function unless it were doing so in conjunction with one or other of the sense organs commonly so-called?

LEVY: Well, I doubt if it could, but all I say is that one could have no evidence of that sort of disembodied non-sensory thought.

FULTON: I'm not sure that I could agree whole-heartedly with that, but I shall come back to it in a moment. Go ahead with your summary.

Seeing Man in a Twofold Capacity

LEVY: Right. We have, therefore, to see Man in a twofold capacity, first as a member of community life, as a social being, and second as an individual. These divisions are not distinct. It is simply a method of separating out as far as possible the thoughts, feelings and actions of the person, into two convenient pieces.

FULTON: But why this form of separation or analysis?

LEVY: I have said in previous talks that any form of analysis justifies itself by the information it discloses. In this case it suggests a line of approach. It shows that the first problem is, then, to examine the structure of society, its historical development, its social and professional stratification, in order to appreciate the class of society or the nature of the environment the individual has been brought up in. This should indicate to us the traditions and tacit assumptions he is likely to have absorbed or become conditioned to. But a person is more than merely a member of society. He is also an individual in other respects and can therefore see himself as conditioned by his class experience or his special experiences in life. He can become conscious of his prejudices and in doing so alter them in some way. He does not necessarily get rid of them.

FULTON: That again I am not so sure about, but I will raise it with you later. But go on.

LEVY: Having examined the structure of society and the way in which it is changing, its laws of development if you like, the next step is to see how our perception and understanding of all this is co-ordinated with our own biases and actions in connection with the world about us. In fact, I ask what kind of biases and prejudices, in the form they have assumed after we have become aware of them, are going to be gratified by the changes that can occur in our environment and in society, and

which are doomed to frustration, because they are physically incapable of being realised in practice? And then to complete the story the individual, to be alive to it all, to be other than a mere outsider in life, has to take the appropriate action to give effect to all this.

Does the Mathematician Suffer from Bias?

FULTON: You mean by 'appropriate action' biased action of the right kind? I think I see your approach, Levy, and I can fill in the blanks because I have heard the talks. Now the first point I want to raise with you is fundamental to your whole analysis. You say, 'We feel, we think and we act', and that we cannot deal adequately with a situation by stifling any of these and handling it only by means of one of them. Now I ask you, as a mathematician, what do you say to this? One has always supposed that the mathematician is not subject to his feelings in drawing his conclusions, that his mistakes are due to his thinking, not to his prejudices or feelings, and that to make sure of his results he must go over his proof again, not ask whether bias has crept in.

LEVY: In fact you are maintaining that mathematics is a field of pure thought unsullied by feeling at all. I don't believe it. It is an over-simplification. In the first place, any mathematician does not tackle any problem. He has got to be interested in it, that is to say he has to get pleasure out of the doing of it, otherwise either he won't look at it or he'll find it too difficult or too dull so that he can't concentrate. What I am trying to bring out is that a mathematical problem has an emotional appeal to the mathematician from the very beginning.

FULTON: Leaving it at that for the moment, there are several points, I think, that require to be raised. In the first place, to discuss the distinction between our thinking about mathematical and our thinking about social and moral problems. In the second place, I should like to raise the question of what I should call the philosophical-materialist attitude, which seems to me to run through these talks. In the third place I think we ought to discuss the relation of what you have been saying to the psychological assumptions underlying it. And in the fourth place we might find it profitable to discover whether we can find any basis of agreement in regard to the problem of culture.

LEVY: Good. Let's tackle the first question, the distinction between thinking and dealing with mathematical, and thinking and dealing with social, problems.

FULTON: In regard to the first point let me put the case again. I said that we normally suppose that the mathematician is not subject to interference from his feelings in drawing his conclusions, that his mistakes are due to his thinking, not to his prejudices or his feelings. That is to say that if they understand the language of one another the German mathematician and the English mathematician will not disagree in their results. Or again, that you, Professor Levy, in teaching mathematics do not normally suppose that you are able to teach mathematics or geometry only to members of the propertied classes and not to members of the class which is usually described as proletarian. On the other hand, we do recognise a real difficulty as soon as we begin to think in terms of social, political and moral problems.

LEVY: And to act.

FULTON: Yes; all right. We recognise how careful we must be in dealing with politics or morals to ensure that we are seeing straight in the sense in which the mathematician aims at seeing straight. We recognise the difficulty of that if we are talking to foreigners or to people brought up in a different environment of any kind from our own, we recognise that we should have to think very hard before we could give an answer when they ask us to lay our hands on our hearts and say, 'Aren't you thinking this only because you have been brought up differently from me?'

A Scientific Problem Raises a Social Problem

LEVY: I think it would be as well to clear the ground in the first instance by seeing precisely the relation between a mathematical problem on the one hand and a social and moral problem on the other. Mathematics is not merely a simple thought process. It deals with real things, real marks on real paper. These

objects have certain properties given to them, represented by the rules of the particular mathematics used. Like any other scientist, the mathematician arranges his symbols to conduct an experiment; it is simultaneously both a logical and a physical experiment. His conclusions then are something objectively true about these symbols and are as associated with feeling as would be his statement about the number of chairs in this room. Also the logical process itself is interwoven with a sense of satisfaction, a feeling that the argument is clinched. An argument is never clinched without that feeling. The feeling, if you like, is one of the tests of the clinching. In that sense I cannot see any justification for the separation of a pure thinking process from the process of feeling. Moreover, it has become clear in these talks that every scientific problem solved raises also social and moral problems.

FULTON: I quite agree with you that the mathematician will not be a mathematician unless he is *interested* in mathematics, that he will have a satisfaction in achieving his results; but the point I am putting is that when the mathematician recognises the relation between his thinking process and the feelings which he has, he is able to allow for those feelings; that is to say, that he knows he must not attempt to think mathematically if he wants to achieve a satisfactory result when he is suffering from a splitting headache, and all mathematicians would probably agree about this. I appeal to you as a mathematician.

LEVY: Sure. But that is not the kind of bias that normally creeps into mathematics. If one looks at the history of mathematics, it is an unconscious bias that comes in. Euclid was unconsciously biased in favour of plane geometry, and it took many generations of society and a wide experience of life to make later mathematicians alive to the limitations of his propositions. That is one form of bias.

Prisoned Within Our Individual Feelings?

FULTON: I should like to raise this question of the unconscious bias later. But the other side of the difficulty that I am putting is that in thinking about moral and political problems the feelings we have got are recognised to be much more closely bound up with the nature of our thinking, and that in order to allow for them we are forced into making a particular classification of those feelings, which tends to lead to over-simplification. For instance, if you were trying to find an analogy to the mathematician's headache, would you say that the main sources of biased judgments on politics and morals are our feelings about property? Otherwise you can only say that you are biased, and that gets you nowhere, or only to the point of distrusting yourself.

LEVY: One must understand how the bias arises, and what kind of bias it is. In the last resort I should say, of course, that an individual's judgment about a moral and social problem is certainly affected by those features of society that arise directly or indirectly from the property divisions, because this provides the social background into which the individual is born, and from which he draws his experience. If he spends his life from boyhood to old age in a mining district as an employed or unemployed miner, his valuations can be discovered to be different from those of an individual living in a more fortunate section of society.

FULTON: Yes, I do recognise that difficulty. And it brings us to our second point—the general question of what is often called philosophical materialism. You have pointed out very clearly that what resulted from the previous discussions in this series was the revelation to all of us that we are all looking at the world about us through spectacles coloured by our own peculiar experiences. If I am an engineer, if I am a physicist, a biologist, an employer, an employee, what I say and think about the world is conditioned by my experiences in these professions. I should like to put to you the difficulty which some people would regard you as being confronted with. It is this: if our feelings are individual things, then aren't we all of us shut up and imprisoned within the world of our own individual feelings?

LEVY: I should like to suggest that that kind of question is not different from the problem that confronts many philosophically-minded scientific men, who ask themselves how, from atoms and molecules self-contained, you can possibly get a rigid body. I think the answer will be found in the fact that theory always tends to build up from elements, whereas in practice we start from the aggregates, and analyse. In this case we start from society, into which each individual is in fact born, and we analyse the groupings that actually occur in society. We examine the conditioning that these groupings impose on the individuals.

Having done that we may—falsely, I think—try to reconstruct society as if it were composed of isolated individuals. But that leaves completely out of account the binding social factor which has come into being, if you like, historically.

Group Solidarities

FULTON: I see your answer. However that may be, certain people do have certain experiences in common. Women have certain experiences in common from which men are excluded; Christians have certain experiences from which non-Christians are excluded; you can say the same of Freemasons. Participation in these common experiences gives those who participate in them a fellow feeling, and often it makes them think on similar lines. Let us in fact agree that there are certain group solidarities. However it comes about, people feel themselves to belong to the one group, and to be excluded from others. When they have jobs to offer they are tempted to give them to 'good Christians' or 'good Scotsmen' or to members of their own families, and so on. It is clear that there are vast numbers of these divisions within society. Now I understand one school of thought declares that really there are only two fundamental loyalties within society: the loyalty based on property, that is the loyalty of the property-holder to other property-holders on one hand; and the loyalty of non-propertyed people to other non-propertyed people on the other hand. What do you think of that view?

LEVY: You are raising a vital point of sociological analysis. It is clear that the community is a vast criss-cross of loyalties. If I remember rightly there was a play that brought that out. But when you have to select a method of analysis of a problem you have to ask yourself two things: first, what is the problem? and, second, what is the cogent evidence showing that your analysis of that problem is the correct one? What is the problem? It is, what has been happening to society. How has it changed? If you like, how have these criss-cross loyalties emerged? You don't begin with isolated individuals with special loyalties stuck on to them aggregating themselves together into a community. As I have said before, at each stage you begin with a community which is changing. The problem is, How is society changing? What is changing it? There are, of course, Freemasons, football clubs, musical societies, all of which for one reason or another cut across property classes to some extent. But neither musical societies nor football clubs throughout the whole course of history have ever been motivating forces for large-scale changes.

Principles Are Developed by Society

FULTON: Of course I think one cannot easily dismiss the view which some people hold, that in interpreting history the fundamental forces have not been economic, but, let us say, for example, events of the kind like the origin of Christianity or the Reformation or the Renaissance.

LEVY: Certainly some people hold that view, but side by side with it one must ask oneself, what was the economic background that made the Reformation possible and that brought it into being? We can hardly go into this in detail at this stage, but what I assert is that an analysis of social history shows that the cultural level of each stage of society and the social class divisions seem to depend on two factors: one, the level of technical production, that is to say, if you like, the nature of these scientific and technical methods for producing and distributing goods; and, two, which particular class owns and controls and directs these forces of production. So from the point of view of the economic and social characteristics of society we have to look at the groupings that form themselves for economic reasons—trades unions on the one hand, federations of industry and financial groupings on the other.

FULTON: Well, I should say that in talking about the ownership of the means of production you are still talking about property. And I may perhaps put my point again in a slightly different way. For the sake of clearness, suppose a body of Christians united, not on a property basis, but in an effort to realise the Kingdom of Heaven on earth—united, that is to say, in trying to realise Christian principles. (I am not talking about the Church as such but about any body which is formed on a basis of principle rather than on a basis of economic or property interest.) They feel their solidarity in this respect, and so far as we or they themselves can tell, are genuinely prepared to suffer for their convictions, and equally prepared to stand by one another through thick and thin. To clinch the matter I should put the case in terms of organisations that you have

already talked about. Suppose the trades unions to be a body organised on an industrial basis to improve the standards of living, it may also happen that it stands for a principle of social control. If those two conflict, if you can have socialism only at the price of a lower standard of living, on which side, on your view, would the trades union find itself?

LEVY: I think your separation between the object aimed at, namely, the realisation of a principle in practice, and the economic consequences of that, is a false separation. It doesn't seem to me that principles emerge within a vacuum. Principles, like all other moral ideas, are developed by society and by individuals in society in their struggle for survival, and they are first approximations to a way of living that will be possible. Now every action the individual takes, bringing it down to the individual, involves a conflict between the satisfaction of his immediate desires and the satisfaction of a desire to live a communal life. Some people call that his conscience. The history of mankind has shown that with the acquisition of knowledge, scientific and cultural, there is available the means at our disposal for continuous material progress. If, therefore, these principles that you talk about are really principles that can be lived, I see no evidence at all for supposing that they need necessarily clash. It may be necessary, of course, on occasions to step back to leap forward.

An Unconscious Bias in Our Moral Judgments?

FULTON: That seems to me to imply an optimistic view which slightly surprises me. But it leads on to the third point which I proposed to raise, what I called the psychological point. Do you hold that there is an unconscious bias in our moral judgments which corresponds to the bias we have in other fields?

LEVY: Yes, I do. Take the case of an individual's relation to his family. He may feel quite honestly that his first duty is to his wife and children, that at any rate he must safeguard their future to some degree before he takes steps to fulfil his duty to the children of other families less well secured. I say that our present society, closely interlocked as it is with the family system, gives a man a strong family bias in that conflict.

FULTON: Yes, but there are many situations in which the individual knows himself to be responsible for what happens and he also recognises that his moral issues do not boil down to economic ones. In other words, the man living in a slum can feel remorse about his treatment of his wife or his father-in-law no less than the man living in a suburban villa. But in this matter who is the authority? Is the individual the authority on what his bias is in the instances in which there are the strongest reasons for believing him, or is it someone looking on him from outside? In other words, what are the grounds for disbelieving him? If you do disbelieve him, or worse still, if you teach him to disbelieve himself, you destroy for him the possibility of the moral life.

LEVY: I am not doubting his honesty; that question does not arise. I was talking about an *unconscious* bias. He makes an honest judgment on the basis of the facts at his disposal, and his estimate of the importance of these facts.

FULTON: Do you mean that his estimate of the importance of the facts comes out of the kind of society he lives in? For instance, his notion of what is his duty to his children will be different according as to whether he has been brought up in the middle or the working class?

LEVY: Certainly. The attitude of parents to their children at boarding schools is very different from the attitude of parents who are living on the dole. The whole life is different. Every little factor is weighed up differently, and therefore comes into their judgment when they estimate what action should be taken. But I want to get back to your earlier point, that teaching the individual to see how his judgments on such matters as I have mentioned are affected by social conditions, destroys the possibility of the moral life. It does not. It enhances it. It seems to me that what you are arguing for is that the moral life can only be lived in ignorance of the condition of our fellow-men. Surely you don't hold that?

FULTON: No, of course not. And here I must be careful. I don't want to be understood to be enquiring whether it is as easy for the moral life to be lived in a slum as in a well-to-do comfortable home. The point that I am making is this: so far as I could discover from the discussion with the psychologist, it is not the view of psychologists in general that moral problems are specifically related to economic conditions. The psychologist may say that what I call my moral behaviour goes back to certain sub-conscious factors in my own person, but they do not emphasise or give any prominence to, or in most cases even mention, the organisation upon a property basis of society. The psychology underlying your position, I suggest, is not in line with modern psychological thought. It might be said that your psychology is a psychology prevalent in 1860, and that it is not in accordance with the modern developments of this science. In fact you are imputing to a man in arriving at his moral decisions a bias of which you admit he is not himself conscious, and for which the support of psychologists, who are supposed to know about these things, is entirely lacking.

LEVY: Now if anything has stood out in these talks, it is the fact that each specialist can be relied on within his own field, but that he may go hopelessly wrong as soon as he steps outside it. Pure mathematicians, physical scientists, and even scientific engineers, simply accept the problems society has thrown up. The problem why society has thrown these up, they do not consider. The same with psychology, so why expect the psychologists to be also sociologists? That is precisely what you are demanding. In point of fact the field of science that straggles across the psychological and sociological problems is anthropology, and anthropologists do certainly agree that the kinds of morality you get vary with the social structures from which they spring. If you wish to appeal to modern psychologists for their views on moral questions, why don't you quote what the Clinical Psychologist said, that we are moral because we hate ourselves? I have not used that because to me it does not seem to lead anywhere.

FULTON: I am not sure that I agree with your remarks about the anthropologists, but perhaps this is leading us too far afield. May I raise one last point on this issue. Will you agree that if a society of intelligent men and women set out to frame a moral code it would not be a code formed exclusively from the middle class or the working class, from bourgeois or proletarian conceptions of morality?

LEVY: Yes. There are elements of civilised behaviour which are acceptable to all classes. But the whole code will depend on the structure of that society in addition to the intelligence of its members.

The Permanent Values of Culture

FULTON: I see your point. Had we better take up now the last point about culture? I think you would say that the poets, the artists, the dramatists, are all of them affected by their own peculiar bias, peculiar to themselves, their class and their age, wouldn't you?

LEVY: Yes, I would.

FULTON: Could we take it a little further? Take, for example, the point about bourgeois culture. In Russia there has been a strong tendency to decry as out of date, or even as wholly bad, what could be called bourgeois culture, the kind of culture which comes out of a bourgeois class, or a state in which the bourgeois element is predominant. Isn't that so?

LEVY: Yes. But they have innumerable editions of Shakespeare and Dickens, and innumerable musical performances of all kinds.

FULTON: You would, then, be prepared to concede that there are things in bourgeois art which are the kind of thing which any intelligent society would value. That is not to refuse to anyone the right to assert that there may be much in bourgeois culture which is not permanently valuable, or even some things which are mucky. But you would agree, wouldn't you, that there are still some things left which are of value for any intelligent society at any time?

LEVY: Yes, certainly. Science and some music, for instance.

FULTON: Well, it seems to me that in so far as the rejection of all that can be stigmatised as bourgeois is brought about by the mere reaction of the proletariat against the bourgeois, it is bad. And in so far as we are trying to discover what an intelligent society would value and pursue, we would be forced to admit that certain achievements of the human race have that permanent kind of value which rises over and above anything you can call the product of this or that civilisation or race or class. In much the same way as it is bad to have to reject the artistic products of the Jews just because of a particular bias or animus against Jews on other grounds which may exist at any particular time.

LEVY: Yes. You and I agree, but there are apparently some millions who don't.

FULTON: You see, I think this rather a crucial point. I may feel at this particular moment so strongly anti-bourgeois, or anti-capitalist, or anti-proletarian, or anti-semitic, or anti-something or other, that I am tempted to say that everything they have done or produced is bad. But no intelligent person either wants to be like that or is much affected by that sort of condemnation.

LEVY: I agree that there are elements in the culture of any society which deserve to and do in fact survive, but whether they do or do not survive is never due as you suggest to a crude mass reaction, whether bourgeois or proletarian. It depends *inter alia* on whether the particular form of art does, in fact, when seen in the setting of the society from which it has emerged, reflect the permanent features of that society. In that sense Shakespeare and Beethoven will both live, no matter what the vicissitudes of society.

FULTON: Yes, I wish we had time to follow up that point, but I'm afraid we shall have to leave it to our listeners.

The photograph of Diego Rivera's mural painting illustrated on our front cover was lent to us by *The New Leader*, to whom acknowledgment is due

Island Tour—V

The Isle of Man

By S. P. B. MAIS

DOUGLAS BAY, confined between its two great headlands, has as fine a curve as Weymouth, its sands are even more extensive, and its capacity to house and entertain visitors is incalculably greater than anything I have seen on any other island round our coasts—Coney Island, New York, is probably its nearest rival. Here, at once, I got an atmosphere of friendliness. Tier upon tier of grey boarding-houses flaunted proudly the names of austere historic castles, Chatsworth, Arundel and the like, but under these high-sounding titles the names of the boarding-house keepers in equally large letters stood as a guarantee of good cheer as well as good position. The purpose of Douglas is plainly writ on every line of its noble front. It is to ensure the greatest happiness of the greatest number. I think its dance hall must be the largest I ever danced in. It is unquestionably the merriest. The yearly invasion of Douglas by the Northern Counties is proof enough of its quality. Last year the steamship companies carried 1,077,482½ passengers.

But Douglas, though it contains half the population of the island, does not represent the whole Isle of Man, which is, in spite of its accessibility, a quiet, even lonely island. There is plenty of room on it, for it is 33 miles long and about 12 broad. Like Shetland, it is equally rich in Norse relics and sea-birds. It, too, boasts rugged sea-cliffs, vast caves and a host of sandy bays. But it also boasts what Shetland lacks—good rivers full of fish, Silver Burn, Sulby, Santon, and the Dhoo and the Glass, the dark and the clear, which merge to give Douglas its harbour and its name. It also boasts trees—fresh green larches among dark firs in the plantations on the lower slopes of the hills, and sycamore and oak and ash towering above the becks in all of its twenty or so exquisite hidden glens. All

islands are rich in gorse, but the Isle of Man is prodigal; while the nearest approach to its wooded glens are the chines in the Isle of Wight.

The Isle of Man is Great Britain in little. It is the only place in the British Isles from which Ireland, Scotland, Wales and England can all be seen from the same spot, and it is as if a little of the loveliest of each of these had been hured here by the magician Mannanan, the chief spirit of the island, and jealously preserved by him from all marauders. As I stood on the summit of South Barrule, the Hill of the Round Table, I looked down on a world of small tidy green fields, low white cottages and stone walls, a piece of pure Connemara—I looked across the valley of blackberries and heather to the summit of Cronk-ny-Irey-Lhaa, sprinkled with bits of white quartz, a mountain transported straight from Galloway. Immediately below me lay the roofless grey cottages and tumbling chimney-stacks of a deserted lead-mine that had been stolen from Derbyshire, while below that again I saw the winding path of a stream tumbling over boulders between narrowing smooth hills that was just a bit of my own Devon. So I ran down this gully and found myself in a pure Devon cove, called Niarbyl, all rocks, and one low white thatched cottage, which I entered at the invitation of a smiling old woman with sparkling brown eyes and crab-apple skin.

The low-lying northern end of the island round the Point of Ayre is like Ireland, not only in its place-names of Ballathis and Balla-that, but in its curraghs or dried-up marshlands. And the sand-dunes round this part of the coast are like the sand-dunes at Skegness. And the old churches among the trees, Lezayre, Ballaugh and the rest, rise like the churches of Lincolnshire above the fens. The southern extremity, the Calf



The Laxey Wheel, which keeps the Isle of Man's lead-mines free from water

Photograph: J. Dixon-Scott



St. Patrick's Isle, showing Peel Castle and St. Germain's Cathedral

of Man, where once a disciple of Bacon lived on a diet of honey, mustard oil and herbs, and now no man may land, is bird-haunted and rocky like one of the rocky isles of Shetland. Falcons were once bred here by the Stanleys, because they had to present a pair to each Sovereign of England on his accession. The south-western peninsula from Fleshwick over Bradda Head, famous for its lichens and thunderous caves, to Port Erin, and thence round Spanish Head to Perwick, is like the North Cornish coast between Boscastle and Port Isaac. Here are stacks and sugar-loafs and fine isolated rocks standing out of the sea just as they do at Treberwith. Snaefell, the highest mountain, is just another smooth Cumberland fell, while the waterfall of Dhoon is High Ghyll in another place.

At Castle Rushen there is a stout Norman castle of lime-stone in as good a state of preservation as Bodiam and Arundel, and much more full of interest, for this was the palace of the Earls of Derby who became Kings of Man in 1405 and held their sovereignty for over 350 years in spite of the fact that

the most famous of them, the Seventh Earl, had his head cut off in 1651 by the Puritans. It was this Earl of Derby who gave his name to the famous horse race which was first run over heather-covered Langness to celebrate his birthday in 1637. The 'Derby' was not run at Epsom for 150 years after that.

At Peel the ruined sandstone Cathedral and Castle on St. Patrick's Isle stand grandly above the harbour, reminders of

the day when Eleanor, wife of 'Good Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, was imprisoned here as a sorceress, and the elfin-like Fenella Christian helped her lover, Peveril of the Peak, to escape. In Ramsey, or Raven's Isle as the Norsemen called it, lying snugly at the foot of steep North Barrule, we are back among the Scandinavians, for here King Orry won the battle that gave the island to Norway just after the Normans conquered England. In a shed in Maughold, the headland of which is amazingly like Cemaes in Anglesey, stand nearly



Church service in the open air at Kirk Braddon, near Douglas

Photographs: J. Dixon-Scott

fifty ancient stones rich with Scandinavian carvings of incidents in the life of Sigurd the Volsung.

At Kirk Braddon you may see on summer Sunday mornings

congregations of 30,000 listening to the Bishop of Sodor and Man's sermons in the open air. Sodor was the Norwegian diocese of the Southern Isles of Hebrides and Man as opposed to the Northern diocese of Orkney and Shetland. And further along the road at St. John's, on July 5 at eleven o'clock in the morning, you will hear the Lieutenant-Governor of the island, Sir Montagu Butler, read out the Laws in Manx and English on Tynwald Hill—a green mound built like a wedding cake in four tiers, and covered with rushes from the Curragh.

The magician Mannanan (who kept the island under a perpetual shroud of mist) was supplanted in the sixth century by Christian missionaries. Three hundred years later the Norseman, under King Orry, took control, and Orry is held responsible for the establishment of the Tynwald Court. He is also supposed to have founded the House of Keys, which approximates to the English House of Commons, and has twenty-four members elected for five years. The island was ceded to Scotland in 1266, and when England took over, it became the custom to give the island to royal favourites, the most influential of whom were the Stanleys. From the Stanleys it passed to the Murrays, Dukes of Atholl, who sold it to the Crown for nearly half-a-million pounds. Since that time there have been Lieutenant-Governors who get a salary of £2,000 a year, and under them is a Council consisting of the Bishop of Sodor and Man, two Deemsters (or High Court Judges), the Attorney-General, and half-a-dozen others. The Deemster has to swear to execute the laws of this Isle as 'indifferently'—meaning impartially—'as the herring backbone does lie in the midst of the fish'. No pawnshops are allowed on the island, and no bank or private person is allowed to charge more than six per cent. interest.

Huddled away among all the modern boarding-houses in Douglas, I found one of the most interesting museums I ever visited. Mr. Cubbon, the curator, showed me the relics of a tenth-century ship burial. The dead man had been buried in his fishing smack measuring about 28 ft. by 6 ft., and with him were his sword, spear, knives, fishing tackle, a pair of tongs, his horse and dogs, and the bowl in which he took his offering of blood to Valhalla. Even the iron bolts of his boat still remain. He also showed me a curious charm, the cuirin cross, made of two crossed twigs of cuirin or rowan, about an inch and a half long and bound together with wool. It is essential

that the twigs are broken by the human finger and not cut with a knife. This charm is hung over the door of the stable. He told me that on May Eve the gorse used to be burnt to drive out the powers of evil—then the horses and cattle were driven through the smoke as a protection against witches. On May Day kingcups are strewn on the floors of the stables to prevent the fairies from stealing the horses, and on the first Sunday in August crooked pins are thrown into the Holy Well at Maughold; while at Hollandtide Eve the boys and girls sing a strange song as they deposit turnips and cabbages outside their neighbours' homes, and on Boxing Day the Wren Boys sing the ballad called 'House of Wren' as they carry the decorated wren pole from door to door.

Every visitor to the island seems to pay a visit to Laxey Wheel, which was put up some eighty years ago to keep the lead-mines free from water. It has nothing but size to recommend it, except perhaps the fact that it lures visitors to explore the beauties of yet another glen or to travel on yet another of the island's many old railway systems.

I saw no tail-less Manx cats—'stubbins' as they are called—but somebody told me that they had seen one in Hall Caine's garden at Greeba Castle; and I heard no Manx spoken, though Mr. Cubbon read a little of the Manx Bible to me. It sounded like a mixture of Scots and Welsh.

Being an adaptable people, the Manx have turned from their old profession of the sea and converted themselves into farmers and caterers, in both of which pursuits they excel. They make excellent hosts and obviously like having visitors. This is a good reason for the popularity of the island—but there are others. It gives the holiday-maker a sense of romance to have to cross 80 miles of sea to reach it, and when he reaches it he knows that he is going to get his fill of two things—almost unlimited variety of attractive scenery and good fun in the society of many of his own kind. So it suits both the gregarious and those who like to sit on the rocks at Niarbyl alone.

The coat of arms of the island, as you know, is three spurred legs bent at the knee. The origin of this is unknown. The facetious will have it that one leg is fleeing from Ireland, the second is kicking Scotland, while the third is bending to England. Much more probably it represents the legs of the wise men in all three countries racing to see who can get to the Isle of Man first.

Photographic Competition

1. The Competition will be run from July 2 to August 31 inclusive.
2. A different subject is set for each week and entries should reach THE LISTENER office between the Monday and Friday of that week (inclusive). The prize-winning photograph in each subject group will be published on the Wednesday of the week following the closing date for that group. Entries submitted at any time other than during the week for which they are intended will not be considered.

Subject	Sending-in Dates	Publication of prize-winning photograph
1. Landscape and seascape	July 2-6	July 18
2. Life and recent developments in European countries To illustrate social, economic and political questions during the last five years	9-13	18
3. Architectural and archaeological	16-20	Aug. 1
4. Action: Human or other	23-27	8
5. Night photography	30-Aug. 3	15
6. Industry	Aug. 6-10	22
7. Abstract composition in which lighting and/or arrangement of objects is the main interest	13-17	29
8. Scientific, to include, as well as all ordinary scientific subjects, microphotography and X-ray photography	20-24	Sept. 5
9. Wireless, to include photographs of any aspect of this subject	27-31	12

3. A prize of Ten Guineas is offered for the best photograph in each group. The Editor reserves the right to reproduce non-prize winning photographs at the following rates:
- | | |
|------------|------------------------|
| Whole page | Two Guineas |
| Half page | One-and-a-half guineas |
| Minimum | One Guinea |
- The above sums, as also the prize money, will purchase the first British rights of reproduction in the photographs concerned.
4. Prints submitted must be not less than 6 ins. by 8 ins. and not more than 10 ins. by 12 ins. in size, and competitors are asked to send their prints unmounted.
5. Each photograph must be marked clearly on the back with the name and address of the sender, the title of the photograph and the group for which it is submitted.
6. No photograph may be entered for the competition which has previously been published elsewhere.
7. Photographic prints sent in will not be returned to the owners unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope of appropriate size.
8. The decision of the Editor is final, and no correspondence can be entered into with regard to his judgment.
9. Parcels or envelopes containing entries must be marked 'Listener Photographic Competition', and the Editor cannot accept responsibility for photographs lost in transit.

In reply to a question from Mrs. Shaw, M.P. for Bothwell, Mr. Shelton, Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Scotland, stated that, according to the records of the B.B.C., 264 schools in Scotland were now participating in the school broadcasting programmes. The Secretary for Scotland was satisfied that the broadcast lessons, under appropriate conditions and in proper relation to the curriculum, formed a useful adjunct to school work, and he would be glad to see more Scottish schools taking advantage of the stimulus afforded by this service.

Time to Spare!

Back to the Beginning

By AN UNEMPLOYED CLERK

MOST of the speakers in this series have described the hardships and distress of their lives as unemployed people. I'm unemployed, too, but my hardship has been nothing compared to many of those whom we have heard. I'm speaking to you as a representative of a kind of unemployment which people don't often think about, and which some people hardly know exists. I'm a clerk, and until I lost my job last year I worked in a large paint and varnish concern in East London. I first went there sixteen-and-a-half years ago, after leaving school—I was fourteen then and worked as a messenger boy. I got on pretty well and after a while I was put in charge of a despatch department. It was wartime then and that's why I got a job of responsibility which was really a man's job. I was seventeen when the War ended. Then I went as a clerk into various other departments and finally ended up in the Advertising Department.

'The Future Looked Rosy'

I always thought my position was a safe one. I felt secure enough to marry and set up a home. As the years went by I naturally felt more and more secure, especially as it was a big and substantial firm that had a reputation for giving their people continuous employment. Some employees had been there for forty-five years. It was the type of old-fashioned firm that really seemed to take an interest in its workers.

So, as I said, I married—that was nearly six years ago. By that time I had saved nearly £200 and the bulk of this I invested in buying a home and furnishing it. Of course, this wasn't enough to pay for the house and I am still paying instalments on it to a building society. I was earning about £3 15s. on the average when I was dismissed and the instalment for the house took about 25s. of this. We have two children of four and two. Of course, the money wasn't very much for a family of four, but it was enough to keep us going happily. I was looking forward to the time when the house would have been paid for and to my getting a more responsible position with my firm. The future looked rosy and I felt as if I were making my way in the world.

We nearly always went on holiday once a year. Last year we went to the country, to Bedfordshire. It was near the end of this holiday that I received a short note from my firm telling me 'my services were no longer required'. The firm had been absorbed by a large paint combine, and a lot of us were no longer wanted. This was the biggest blow I'd ever had. It was a terrible shock and the world which had looked bright from one moment to another seemed to have crashed. The end of our holiday was pretty dismal. I always think it was unfair to send me that notice while I was on holiday—a firm that I had been with for over sixteen years!

After the first shock, when I began to think of the number of people whom I knew and who could help me I felt more hopeful. But this didn't last long, as day after day went by and I could find nothing. Not only did I go round seeing people but sent any number of letters and answers to advertisements. I think I must have sent over two hundred and fifty, but it has just been a waste of stamps. Very few firms even answer letters and most of the replies one *does* receive are merely written on a duplicating machine. What I usually do is to cycle several times a week to the nearest public library, about five miles away from my home, and spend the morning or afternoon looking through the 'situations vacant' advertisements in newspapers. Nearly all the advertisements are for travelling salesmen—door-to-door selling.

'It Isn't Only Work One Loses'

When I left, I asked my firm for a testimonial. They refused this: it was not their policy, they said, to issue testimonials, though they would always be glad to reply favourably to any enquiry about me, made by another firm. This lack of a testimonial has been my greatest difficulty in looking for another job. I've never had any other work but with that one firm, so without a testimonial from them I could produce nothing to show what capabilities I possess. I sometimes wonder whether

the heads of these big firms realise what handicaps they inflict when they come to decisions like that.

Sixteen years is a long time in one firm, and I had by the end gained a number of privileges which meant a good deal in terms of cash: I was, for instance, eligible for full pay for sickness for twenty-six weeks in a year, and my dependents would have received about £175 in the event of my death. So it isn't only one's work one loses. It's these other things as well. I think there should always be provision made for compensation to those who are put out of work by firms amalgamating.

I was earning less than £250 a year, so I could draw unemployment benefit. In this I'm luckier than some clerks who have been thrown out of work. I'm on Transitional Benefit now and get 27s. 3d. a week. I often wonder what happens to clerks who were earning just above £250 and who have no insurance benefit to fall back on. Of course, some of them will have saved and they could live on that until they get other work. But if they were in what they believed to be a 'safe' job—they may not have saved. And then goodness only knows what happens to them!

I hadn't ever been to an Employment Exchange before. You soon get over the strangeness. The officials are very good to you and you see many in the same circumstances as yourself.

Living on Savings

My insurance benefit wouldn't have been enough if I had not had my savings as well. In fact the benefit only pays for the repayments to the building society, and rates, so every week I have to spend something of the savings I have put by. This is the most annoying thing of all. It's always at the back of my mind wondering how long it will last, and what will happen when it gives out. A great many of the unemployed suffer physical hardship and hunger. I don't suffer from this, but I wonder if the mental worry isn't just as hard. And all this time I'm out of work will make it more difficult to adjust myself when I do get back. I think I'm slowly losing my powers of concentration.

I have for a long time belonged to a Sports Club in my town; I used to go there a great deal, but I feel disinclined to mix with my old friends. Every time they see me they ask me how I'm getting along and whether I've found work yet. I know it's only kindness but I do wish they would let me forget—if only for a time. As it is I now keep more and more to myself.

With us it is more important than anything else to keep up one's appearance. In any case this gives one self-assurance and when one sees others going off to work one can still feel a kind of mental equality with them.

As I said, the officials at the Labour Exchange are very courteous, but they haven't sent me off even to one prospective employer. It isn't their fault: there are just no jobs. The only chance of my getting work, in my opinion, is through my Trade Union, which is doing all it can for me. I'm really grateful for the interest and trouble they take.

Don't think that those of us out of work do nothing but walk around the streets looking for work. We have a good deal of 'Time to Spare' to think about this problem of unemployment. I should think every unemployed man has his pet cure. I have one or two ideas too. The very first thing I would do would be to abolish any form of overtime—especially the amount of *unpaid* overtime. Overtime is a real curse. If it were abolished, thousands of us would get our jobs back. I will admit I was guilty of it myself, but I didn't realise at the time that I was putting others out of work.

The hardest thing of all about losing one's job is the way it puts one back. I was getting on well. I had a good position. Even if I get back to work now it will be years before I catch up again. Nothing that I could have done could have prevented it. It doesn't seem right that something so completely out of my control should be able to alter so vitally the whole of my life. It seems like a devilish game of snakes and ladders—as if I had been picked up while well on in the game and put right back to the beginning.

From Tolpuddle to T.U.C.—X

Trade Unions and the State

A Discussion between HAROLD CLAY and DOUGLAS JERROLD

Mr. Clay is the National Secretary of the Passenger Services Group, Transport and General Workers' Union; Mr. Jerrold is Editor of the 'English Review'

HAROLD CLAY: Though Trade Unions exist primarily to protect the interests of their members on problems of wages, hours and working conditions, the problem of status is not less important than those other matters. The range and character of Trade Union activity has extended with the development of industrialism, until today there is hardly any phase of social or industrial activity with which the Unions are not directly concerned and in which they do not play an important part.

Trade Unions have been compelled to engage in political action for immediate objects and ultimate purposes, and are an integral part of the political Labour Party. They are in politics because they are concerned with the limitations imposed upon the workers by the present social and economic system. For them the only real hope lies in far-reaching industrial and political change. Trade unionists believe—rightly or wrongly—that the motives pervading industry today are all wrong; profit-making is the dominant motive, and for that you must substitute the motive of service. That isn't possible under the system of private ownership—it is only possible under a system of social ownership under which industries and services would serve human needs and not private interests. To secure the change from private to social ownership they have to make use of the political weapon. In the use of this weapon, the Labour Party, of which the Trade Unions form an important part, must convince the bulk of the electorate of the soundness of its policy if it is to secure a majority. In that sense, the trade unionists engage in politics and endeavour to secure control of the machinery of Government not simply as trade unionists *qua* trade unionists, but as trade unionists and citizens.

DOUGLAS JERROLD: Really, Mr. Clay, you are hardly being fair. We are supposed to be discussing the Trade Unions and the State: not the reasons—good, bad or indifferent—which make individual trade unionists go to the poll at elections and vote for the Labour candidate. No one has ever suggested that the individual trade unionist has not a perfect right to vote socialist, or communist, or fascist if he likes. What is in dispute is the action of the Trade Unions themselves in entering politics, in financing candidates, and in linking themselves up with a political party with the declared object of capturing the whole machinery of government.

For this reason I am not going to answer your very provocative and quite unprovable assertions about the results of private industrial enterprise. I want to keep the discussion to the point, which is this: ought the Trade Unions to be in politics at all? Isn't their entry into politics, on the other hand, a complete abuse of their functions and responsibilities?

CLAY: I strongly deny that. I am not suggesting that the motives of the Trade Unions in politics are never mixed—motives invariably are; and in the use of political power it is conceivable that the trade unionists, along with others, have in mind certain immediate advantages. They are, however, convinced that these advantages are only transient—that they can only secure the opportunities for the fuller life through a change in the social system—but the advantages which thereby accrue would go not only to them but to the community as a whole.

JERROLD: Of which the trade unionist forms a part no more important than anyone else.

CLAY: But the Trade Unions in politics are concerned not only with their own interests but with that of the community as a whole. In that regard we can draw lessons from the history of the movement; it is a history of social endeavour; it is a history of co-operative as distinct from individual effort.

JERROLD: Admittedly co-operative, but the question is: what is the purpose of the co-operation? The point we are discussing to-night is not whether Trade Unions are good or bad organisations. No one but a fool denies the immense services they have rendered not only to their own members but to the country as a whole, in fighting the battle of labour against unrestricted unorganised individualist enterprise. On that point we are in complete agreement.

CLAY: And why shouldn't that work be extended to cover a wider field?

JERROLD: For this very simple reason. If there is a dispute in an industry regarding wages, profits, conditions of labour or whatever you like, the very first people I should go to for the facts would be the leaders of the Trade Union concerned, because they would be men who have spent their lives in that industry and who know all that there is to know about it. I don't say for a moment that I should accept their views—as a journalist I am disinclined to accept anybody's views without investigation. But when I am told that because the conditions in industry are bad, therefore I should vote in a way which will place the Trade Union party in control of all branches of national policy—on which nine out of ten of their leaders are, with all respect, quite incapable of expressing a valuable opinion—then I say you are putting me in an infernal hole. You are asking me either to declare myself completely indifferent to the conditions of the workers or to hand over the control of our foreign and imperial policy (on which the whole future of the working classes depends) to a political party which has shown not the slightest aptitude for handling these problems, and whose principles, as far as they have declared them, seem to the great majority of English men and women to be bad principles. That is the dilemma I want to put to you, and I think it is a dilemma which you, as a trade unionist, ought to get out of as much in the interests of the workers as in the interest of the country.

CLAY: If you vote for the Labour Party you have got to hand over to this political party the control of foreign and imperial policy. But I don't agree with you at all that they are incompetent or have not the men who can handle problems of this kind.

JERROLD: It would be an extraordinary coincidence if they could!

CLAY: As a matter of fact, I think that the work of two Labour Governments in this direction was far more advantageous to the nation than was the case under succeeding Tory and Coalition Governments. But it seems to me obvious that foreign and imperial policies have a very direct bearing on conditions in this country. It is impossible to separate what one might term 'international' problems from 'home' problems. The conditions in Lancashire today are largely conditioned by the happenings in India and Japan. The coal dispute of 1926 was not unassociated with the policy of the Tory Government in 1924; and it is foolish to talk about separating political from economic problems.

JERROLD: That, if I may say so, is a very rash statement. You argue that because the Tories have failed, therefore the trade unionists are likely to succeed. I say, on the other hand, that the attempt to apply political remedies to industrial problems is inherently foolish, and that the more inexperienced the politicians who try to play this game the more disastrous will be the results.

CLAY: The old type of politician took your line and tried to divorce industry from politics. He failed and was forced, and increasingly so, to deal with what you would regard as industrial problems. How can you get industrial reorganisation without political change?

JERROLD: I will answer that by another question. How can you ever get effective industrial reorganisation in a country living perpetually on the edge of a political crisis, unless you can take industry out of politics?

CLAY: I agree with you that we are in a period of crisis, a deepening crisis. That is why I am concerned with the changes I have postulated. It appears to me that the choice before us is socialism or chaos. We are no longer poor because of our inability to produce, for we can produce in abundance. It is only by a drastic and fundamental change in the economic and social system that full advantage can be taken of our powers to produce and to ensure the equitable distribution of the product.

JERROLD: But you are not advocating a change of system. You are advocating the same old bad system under which rival

economic interests fight for the control of the Government of the country. Let me put a definite question to you. What is one to do if one wishes to see organised Labour taking a proper share in the control and regulation of industry and, at the same time, does not want to see them dictating our foreign and imperial, our agricultural, or our religious policy? The only answer you give me, as far as I can gather, is that politics and economics are hopelessly intertwined. With all respect, that is bunkum. The modern world has got to learn to separate economics from politics, or see its whole standard of life destroyed.

CLAY: No; to see more clearly their close relationship.

JERROLD: You have tried to prove that politics and economics are inseparable by showing that everything that happens anywhere affects everybody; it isn't really necessary for two busy men to come to Broadcasting House in order to agree on that obvious truism. For what it is worth, it provides as good an argument for the entry of the Army, the Navy, the Police or the Civil Service into politics as it does for the entry of the Trades Unions. All these different public services are affected by the Government's foreign policy or educational policy or tariff policy every bit as much as are the engineers, the railwaymen and the omnibus drivers, but you know as well as I do that the moment any section of the public other than trade unionists attempt to form themselves into a militant organisation with the avowed aim of capturing the machinery of government, a howl goes up from every Labour newspaper in the land, and we are told, in the most unctuous tones, that the community as a whole, and no organised minority, alone has the right to decide these grave matters of public policy. But here I come over to your side. So long as the only method in which Trade Unions can have their say in industrial matters is by capturing the political machine, then so long will they be forced to play the political game, instead of concentrating their efforts on the organisation and regulation of industry.

In my view the problems of the Trades Unions and the State will never be solved until we have found a place for the Trade Unions within the constitution, from which they can exercise not merely influence, but a determining influence, in the conduct and regulation of industry. And I don't see how this is going to be done within the framework of the present Parliamentary system which you are so anxious to maintain.

CLAY: There you are in error, for you know as well as I that the greatest drive for changes in parliamentary machinery and in the machinery of government comes from the Labour movement. You are not unaware of proposals that have been put forward and the keen opposition which these have evoked. You spoke of the dilemma with which you are faced if you desire to give assistance to industrial labour.

JERROLD: I would not be so impertinent as to try to assist industrial labour. I want labour to help the State.

CLAY: But on what terms? The dilemma with which the Trade Unions are confronted is that they can see no possibility of a proper share in the control and regulation of industry as it is organised today. Those who own an industry are the people who determine how it shall be controlled and run. It is run primarily for the purpose of making profit—profit for the owners of capital; regard has to be paid to the interests of the workers, but the position they occupy is largely conditioned by the strength of their organisation.

JERROLD: I want to see it conditioned by the value of their knowledge and experience.

CLAY: Yes, but in a rational order of society it would be. But you say that the problem of Trade Union control cannot be solved until there is a change in the constitution and a definite place found for the Trade Unions. That's a thing which the Trade Unions desire, but they believe that this is only possible if you can secure a fundamental change in the ownership of industry, for without such change they may have a place in the constitution—but one of permanent inferiority. Hitherto the Unions have had to be a combative force fighting for the interests of the workers. They look forward to the time when they can co-operate in constructive tasks. This can only come about where such changes in industrial organisation have taken place as would make it possible for industry to serve other ends than the mere satisfaction of those engaged in it.

JERROLD: I want to see industry entirely self-governing within the constitution, instead of being in the position of going cap in hand to a Parliament of amateurs, which has not machinery at its disposal for the reorganisation of industry. In that way the present lobbying by sectional interests comes

to an end automatically, and the reorganisation of industry can then be carried out by the only people capable of carrying it out without ruining the country.

CLAY: You are overlooking certain important things; the reform of Parliament and parliamentary procedure, and that there is a difference between industrial policy and the detailed reorganisation of a particular industry. I am not suggesting the latter is a question for Parliament, but the former undoubtedly is, for you know, Mr. Jerrold, that no industry can be entirely self-governing, and there must be some authority wider than the industry to which those in control, in matters of general policy, will be subject. Industrial policy must conform to the economic plan of the Government—I would add, the Socialist Government, for the Trade Unions and the political party with which they are associated are definitely concerned with socialist policy.

JERROLD: That's very interesting. You propose to avoid the conflict of economic interests by appropriating the property of the employers and putting it under the control of the State. In that way you see a very comfortable future for the Unions in which the Unions control the State which had already confiscated the property of the employers.

CLAY: No. I say the transferring of private ownership to public ownership, and the community controlling the State. We have not discussed terms of transfer.

JERROLD: If somebody picks my pocket you would say that the cash is merely transferred from my pocket to the pocket of the thief?

CLAY: Your simile is not a good one, because in my opinion this would, in many cases, be nothing more than a restitution of stolen property. You surely agree that in many instances ownership today is vested in people who have appropriated what should be properly termed 'social values'.

JERROLD: I am not concerned to defend everything that has been done by everybody in the past. I could make out, if I wanted to, a perfectly good case for saying there were large taxes imposed on consumers in the interests of workers in certain industries and that those taxes have come directly out of the pockets of the poorest in the community, but I do not propose to seize the property of those particular workers, none of whom are personally to blame, and transfer it, as you would call it, to myself.

CLAY: You would have difficulty in proving that assertion; in fact, it is a statement often made but never yet proved.

JERROLD: The answer to that is—of course it cannot be proved any more than your statement can be proved, because right or wrong, when you come to apply the terms to the distribution of the proceeds of industry, whether as rent, as profits, salaries or wages, is a matter of opinion.

Everybody thinks quite naturally that they should get more than they do, and when we use these terms in a political discussion we are both of us expressing our sincere opinion but nothing more.

CLAY: But, Mr. Jerrold, that is one of the difficulties inseparable from the present social and economic organisation. Each group is endeavouring by whatever ways are open to it to get as much as it can. That is a system from which, I understand, we both desire to get away.

JERROLD: But you propose to do it by nationalisation—

CLAY: Or socialisation, as I should prefer the term.

JERROLD: In other words, you want to remedy the evils which come from the present distribution of property by taking powers to see that there is no property to distribute. That is simply an evasion and, politically, a very cowardly evasion of the whole problem. You admit that the present scramble on the part of the different economic interests is an unworthy thing, but you have no better remedy for it than to make the scramble meaningless by abolishing property.

CLAY: That is sheer humbug. There is no suggestion of abolishing property. I propose that the ownership should be changed and that it should be made to serve other ends, but here we are dealing with property in what can only be regarded as socially created values and not individual property for private use.

JERROLD: I am afraid I am old-fashioned here, for I believe in both liberty and democracy, and where people are propertyless, liberty cannot exist and democracy becomes a farce—

CLAY: The condition of the bulk of the people today—

JERROLD: And a country where all property has passed into the hands of the politicians and their officials is just as propertyless as that non-existent country which socialists talk about at street corners, where all wealth is in the hands of a few rich

men. In England today, property is relatively widely distributed. It ought to be far more widely distributed. But before we can do this, we have got to put an end to the system under which the country's industry, agriculture and commerce are so many counters in a sordid political game. Instead of co-operating in the task of saving industry and therefore saving the workers from the politicians, the Trades Unions chose to play the political game in the futile belief that they could shelve the problem of industrial reorganisation by collaring the whole machinery of production and using it for their own ends.

CLAY: You know that that is a travesty of the whole position. The Trade Unions want to get away from the sordid scramble, which arises from a clash of economic interests and will continue until there are definite political changes.

Trade Unions are not concerned with collaring the whole machinery of production and using it for their own ends, but they desire changes which will benefit the community as a whole and a state of society in which all who share in the good things would be able to assist in producing them.

JERROLD: That sounds an extremely noble sentiment, but it is part of the vice of the present system, under which one special group of organised interests finance a political party, that that group of interests are bound to expect, as a result of their political policy, to get something very special for themselves when their party comes into power.

CLAY: I do not agree.

JERROLD: I did not expect you to agree with my definition of the aims of socialism, but that the majority of the people of this country agree with it I have no doubt.

CLAY: That we shall be able to test a little later.

JERROLD: We may have to test it, but what I would ask you to agree with me in is this—that we are here faced with a very real issue which is quite an unnecessary one, because the overwhelming majority of British people would like to see the regulation and control of industry, at the very least, shared by the Trade Unions, and they are waiting, only too anxious to see any sign of the Trade Unions being prepared to co-operate in a scheme of industrial organisation and constitutional reform which will give them a proper place in the State.

CLAY: You see, Mr. Jerrold, whether you like it or not, you are back again to the old point of the relation of industry and politics.

JERROLD: Of course I am, for that is the subject under discussion.

CLAY: You cannot escape from it. You link up industrial reorganisation with constitutional reform as you are bound to do. That is part of the Trade Union case. In a rational order of society the State would be concerned equally with the welfare of the whole of the citizens. The way in which industry was organised and run and the ends which it served would be the vital concern of those in charge of the machinery of government.

Trade Unions are prepared to co-operate with those with whom they share a common objective in securing constitutional changes and industrial reorganisation. Trade Unions are not syndicalists seeking the ownership and control of industry for groups, nor are they prepared to work for changes which would place them in a position of subjection to another section. They are, however, prepared to co-operate for social ends. They use the political machinery to secure the changes which make that possible. You admitted earlier that change may come either through some violent upheaval or by using the methods of political democracy. Yet you question the right of the Trade Unions, in an organised way and in co-operation with their colleagues, to use the the machinery of political democracy.

JERROLD: Of course I don't. The difference between you and me is simply this: you want to get out of the present mess by placing industry permanently under political control. That would simply mean that the sordid scramble of interests to acquire control of the political machine would be intensified and the end of that would be bitter conflict and the growth of hatred, envy and malice.

I want to see the Trade Unions co-operating with that great majority of decent people who want to see industry taken out of politics, who want to see the scramble of interests ended, and who want to see a proper share in the regulation and control of industry ensured by the constitution to the Trade Unions, not as members of a political party but as organisations directly responsible to the country which they serve.

Along the Roman Roads—VI

Helen's Way

By G. M. BOUMPHREY

WHEN I started to look for a Roman road from Gloucester to Caerleon-on-Usk, near Newport in Monmouthshire, I soon found myself spoiled by choice. I didn't waste any time in considering the most direct one along the Severn and the railway to Chepstow, because it would obviously be one long stream of traffic; and also I wanted to go down the Wye Valley past Tintern Abbey. But even so, almost every road I looked at on the map seemed to be marked 'Roman Road'. The fact is that the Romans worked the Forest of Dean pretty thoroughly for iron and so the whole district got covered with a network of roads. Eventually I decided to make due west through Huntley and Mitcheldean, then make for Bigsweir Bridge—down the Wye to Chepstow and west again to Newport and Caerleon. I left Gloucester on an obvious Roman road called Over Causeway, raised several feet above the meadows on either side. Where the modern road swerves to cross the bridge, the hump of the old track can still be seen running along the side—dead straight. Three miles out the hills of Monmouthshire came into sight and I began to wonder what the mountains of Wales beyond, and the Sarn Helen running through them, held in store for me. At 5½ miles I had some good hunting when the modern road went round two sides of a triangle and I followed the old Roman line for 2½ miles, sometimes as a lane or a footpath and sometimes as a long mound running through fields of white-faced Herefordshire cattle.

Four miles after leaving Chepstow I came to Caerwent, a quiet little village, by-passed just to the north by the main road. The Roman walls are still standing for the most part high enough to be impressive—perhaps 10 feet or more: and in a farm in the middle of the village I was shown where the

forum and basilica once were and the remains of a temple and of a small amphitheatre. The amphitheatre, curiously enough, is *inside* the walls, and stands on the site of earlier buildings, so that the population of the town evidently decreased as time went on. Caerwent was never a large town—only 44 acres—but it was the *only* Roman-British civil town in Wales. *Venta Silurum* was its name and it must be classed with the other centres of tribal government. Its walls of earth were rebuilt with stone a century or so later. It had three blocks of baths, many small houses and several large courtyard houses—perhaps one of them was an inn—and at least two temples. The main gates, to the east and west, have been destroyed by the road, but the smaller ones at the north and south can still be seen. They tell a story. Caerwent's position within half-a-mile of navigable water, which was an advantage in the days of Rome's strength, was just the opposite when Rome's grip on Britain was slowly weakening. The Irish pirates could make their raids and get away. And so we find that the Romans themselves in later times blocked up the two smaller gates. A tumbled heap of skeletons which has been roughly dated about a century after the Roman withdrawal, probably hints at the final fate of *Venta Silurum*. But there was no complete sack of the town. Like so many other relics of Roman-British civilisation, its life just seems to have ebbed slowly away when the Romans had gone. Perhaps the Silures went back to their hill-top fort a mile north of the town, where they had lived before its foundation; and no doubt they soon forgot the luxury of the Roman baths and the days when they had erected a statue to a third-century legate of the II Legion and dedicated it 'by the republic of the Silures, by order of its Senate'. This stone is still to be seen, and in the museum at Newport is a collection of other relics



Roman Wall at Caerwent

from Caerwent as well worth seeing as the Silchester collection at Reading.

From Newport I went to Caerleon, or Isca, the third of the legionary fortresses, with York and Chester. The great thing to see there is the amphitheatre, the only one in this country where you can get a really vivid feeling of what such places must have been like in their prime. The walls still stand complete round the arena, six feet high, some of the stones still inscribed with the names of the centurions whose men had built them. The site of Caerleon shows three things: that the Romans liked a warm sheltered place, that they liked beautiful surroundings and that they had an eye for strategical considerations. It is a perfect spot, just where the hills close round and shelter the valley of the Usk, accessible from almost every side of land or water and yet easily defended. The fortress covered about fifty acres, with earth walls at first and later stone.

My road followed the river between the hills past Usk, where the Roman fort of Burrium was, to Brecon. A lovely country with great hills on either side; the road banks bright with ferns and bluebells and occasional great patches of pink campion. Sometimes I could leave the winding main road for a short distance along a straighter track marked Roman road; but it wasn't till after Brecon that I found myself on an obviously Roman way. Three miles west of Brecon stands the Roman fort Y Gaer, and almost the whole way to it there is a Roman road, well metalled still where it has not been washed away, and running about a quarter-of-a-mile south of the modern one. It is a beautiful walk, especially on the crest of the hill where it skirts two woods with a lake below and then drops down, shaded by hazels and hawthorns, to the farm on whose land the fort stands. The six or seven acre fort is at Y Gaer beautifully placed in green fields with lovely trees marking the line of the

old walls. These still stand many feet high and the masonry of the curved corners is as clean and fine as though it was built yesterday, while the watch towers at the corners and the guard-houses at the south and west gates can still be plainly traced. The course of the old road runs just north of the camp and I traced the line of its causeway running down through an orchard towards the river Yscir; but the exact crossing of this and of the Usk (they join their waters just here) is a little uncertain. However, the modern road to Senny Bridge picks up the old line before long and then in the village it curves to the left while the Romans took a shorter course—and so did I—for a mile. There are still traces in the river there of the bridge they threw across. At Trecastle, a couple of miles further on, I left civilisation for the first time in Wales and struck up a steep path to the left for the fort of Y Pigwn, nearly four miles ahead and 1,350 feet up on the moors. A climb of four hundred in the first mile knocked off most of it and then I saw the first stretch of really straight road that had come my way for a long time—over two miles of it running along the crest of the moor, and pointing dead at its objective. The road was well surfaced with broken sandstone. In one or two places a rush of water down the ruts had washed away the metal, leaving a clean section

showing how it was made—a layer of large flat pieces of stone underneath, and on top smaller stones like a macadam road. On either side stretched acres of ling and heather, the ling just in flower, and occasional drifts of marsh-cotton. North, across the valley I had left, one hillside was bright gold with gorse in full bloom. Here and there on the nearer hills the little white-washed Welsh cottages shone out from a background of dark green; and far in the distance to



Amphitheatre at Caerleon

Photographs: Will F. Taylor

the south, where the wilder country lay, two or three peaks of the Black Mountains lay over two thousand feet high across the sky. As I topped a skyline, I saw the tumbled outlines

of the camp on the next, still a mile away. The coarse moorland grass had almost conquered the road by now, but in the wheel tracks the turf was short enough for comfortable walking. There is little to be seen of the camp, just mounds of earth and fallen stones, surrounding the flat crest of the moor. I went down a steep shoulder the other side of the camp and a mile brought me to a farm and a lane which carried me in five

emphasising the loneliness. A long descent brought Llanfair Clydogau, where I crossed the Teifi and took to a sunk lane between bluebells and ferns and pink campions till I came to Gogoyan bridge. I leaned over it and watched the trout in the brown water for a few minutes and then went on up the valley to Llanio. There was a fort here called Loventium. The remains of the baths are still there and a Roman well whose level never varies in the driest summer. The course of the original road is a bit uncertain up this valley, but there is a ridge across a meadow near the camp, which goes brown before the rest of the field, and I've no doubt that a spade would soon show the road beneath. The farmhouse is largely built of stones from the camp, one or two of them inscribed. From Llanio the Sarn Helen runs due north for nine miles and then comes a gap of thirty-two miles where its course is uncertain. What it probably did—and what I did—was to go north-west almost into Aberystwyth, cross the Ystwyth at Pentrebont and the Rheidol at Llanbadarn-fawr, and then make north north-east to cross the Dovey somewhere near Machynlleth.

From Llanbadarn-fawr I continued north-east for a mile and picked up the main road from Aberystwyth. This goes through a village with the surprising name of Bow Street. From Talybont I took a straighter line than the main road—up the hillside by Bedd Taliesin—on the main road again for a couple of miles and again a short cut over the hill by Pont Llyfnant. The only Roman feature of these lanes was their comparative directness; but they were often very beautiful, cut out of the solid rock.



Paved trackway across a mountain pass in Merioneth, traditionally Roman

miles to Llandovery. There I went by way of Caio to Pumpsaint, where an old gold-mine that was probably worked by the Romans is being tried again, now that the price of gold is so high. The road there was beautiful, a narrow ledge in places, cut out of solid vertical rock with a rich wooded valley below. A mile or two westwards along the main road from Pumpsaint and then, at last, I was able to strike off due north along the Sarn Helen. Actually there are two Roman roads called Sarn Helen in Wales—this one from Carmarthen up to Caerhun, near Conway, and the other further east and roughly parallel from Neath, past the Brecon Gaer and on northwards possibly to Wroxeter, though it hasn't been traced nearly so far.

I found it very difficult on the first half of my journey to get anyone to talk about any Roman roads but this shorter Sarn Helen (which I'd crossed near Brecon). For them there was hardly any other Roman road and certainly no other Sarn Helen. 'Sarn' means 'Way' and Sarn Helen is said to be a contraction of 'Sarn y Leon'—'The Way of the Legion'; but that's quite probably wrong. I saw no specially Roman characteristics in this road for at least fifty miles, except that it has stretches of straight, unusual in Wales; but even these are more obvious on the map than on the road. A couple of miles of lane and then as it turned right I turned left, down a steep little tree-hung track, by a ford across the little Twrch. I straightened out my direction by two farms and began a steep slant of six hundred feet in a mile, the hill on my left. It was a wonderful view from the top, the grey rocks showing through the turf, sheep almost exactly the same colour, and all round the bubbling cry of curlew



Roman Road with original paving at Mamhilad, Monmouth

Photographs: Will F. Taylor

It is not known where the Romans crossed the Dovey. They had a fort near Pennal and the remains of a causeway could be seen until comparatively lately, but this only ran to a quay. Probably their main crossing was three miles upstream at Machynlleth. Just above here the little river Dulas comes in from the north. The main road follows its left bank,

but I followed it right along a smaller lane. In four miles, just before Aberllefenni, I found something which convinced me I was right. My smaller lane crossed the river, but a raised hump, banked up on the left with great kerbstones almost hidden with moss, ran straight on through a pinewood—surely Roman work. The villages of Corris and Aberllefenni are built entirely of slate and very nice it looks in that setting. Used edgeways, as it is in walls, slate has a much more luminous and less powdery look than it has on roofs. Even the fences there are made of thick strips of slate wired together. A steep climb up a valley to the north-west brought me on to moorland again. It was a lovely way up, past yellow gorse and young green bracken—and once half an acre of bluebells like a sheet of water. Often the road was banked up with great kerbstones, sometimes there was a trace of camber and once I passed a big stone, now split into three, which looks as if it had been set up as a milestone. Although all this part of my road is not shown as Sarn Helen on the map, it seemed to me far more obviously Roman than much that is. After coming into the main road three miles south-east of Dolgelly, the real way is uncertain again until Cymmer

or raised up on a foundation of big stones. For most of the way it can easily be seen by the moss, which grows more thickly where its impervious surface stops the water, soaking away: just the opposite to its effect in a meadow, when the grass withers first on top of it. I lost it among some slate workings almost at the top, picked it up again beyond, and lost it again on the very steep descent to Dolwyddelan. Then came two miles along an entrancing little valley like an Alpine garden with low grey rocks and a tumbling stream, cuckoo flower and toy may-trees. A mile-and-a-half along the main road (but by the side of a perfect Welsh mountain river) to Pontypant and I struck up again for the heights (a mere thousand or so this time) and came down into the beautiful valley between Bettwys-y-Coed and the Swallow Falls. This was obviously a beauty spot, and what I thought at first glance was a seagull on the river, turned out to be a large piece of picnic paper to confirm my fears. So I hurried across Miner's Bridge, up the path to the left for a mile and then struck north once more up through the woods and over the heights to Trefriw.

It was lovely walking, but I could not have pointed out any part of the way as obviously Roman. Five miles along the main



Model of Roman amphitheatre at Chester, showing the proposed by-pass road across the site diverted to the north of the amphitheatre

Model from details by P. H. Lawson. Photograph: W. R. Rose

Abbey, but from there the four miles to Pont ar Eden (where the map first shows it again) seems to me obvious once you know where to look. From the Abbey it follows the lower hillside track (below Precipice Walk) on the east of the river, past the old copper mines at Glasdir, and so to Pont ar Eden. It was a superb walk. At Pont ar Eden a row of enormous stepping stones, which might easily be Roman, took me across the trees on to the shoulder of Craig y Penmaen. Ahead and to the left the steep-sided valley opened out on to the wide moors rolling up to the mountains beyond. From Craig y Penmaen the Sarn Helen slopes gradually down again to join the main road just before Trawsfynydd, where a reservoir now fills what my map shows as a valley. Through the village, buildings, roads and the railway have blotted out all trace of the old road, and I did not pick it up for certain until close by Tomen-y-mur, the fort I was making for, two miles on. A notice-board nearby invited me to pay threepence to visit the 'Roman Castle'—actually a mediæval castle tump standing in the Roman area. But Tomen-y-mur is noteworthy as being the only small fort with an amphitheatre of its own. The small arena is now a swamp, but the oval mound round it still stands two or three feet high. The road north from the fort is well worth following. It cuts clean through three ridges of solid rock to keep its gradient, and then winds cleverly down into the valley a mile away and up the other side. Crossing the Ffestiniog road I was delighted to see two notice-boards saying 'Roman Road'. I could have done with these at several places! The five miles of Sarn Helen north from there are simply magnificent. The road climbs to over seventeen hundred feet high among the bare crags with never a wheel rut on it for miles. Sometimes it is cut through rock,

road brought Caerhun and the end of the Sarn Helen—though a branch had gone off at Tomen-y-mur for Carnarvon. The fort at Caerhun, Kanovium, was built at about the same time as Caerleon and Y Gaer—round about 'seventy-five. At first it had earth ramparts and wooden buildings, but early in the second century it was rebuilt in stone as so many other forts and fortresses were. I asked a local man in the village where the Roman fort was. He said there wasn't one, so far as he knew. I said I thought from my map I ought to have taken the last road to the right. He said there was no road to the right for several miles and he'd never heard of any Roman

fort. So I thanked him and walked back a couple of hundred yards: there was the lane, and, down it, standing in the middle of what remains of the five-acre fort—the village church!

The lines of the walls could be made out in the fields and there may have been Roman remains in the church, but unfortunately there was a service on, so I could not see. And I wanted to get on to Chester to round off my tour of Wales. I made no attempt to trace a Roman road there, though I believe bits can be found near St. Osaph. I felt that anything of the kind would be an anticlimax after parts of the Sarn Helen.

Chester, itself, is no mean city to finish off at, though its atmosphere is mediæval rather than Roman. There are very few Roman remains outside the fine collection in the Museum. A good section of the foot of the old Roman wall can be seen, preserved at the expense of one man who paid for the telephone exchange to be built above it rather than through it; and close by the more recently excavated south-east corner of the fortress, just outside the mediæval wall. It struck me as remarkable—and deplorable—that this later piece should be left unmarked and unprotected for children to play over and deface. Surely a city like Chester is proud enough of its Roman history—one of the only three legionary fortresses—to afford a few feet of railings and a notice-board. Fifty yards away the amphitheatre lies beneath fifteen feet of subsoil. A few small excavations have made it possible to calculate the size and shape of this, with its seating for eight thousand spectators. But houses are built on part of it and I'm afraid it can never be brought to light like Caerleon. However, it is something to have been able to find out even as much as that—and fit another little piece into the fascinating jig-saw of Roman Britain.

The Listener's Music

The Public and Difficult Music

By M. D. CALVOCORESSI

THE public's response to 'difficult' or 'radical' new music is not all that those who happen to believe in the value of at least a proportion of this new music could desire. Now and then, listeners write to express their indignation with some new work or other, and others write to express their indignation with the indignant ones. A few people write asking whether anybody could help them to see in this ultra-modern stuff what its admirers see in it. To help them is very difficult. The utmost one can do is to advise them to help themselves and show them how and why. Nothing really worth saying can be said as to the significance of any musical work. Music expresses something which cannot be expressed except in music. By now practically all critics, and not a few art-lovers, recognise that the same applies to all arts—to poetry and painting and sculpture; and that, therefore, 'all art criticism stops exactly at the point where art begins' (Barton, *Purpose and Admiration*, London, 1932). Yet, in all these other arts, there is some element which the intellect can perceive separately before considering it in relation to the artistic significance of the whole. It is possible (I do not say that it is reasonable) to discuss the 'subject' or 'meaning' of a poem, picture, or sculpture (leaving aside, of course, a few types of contemporary 'abstract' art), apart from their form or texture. In music, there is no such possibility (I should need a whole page of *THE LISTENER* to explain that this is true even of 'programme' or vocal music). If in music there is a second term at all, this second term is a variable and elusive quantity: the critic's or listener's personal equation, the composer's intentions, real or supposed, or—last and worst—the 'rules' and 'laws' of art.

I do not mean to imply that art is lawless, but simply that all general laws of art are so very general that they may be taken for granted at the very start; and the particular law or laws governing any particular work—the only ones that matter—are to be found only in that work; and so, again, are inexpressible. It is only in the music, as we hear it, that we can find reasons for admiring it.

A primary condition, naturally, is that the music should have some kind of attraction, if only potential, for the listener. The next condition, with which I shall deal first, is that it should make some kind of sense. It may be unfamiliar and baffling to a degree, but must not be quite alien; we must recognise in it something basically similar (although maybe different on the surface) to what music has given us so far—melody and harmony and form-relations, and so on. Books, articles and talks aiming at familiarising listeners with the language of new works are useful, so far as they do not convey the impression that explanation of the means explains the ends. The main thing is that interest, or at least unprejudiced curiosity, should be aroused. The ideal would be to make listeners eager to hear new works and enjoy them. No reasonable critic believes that he can do this merely by parading his own interest and excitement, however thrilling and enviable he makes his reactions appear. He will be shy of using this method unless an irresistible force impels him—which, at a liberal estimate, will happen to him once every five years. But he will seek other means of persuading his readers to listen carefully, even while warning them that, nineteen times out of twenty, they will reap scant reward for their pains. It is the twentieth time that matters, and he will strive to make this clear.

The reply will be, perhaps, that a good deal of modern music exists which neither tries the ear nor baffles the intellect; so, why bother about the other kind? If there is any truth in Mr. Arthur Bliss's recent statement that

—living musicians, painters and poets can give us what no dead artist can—the sense of being involved in the same problems of life together, the satisfaction of seeing what is still in the air around us clothed in forms; and of hearing what would otherwise be but vaguely heard clearly articulated—

(and who would doubt that there is?) it should be clear that by ignoring a whole range of contemporary works we may miss a good deal that would prove invaluable.

A forcible argument is put forward by Barton (*op. cit.*) as follows:

It is a commonplace of moral philosophers that man's higher morality is a triumph over nature. The obvious analogy in the realm of art seldom occurs to us. If the moral life is only obtainable by effort, by the modifications and re-direction of natural instincts, it is surely a parallel truth that the only art worth having is an affair of will and designing power . . . not expecting nature to do most of the work herself.

In Germany, where of late a strong reaction (for political purposes) against 'radical' music took place, thoughtful critics have found it needful to point out the danger. One of them has said:

Our inert, self-conscious middle-class public is all too prone to believe that 'original genius' means something destructive. Our duty is to eradicate that spirit of mediocrity and indolence, to instil in all minds some kind of artistic public spirit.

All these arguments, and half-a-hundred more which could be adduced, mean that the only way is to listen, and so give the music its chance. One listener discovered this truth for himself, as shown by a letter to the *Daily Telegraph* in which he explained that 'Temperamentally long-suffering, he kept the set on while "Wozzeck" was being broadcast, and prepared to hear the worst'; but after a while, the music 'secured his rapt attention'. And in the end he came to the conclusion that 'Wozzeck' deserved every honour—'although not exactly as music', he added.

It is very remarkable that this listener (Mr. H. E. Barson by name), who is, I should think, a layman with a certain amount of musical knowledge and experience, should have said of 'Wozzeck' exactly what Vincent d'Indy, a highly specialised and experienced composer and teacher of composition, said to the present writer of Debussy's 'Pelléas et Mélisande' in the days when 'Pelléas et Mélisande' was new: that the first time he heard it, he listened to it as to 'music' in the ordinary sense of the word, to 'music' as he conceived it. As such, it meant very little to him. Thinking matters over, he realised that 'he ought to have listened to it as to something altogether different and new'. So he went to hear it again, and that time was able to admire it.

To this kind of argument Debussy had replied in advance with the following axiom (from his book *Monsieur Croche*) which I never tire of quoting:

I try to forget the music I know, lest it hamper me when I listen to the music I shall hear tomorrow.

'Forgetting the music we know', needless to say, does not mean sacrificing the experience the music we know has given us, the alertness and responsiveness and awareness which, together with our gift of imagination, are our most precious assets when we face music old or new. It means forgoing our habits and cut-and-dried notions, learning not to think of Wagner in terms of Beethoven, for instance, any more than we think of Beethoven in terms of Wagner—or instead of Beethoven and Wagner, we might say Elgar and Bartók. Arnold Bennett expressed the same truth in other words when he said (in his *Literary Taste*): 'If classical literature has inspired you with a dislike for modern literature, then there is something radically wrong with your training'. The important thing is to respond, not to classify and label. D'Indy, who happened to be a sensitive artist as well as an uncompromising doctrinarian, probably lived to listen to 'Pelléas' as 'music'. The time is not far off, maybe, when Mr. Barson will enjoy 'Wozzeck' as such. Indeed, the sensitive amateur he is seems to have got to the core of the matter more quickly than the highly-trained professional, who had to think things over after the event. The other week a correspondent to the *Radio Times* wrote: 'That a trained musical ear should listen to Ravel and find no music in him! I am able to testify that there was a time when plenty of trained musical ears (or, maybe, the prejudiced minds behind them) 'found no music in him'. And the only good advice to give them was, as it is now with regard to other music: 'Forget your habits and preconceived notions, and listen'.

Music-Making and Music-Hearing—I

THE receipt of a pamphlet entitled *Musical Activities in the Y.M.C.A.*, by Major J. T. Bavin*, is a reminder, not only of the musical activities of the Association, but also of other bodies who are doing similar work for amateurs, especially in rural districts and small towns. It may, in fact, be said that there are comparatively few would-be music-makers outside the range of a Y.M.C.A. centre, a Competition Festival, a Rural Music School, or an unattached Choral Society, orchestra or brass band. This many-sided movement comes in a good hour, when there is more leisure than ever before (much of it compulsory, worse luck) and when the facility for cheap and easy listening needs some counteracting influence if it is not to become a menace to the very art it is best able to serve. For music-making, even on a very modest scale, is one of the best preparations for music-hearing; and on the credit side of broadcasting as it affects music is to be placed a fact easily verifiable by those in touch with popular musical education—namely, that hearing often kindles a desire for some form of doing. Inevitably broadcasting has adversely affected concert attendances, though to what extent cannot be computed, owing to the part played by other factors; but no less inevitably it has brought into being an immense new public for music, and the future of the art in this country depends largely on the degree to which the educational needs of this new public can be met.

So much is already being done that the extent and character of the work ought to be more widely known than it appears to be. Perhaps the explanation is that very little of it is 'news' in the Fleet Street sense of the term. When the daily Press takes notice of a competitive Festival, for instance, it is usually in order to make much of some unimportant detail that can be described as 'sensational' or 'amazing' (such as a solo performance by a tiny tot) or to quote an epigrammatic or provocative remark of the adjudicator. Here is an example in my own experience of the way in which the Press seizes on the things that don't matter and neglects those that do. During a Competition Festival in the North a few years ago, one of the choirs singing Elgar's 'Feasting I Watch' pronounced the word 'pageantry' as 'paygeantry'. In adjudicating I remarked casually that the pronunciation was new to me, whereupon the conductor of the choir remarked that it had been approved by Elgar himself. I expressed surprise, said that I didn't propose to argue the point, and regarded the incident as closed. But I reckoned without 'Our Special Correspondent'! I had hardly reached home next morning when a telegram from Elgar arrived: 'Please contradict report: pageantry pronounced as you said'. A few minutes later came a telephone call from the news editor of a London daily, asking me for a detailed account of what happened at — the day before; and for a full week the incident was be-paraphrased up and down the country. Most Festival judges could tell of similar experiences. I mention this matter in no complaining spirit. After all, the newspaper of today has to entertain as well as to inform, and it may be excused for passing by the solid work of a Festival, which is not interesting to the lay reader, in favour of incidental trifles that yield what Fleet Street calls a 'story'.

It is reasonable to assume, however, that readers of such a journal as THE LISTENER realise that popular musical education, already a cultural factor in the life of the country, will in the near future become a matter of the first importance. Before many years have passed a shorter working day will be general, and whether the increased leisure that will result is to be a blessing or a curse to hundreds of thousands whose interests have hitherto been monopolised by work and amusement must depend on the State's readiness to give practical support to the organisations that are already doing so much in the face of economic difficulty and official apathy.

In his introduction to the Y.M.C.A. pamphlet, Sir Henry Hadow says:

Like all pursuits, that of Music is endless—there is no point at which we cannot advance to a fuller understanding or a more highly-trained skill. But there is no district which cannot serve as a centre; the village choir can form an available nucleus, so can a handful of instrumentalists meeting for regular practice. The main requirement is a leader who possesses tact and sympathy, and who knows enough about music to fit the programme to the achievement. Once a start is made, the rest will follow by a process of natural growth; in its seed-time the promise of the harvest is contained; and every stage will bring not only the sense of something accomplished, but the inherent delight of co-operation and the prospect of further advance.

This summarises very well the work that is being done in countless places. Here is a list of the chief organisations that are doing

it: The Musical Festivals (chiefly competitive; but there is now a considerable development in non-competitive directions); the Chamber Music Association; the English Folk Song and Dance Society; the Womens' Institutes; the Church Music Society; the National Council of Social Service; the Rural Music Schools (a new movement of great promise); and the various bodies concerned with young people, such as the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., the Girls' Friendly Society, the Girl Guides and Boy Scouts Associations, in all of which communal music-making plays a considerable part. (I propose to devote a second article to the working of some of the more important.)

But most of these bodies (more likely, all of them) are hampered by lack of funds. The majority of Competition Festivals are being run on over-drafts and guarantees; and some very useful enterprises not included in the list have simply been starved out. I may be allowed to mention a typical example with which I was personally connected. For about twenty-five years the musical work in London Clubs for Working Girls was demonstrated to the public by Festival Concerts at the Queen's Hall and Albert Hall by choirs of from 500 to 1,000 voices. The prime mover and first conductor was that great musical educationist the late Dr. McNaught, whom I had the honour of succeeding as conductor. The concerts were a great stimulus to the work of the Clubs; the music chosen was of the best; and the London Press was unanimous in praise of the standard of performance. We had the generous assistance of soloists of the first rank, and the work of all concerned was honorary. As, however, the audience consisted largely of the friends and relatives of the Club girls the tickets had to be sold at a price that did not cover the expenses, and two years ago the Festival was wound up for lack of money. Yet how small a sum stood between it and solvency! An annual grant of £25 a year from some Government department concerned with the amenities of life would have saved it. Even the remission of the Entertainment Tax would have been a substantial help.

This question of ways and means is one that must be faced in good time: it is easier and cheaper to keep things going than it is to revive them. And when I said above that the State must help, I meant that the State must put its hand in its pocket. 'More taxation!' says the reader. But the sum would be comparatively trifling, and every pound would yield a handsome return in goodwill, profitably-spent leisure, and similar things that, because they can result only from willing co-operation between widely dispersed people of all sorts, cannot be assessed or bought over the counter, and so are, in the truest sense of the word, priceless. Yet the inability of the politician to realise their importance is shown by the fact that musical events run, not for profit, but for the spread of the art and the benefit of the public, are taxed like the most vulgarising forms of commercial entertainment.

Moreover, a grant-in-aid would considerably reduce unemployment among the musical profession—one of the hardest hit branches of the community at the present time. For the educational movements concerned, though largely directed by amateurs and volunteer professionals, do the bulk of their work through the professional rank and file. In fact, a valuable by-product of these enterprises is a fusion of amateur and professional activities and interests that is of great benefit to both parties, and therefore to the art itself.

As this great popular movement is largely self-supporting, it could be set firmly on its feet and greatly extended at a very small cost to the taxpayer. Today we think in large sums where public expenditure is concerned; the price of one or two of those hundreds of big guns that are being turned out (in order that we may seek peace and ensue it) ought not to be grudged. A couple of medium size would pretty well keep things going; and a battleship would endow the movement in perpetuity.

It really seems worth thinking about.

HARVEY GRACE

Dr. Keith Barry, who has done considerable work for the Australian Broadcasting Commission in encouraging musical appreciation along the lines first started in this country by Mr. Percy Scholes, has published a short guide to musical understanding entitled *Music and the Listener* (Robertson and Mullens of Melbourne, 2s. 6d.). This book, which gives literary form to a series of broadcast talks by Dr. Barry in Australia, treats of the various forms and categories of music, describes the principal instruments, gives practical hints to listeners, and explains musical terms.

*National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s Education Department, Great Russell Street, W.C. 1. 3d.

Water-Finding

By S. L. BENSUSAN

AMONG the many books that have come my way for review, one—name and author forgotten—stands out persistently after long years. It found no place among the three or four works of 'genius' born every week to enjoy a fortnight's loud immortality. It was merely an honest account of travel in desolate regions of South America where men lose their way and die of thirst. Their remains are sometimes found in the scrub, in the scanty shade of cactus bushes. 'If they had cut the cactus leaves open', said the writer, 'they would have found the water they needed'.

I am reminded of this story sometimes when I travel through the dry villages of our countryside, for I know by experience that in many of them water is running underfoot. You can't see it, but if you are sensitive to hidden streams and you walk over the track holding a hazel or wych-elm fork, cut at the point where two twigs meet, as nearly as possible at an angle of 45 degrees, and about two feet long, the wand will dip as though it were some fluttering mast-high ensign lowered in salute to a man-of-war.

Those who go about the country indicating the hiding-place of underground streams are of long descent; their ancestors were probably to be found in the desert country of the Near and Middle East; I have seen in the wastes of Western Asia and North Africa deep wells that suggest divination. There are those who believe that Moses, admittedly a water-finder, was a diviner too, and though it is hard to find anything more than conjecture to support this theory, we have evidence to show that from time immemorial water-finders have served mankind.

During a recent tour round England that brought me occasionally to the microphone, I asked many Medical Officers of Health if they had investigated the question of dowsing. The most said they had no knowledge of the matter, but Warwickshire's representative told me that in an area alleged to be waterless a dowser had found a good supply. That the power of finding water is real, I at least cannot doubt, because, in common with a very large number of people, I chance to possess it.

The gift varies in extent. Some can find water only; others minerals; indeed, sensitiveness goes further still into realms where belief is instantly challenged, but at the very lowest stage the capacity has value. Many an engineer will tell you that water should be found in a certain area by boring, and if one bore-hole does not succeed, another must be put down. The sensitive can perhaps save much expense because, however limited his capacity, he can state definitely whether or no water is flowing beneath a certain spot. He may not be able to indicate the depth or volume, but if he says, 'There is nothing here', sensible people will not bore, while, on the other hand, if he says, 'There's a spring beneath my rod', and the engineer is of opinion that the formations are favourable, it is possible even for the sceptic to proceed with some approach to optimism. Very skilled and practised diviners

can undoubtedly tell you how deep the water lies, and in what measure it is likely to be found.

There are plenty of villages now deemed waterless, in which supplies may be available at very little depth, others where water lies so deep and is perhaps so brackish that it is not worth going after. There must be thousands of people sensitive without knowing it. Among my visitors last summer I found three in whose hands the hazel wands became instantly active when they passed over streams that I had found, but of which I told them nothing. I believe that in any gathering of a hundred men and women, from ten to twenty would answer

to the call of hidden water. Some professional dowsers know this, and when they invite their clients to try their luck, refrain from showing them how to use the wands. You must hold the palms of the hands up, press the wand ends into them with closed fingers and stretch each thumb out. There are other grips, but this is the simplest.

Let me give a few words of warning to those who propose to test themselves. The first are that you can't find water if there isn't any. Then the game must be played slowly. If you use the wands for a few hours on end, tracking water, say, from a remote place to some point at which digging is easy, you may encounter a first-class headache. As you approach running water, holding the wand, you feel a tingling in the hands. Then the wand takes charge and bends, the force of its action depending upon the strength and proximity of the water, the sensitiveness of the holder.

Years ago, a celebrated diviner, Childs of Ipswich, came to the Chelmer Valley to test springs for me. A neighbour was with me. 'Your man's too clever by half', he whispered, 'take him back over the ground and ask him if you may hold one wrist with both hands while I hold his other wrist with mine'. Childs agreed, and we walked back over the hidden stream. The slender wand struggled, we could feel the quivering, and when we passed across the unseen water

it snapped. 'I'm converted', said my neighbour.

Now what is the practical conclusion of the whole matter? I suggest that Village Clubs and Women's Institutes should take the business up, for rural areas suffer most. There will be failures—not all men are reliable. A dowser may not know how to distinguish between a big flow and a small one, a shallow supply and a deep one. He may feel water 500 feet under clay; it would be better for his clients if he had missed it. But if Club and Institute would get a friendly expert to show members how to work, many would find their way to water.

There is too much scepticism about. In a certain county I spoke of dowsing to the M.O.H. He needed water badly enough in some areas. 'Dowsing is all nonsense', he assured me. 'I know better', I replied, 'take me blindfolded over running water and I'll tell you where it is'. 'No, no', he said, 'I'm not prepared to do that; my mind is made up, I'm too old to change it'.



A Water Wizard of 1892

Reproduced from 'The Divining Rod',
by Barrett and Besterman (Methuen)

Science in the Making

Heavy Water and a New Element

By GERALD HEARD

TO talk of heavy water to our grandparents would have seemed as absurd as talking of a ton of coal weighing a great deal. Still heavy water, though very costly, can be turned out by the gallon. And it is full of peculiarities which obviously mark it off from the ordinary water which we thought was the only possible water. It freezes and boils at different temperatures from ordinary water. And there is something even stranger, something even sinister about it. Though all the difference about it is that it is water a little heavier than common water it acts almost like a poison. If seeds are put into it, instead of sprouting freely as they do in common water, they grow badly. Even yeast cells are not at all happy if given a wetting with this fluid. This shows how much more delicately balanced life is than we had thought. All life needs water as much as it needs air. Yet alter the water by an atom and what is literally the water of life becomes deadly. Still, to deepen the mystery, now comes the news that some bacteria thrive in heavy water. Less poisonous forms of life, however, can't stand it. In America, where the water was first made, they have not only damped down seeds with it; they have given a drink of it to a mouse. The mouse behaved as though it were drunk. It is doubtful, however, whether heavy water would ever have become a rival to whiskey even if prohibition had not been repealed, for it is very expensive to make and is evidently found nowhere in ordinary water.

Where Heavy Water is Found

Heavy water is, however, found in minute quantities in certain places. Those places are liquid batteries—electric cells which have been replenished again and again with fresh water. The water which gets left behind is found to contain traces of this strange water. And this, roughly speaking, is the method of getting it—to electrify water over and over again and then separate out the drop or two of really heavy water. Naturally this process is expensive and slow, but the great Imperial Chemical works here and big electric works in Norway have decided to produce the stuff, and as they work on so large a scale all the heavy water scientists want will probably soon be able to be got. But why do scientists want it? Is it any use? First, we want to try it out medically. As we have seen, it can act as a new sort of drug. In America they tried it out at once on cancer. Each cell of our body has so much water in it that it was worth seeing whether cancer cells could be checked, like seeds are checked, by this new water. The results certainly don't seem promising. But other experiments with heavy water may throw light on life, old age and decay. It has been suggested by some researchers that though the mouse, which was made drunk with heavy water, seemed to get the fluid out of its body and so recover its normal friskiness, old age itself may be the effect of too much heavy water. There seems to be some reason for supposing that all our lives we are like liquid electric batteries in this respect: we are taking in water and keeping back just a trace in our body's cells of this heavy water. Plants seem to do the same thing. So old age would be a sort of self-drugging, and our years literally become burdensome because our bodies are being loaded up with heavy water; though in the end an animal or vegetable body would contain so little it wouldn't be worth extracting.

Still these biological experiments certainly don't promise us very much at present. If heavy water could give us no further information than it has given us up-to-date in medical matters it would be no more than a scientific curiosity. But it is quite obvious that it is going to be of immediate value as an instrument, a key to open the door to new knowledge. There seems no doubt it is a tool which can be used at once to help us in the present rapid advance in physics. As you know, the chief task before physics is to break into the nucleus of the atom. It is easy enough to drive away the electrons that buzz around the nucleus, like flies round a plum. But, unless

you hit the plum itself, and knock it out, back the flies come a moment after. In a word, transmutation—making gold, if you wish, out of other metals; and the release of atomic energy—these revolutions, greater than any political or economic revolution—depend on hitting the nucleus. When you want to hit and smash an object which is extremely small and extremely hard, you need two things—a very high explosive power to drive your projectile, and a projectile which shall be extremely hard and heavy for its size. Those immense electric currents and discharges which we can now use safely in the laboratory—more than a million volts is now used in America and still higher voltages will be in use soon—give us the explosive. It looks as though heavy water will yield a peculiarly heavy and hard projectile. Already last month this bombardment reached such a pitch that atoms were exploded so that they gave off three million volts, a million more than the strongest radiation ever given off from radium or any natural radio-active stuff.

Obtaining Triple-Weight Hydrogen

But how does heavy water help here? Its secret appears to be that it is made up of the two atoms of oxygen which go to making up ordinary water, but instead of being content with one atom of hydrogen, this queer water manages to hold on to a double atom of hydrogen—a sort of philopena. This double atom is twice the weight of the ordinary hydrogen atom. So here to hand is a sort of chain-shot to use for bombarding other atoms. And out of this heavy water we may draw further slingstones with which to beat on the nucleus we are determined to break open. For this heavy water we have got hold of is a trickle which is leading physicists on to other springs of still other sorts of heavy water. Already triple-weight hydrogen has been extracted. In fact it seems that there may be no less than nine heavy waters altogether to be found. Merely to christen them all is going to strain the fancy of most physicists.

Element Ninety-Three

As if it wasn't enough to have to remember that every atom now contains electrons, protons, neutrons, probably neutrinos and possibly even further constituents, we are adding to the atoms themselves. There was a time when we thought every atom was only made of two things, electrons and protons, and that all the atoms of the universe could be tidied up into the ninety-two elements. But now comes the news from Rome that we are adding to the atoms. We seem to have created an element beyond any so far known—element ninety-three. What could be done with it? Well, as you would expect, it is radio-active and so it will probably open the way to new sources of radiant energy such as radium gives us. And considering how short we are of radium, simply for the cancer cases anything which would add to our sources of radio-active stuff is far more valuable than gold or diamonds. But the new stuff is also, as we might expect, very unstable—that is, it is very hard to keep, it vanishes away, breaks down into common stuff: in thirteen minutes, half of it has so degenerated. That is pretty certainly why we don't find it in Nature. And yet this super unstable atom is the heaviest thing we have ever found—heavier than anything in the universe. That alone shows what an odd world we are moving into. It is perhaps the most vivid illustration we have ever had of how matter and force are really one—as we might say, the heaviest material is the least stable, the least material. And here again crops up the need for a name. What is this utterly new thing to be called, this new matter which we have called out of the abyss of sightless energy? It is, perhaps naturally, suggested it should be called Mussolinium. I wonder whether the Duce would be well advised to accept that honour? To tie the Duce's name to an element which, though immensely massive and active, is essentially unstable and is half spent in thirteen unlucky minutes—well, that seems altogether too risky a compliment.

In Trouble—IX

After-Care

By Lieut.-Colonel SIR VIVIAN HENDERSON

WHEREFORE Christian was left to tumble in the Slough of Despond alone: but could not get out because of the burden that was upon his back. But I beheld in my dream, that a man came to him, whose name was Help, and asked him, What he did there? So Christian said, "Fear followed me so hard, that I fled the next way, and fell in".

"Then said Help, "Give me thy hand"; so he gave him his hand, and he drew him out, and set him upon sound ground, and bid him go on his way'.

Most of us have either read *Pilgrim's Progress* or had it read to us, and I think you will agree with me that that little extract sums up the whole problem of after-care.

Of course, it is much easier to help the boy leaving a Home Office school than it is to help the ex-Borstal boy, the ordinary prisoner, or the convict. Very few of these schoolboys have been in regular employment, many of them were still under school age when committed, and none of them can be said to have broken their careers. Long before they have been at school three years they have settled down, and are just as much at home as we were at school. You will probably remember you discussed what you were going to do when you left school with your form-master and headmaster. Well, these boys do the same thing. The headmaster also goes to see the boy's parents and they go to see him. One member of the school staff is usually employed, amongst other things, in finding suitable openings for boys, so that when a boy leaves he nearly always goes into employment. Occasionally a boy is allowed to go home pending a vacancy in the job he has chosen, but in these cases a close watch is kept, and if he remains unemployed for any length of time, and shows signs of deterioration, he is recalled to the school. When he leaves, a boy is fitted out with clothes, so that he will not fail to get employment on that account.

Home Office Schools' 90 per cent. Success

Some of you may say, Why take all this trouble to find work and provide clothes for boys who have already got into trouble and had to be boarded and educated beyond school age at state expense? Of course, the same remark really applies to all expenditure on after-care. You might as well say to me, and with perhaps more reason, Why help the ex-Borstal boy, or why help the ex-convict? I suggest this question to you now because I want you to appreciate that all our expenditure on after-care, both from public funds and private charity, justifies itself in the long run by results. In no case is this more true than in that of the Home Office schools. Remember many of these boys were sent there through no fault of their own. They are all at the beginning of their careers. Now is the time to see that the training they have received is not wasted through failure to start well in a job. It has been estimated that over 90 per cent. of these boys make good afterwards. Of course, schools do not, and cannot, keep in touch with all their old boys when they become men, but we know if they come back into a police court again. Every school has an 'old boys' day, and one school I know of had a visit from an 'old boy' of 80 the other day.

Take a typical example of a school with, say, 127 boys, who have left within the last three years and are still under supervision. You will find 110 in work and doing well; 7 out of employment, but not in trouble; 4 who have since been put on probation, 3 who have failed and been sentenced by a court, and, say, 3 of whom trace has been lost, perhaps because they have gone into the army, or, more probably, gone to sea on a deep sea voyage.

During the time a boy is under supervision, after he leaves the school, he will get a visit from the headmaster, or a master, at least every six months, perhaps oftener. Each school has a number of Associates in the areas from which the boys come, whose business it is to keep in touch with the boys and the school. Sometimes, but not always, these Associates are Probation Officers. Most parents are very helpful, but this is not always the case. Sometimes you will find parents who

cannot even tell you where their boy is working, when he has a job, although they know how much money he is bringing in to the home all right.

I wonder how many of the hundreds of people who walk up or down Victoria Street every day know that the offices of the Borstal Association are there? This Association does not administer the actual Borstal Institutions; that is the business of the Prison Commissioners. The Borstal Association is entrusted by the Secretary of State with the after-care and supervision of all lads on their discharge. You will remember I told you that a Borstal sentence may be for two years, and is generally for three. Although a lad can be let out on licence after six months, he usually requires nearly two years' training. When he does come out, he is not only under supervision for the unexpired portion of his sentence, but also for a further period of twelve months. Some Courts, when giving a lad a Borstal sentence, do not explain this point about the extra year's supervision. The natural result is that, when the lad learns the position on arrival at Wormwood Scrubs, he has a sense of grievance, which may retard his earlier training.

A Necessary Complement to Training

Some of you may think this extra year or more under licence rather hard on a young man of nineteen or twenty, after two years in an Institution. I think it is a necessary complement to his training, and in his own interest. Let us take a typical case, and see how the system works. There is a representative of the Borstal Association on the committee of every Institution, which they visit at least once a month. Some weeks before the boy is due for discharge, his record is sent up to the Head Office in London. The Association receives with it, reports from the boy's house-master, his trade instructor, and the Governor. A representative then goes down to see him, and arranges what he should do on discharge. This is not an easy matter. Most probably the boy must make a fresh start, and cannot go back to his old job, even if he had one at the time of conviction. Perhaps unemployment is bad in his own district. Perhaps he doesn't get on well at home, and they don't want him back. Perhaps his home is a bad one, or he may have none at all. You may have to find lodgings for him, or send him to another relative who will take him. Let us assume we arrange for him to go to a married sister, and that we have a promise of work for him with a contractor. Now, before he is actually discharged, he is given a letter from the Borstal Association. In this letter he is told that he will need a job, but mustn't expect too much at first. He is told how to get in touch with the local Borstal Associate, and how to keep in touch with the Association in London, especially if he needs help. The terms of his licence are also explained to him, and this licence he signs. Its conditions are quite simple. He undertakes not to change his address, or leave his work of his own accord without permission, and he promises not to mix with people of known bad character. This last undertaking is one which some lads find it very hard to observe, and I think you must realise this difficulty yourselves. Before unemployment began to improve, especially in the North and Midlands where the slump was worst, it was impossible to find employment for many of these ex-Borstal lads. Time hung heavy on their hands, and it was a great temptation to fall back into their old bad ways, and to spend their time with people who were always ready to point out a few easy roads to pleasure.

Dealing With Those Who Lapse

Before the lad goes up to his sister, the Borstal Association writes to her, to let her know when he is coming. They tell her what the terms of his licence are, and the name of the local Associate who will help him. All ex-Borstal boys in the London area are looked after by the head office. There is also an office in Liverpool, which takes charge of boys there. In every other town or district, the Borstal Association has its Associate. Most of these men are Probation Officers, but some of them represent other organisations. It is the business of the Associate to inform the head office of the lad's arrival

home, to help him, and send reports to London from time to time of his progress. The Borstal Association also writes to the lad direct. If the boy begins to slip back into his old ways, and his sister complains that he is keeping very late hours, or the contractor, his employer, says he is irregular in turning up for work (and it is remarkable how helpful many employers are to these lads), then he is warned by the Associate, and if necessary, by the head office in writing. Sometimes these warnings or a dressing down by the local Associate have a good effect. Many boys, I am glad to say, require no warning. If, however, the lad persists in disregarding the terms of his licence or commits some fresh offence, for which he is convicted by a Court, then he is brought back to the Borstal Institution, which is a part of Wandsworth Prison. Here the Visiting Committee, sitting as an Investigation Committee, goes into each case with a representative of the Prison Commissioners and the Borstal Association. The Governors of the Institution generally take it in turn to sit with the committee, so that they may keep in touch with the lads who come to grief, and help to find out what is wrong.

A boy whose licence is revoked may be retained for a further period of twelve months from the date of revocation, but it is for the committee to recommend whether that full period should be served, or only a shorter time, and whether a boy should remain at Wandsworth, or go back to his old Institution. The committee first examines the boy's record. They consider the report from the local Associate, and any police report if a fresh offence has been committed, and a sentence of imprisonment given, which must be served at Wandsworth. The lad is then brought in and asked to state his case, and has, of course, to answer questions. If a boy has committed a fresh offence, it is generally theft in some form—due, perhaps, to bad companions, or lack of occupation and idleness, or sometimes, but more rarely, from real vice. Motor-cars and bicycles seem to have a fatal attraction for some lads, although I know of one boy who was cured of that form of theft by being apprenticed to a garage.

Lads who fail to observe the terms of their licence often come to grief because they cannot stick at one job, or because they have too high an opinion of their own ability and are not prepared to begin at the bottom of the ladder again. Sometimes they make difficulties for themselves by letting their fellow-workers know they have been at Borstal. I remember one boy who was doing quite well until, without thinking, he showed some of his fellow-workers some photographs taken during a Borstal Camp, with the result that they made things difficult for him—hardly a kindly attitude, but one which, unfortunately, we do have to contend with. Of course, if every Borstal lad always remembered the terms of his licence, all would be well, but the prospect of release is exciting, and on such an occasion it is difficult to listen to all some older person is saying to you.

Although I have spent some time explaining what happens to the boys who fail, I don't want you to think that the Borstal system is not a success, because I think it is. The lad you are dealing with is a much more difficult problem than the Home Office School boy. He is older, and has committed one or several offences. Severe unemployment in many districts made, and still makes, it difficult to find jobs for lads on licence, yet at least 60 per cent. of our ex-Borstal boys make good. Perhaps I might put it in another way by saying that out of the 13,000 people in prison, only 400 are ex-Borstal, although over 13,000 boys have passed through Borstal Institutions since the system was started.

Help for the Ex-Prisoner

I think you will agree with me that all this care, trouble, and expense are justified by results. For, after all, there is a great deal of care and trouble taken, and the system of after-care is very complete. It is much more complete than the after-care we can give to the ordinary prisoner, not because no trouble or care is taken in his case, far from it, but simply because the ordinary prisoner, when he leaves prison, is a free man. However, there are many voluntary and Church organisations which do splendid work on behalf of the ex-prisoner, and there are some voluntary bodies which try to help the wife and children of the man who is in prison, who are often the worst sufferers of all. In each area, and attached to each local prison, is an organisation known as the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society. These societies work in close co-opera-

tion with the Prison Governor, and assist prisoners both to obtain employment, and in other directions. Where a prison has a Young Prisoners' Class, a special sub-committee exists to look after them. A difficulty arises here, however, and also at a prison like Wakefield, because all the prisoners do not come from the same locality. Although both the Borstal Association and the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies receive Government grants, they are dependent to some extent on voluntary contributions. If you are interested in prison or Borstal work, you can rest assured that any subscription you send to them will be well used. The Prisoners' Aid Societies naturally base their appeals, both for subscriptions and for work, on local sentiment. It is, however, difficult to appeal for money for a man who doesn't belong to the county, and still more difficult to find employment for him. Something has been done to meet the position by co-operation between one society and another, and I hope a way will be found out of the difficulty by some system of regional grouping. I think there can be no doubt that the system of classifying and grouping offenders in certain prisons has been a success, and if it is to remain, and possibly be extended, we shall have to overcome the consequent difficulty which arises on discharge.

Convicts on Licence

A convict is only discharged on licence. The licence is, however, different from the Borstal one, and not so satisfactory. It is not a fixed period, but only the balance of his sentence of penal servitude, which is remitted on account of good conduct. If a man doing three years earns his full remission marks, he is nine months on licence, a man doing five years is fifteen months on licence. On the other hand, if a convict behaves so badly that he loses all his remission marks, then he goes out, when he does go out, a free man. The after-care of convicts, and of convicts also serving sentences of Preventive Detention, is the business of an organisation known as the Central Association, whose headquarters are also at 131 Victoria Street. This Association, like the Borstal Association, sends a representative to visit a prisoner before discharge, to find out what help is needed. Like the Borstal Association also, it has agents all over the country, who can keep in touch with the man, and help him to get back on his feet. The convict, however—and here's the difference—does not report to the agent. A convict on licence has to report himself monthly to the police, and also report any change of address to them. There is also a difference if the licence is revoked or forfeited, as, at the most, a convict can only be called upon to serve the unexpired balance of his sentence on release, apart from a fresh committal. I doubt whether this liability to serve a comparatively short time would deter a real criminal from committing a fresh crime, if a suitable opportunity arose.

A convict doing a term of preventive detention at Portsmouth obtains discharge on licence on the recommendation of a Special Advisory Committee, which interviews the men and reports on their progress to the Secretary of State. Once released, these men not only come under the care of the Central Association, but have to live and work at a place which the Association approves. They do not report to the police. If their licence is revoked for misconduct they have to go back to Portsmouth to serve the balance of their sentence. I think it would be more satisfactory if the convict on licence, like the preventive detention men, came under the exclusive care of the Central Association, instead of under dual care.

I cannot conclude this talk without mentioning a body of very devoted men and women, known as Prison Visitors. The Governor and his Staff and the Visiting Justices are all in official positions. It is difficult for them sometimes to help a prisoner because they cannot approach him in the same way as an unofficial visitor. There are over 600 unofficial visitors appointed by the Secretary of State, attached to different prisons, who talk to the prisoner, keep him in touch with the world outside, and find out his difficulties. They can convey to the authorities what is so valuable in all administration, the unofficial point of view.

I have tried to show you how much is being done, and yet how much there always remains to do. Did you ever read *Bengal Lancer*? Do you remember the saying of the Sheikh of Herat? 'To fly in the air is no miracle, for the dirtiest flies can do it; to cross rivers without a bridge or boat is no miracle, for a terrier can do the same; but to help suffering hearts is a miracle performed by holy men'.

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a *nom-de-plume*.

Along the Roman Roads

I have been very much interested in the broadcasts on 'Along the Roman Roads', but especially in the one on Ermine Street. As one who knows something of Lincoln City and County, I regretted, however, that there was no mention of the Roman baths or of the old Roman canal which ran from Lincoln to Peterborough. Part of it still exists and is known as the Car Dyke. Lincoln (*Lindum Colonia*) is of course one of the two cities that have kept the title of colony to the present day, the other being Cologne (*Köln*).

The phrase 'Victorinus who tried to make himself Emperor' seems somewhat misleading, without further explanation. In 260 A.D. the Emperor Valerian was taken prisoner by the Persians and afterwards cruelly treated and put to death. His son Gallienus, who then succeeded him, gave himself up entirely to pleasure in Rome. Soon the Roman commanders in all the provinces declared themselves independent and assumed the title of Emperor. This was the time of the so-called 'Thirty Tyrants'. One of these was Victorinus, who within a year or so was murdered at Cologne. His mother then invited Tetricus from Aquitania to be the next Emperor of Gaul and Britain. (See Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.)

In the Royal Institution, Swansea, we have in our Museum a Roman milestone (similar to the Lincoln one) which was found on the Via Julia, near Pyle, between Cowbridge and Neath. The inscription reads IMP. . . . VICTORINO. AUG. Possibly Mr. Boumphrey may pass along the Via Julia during his coming visit to Wales. Recently in Ilston Valley, near Swansea, a hoard of 91 Roman coins was found. Of these 8 were stamped Emperor Gallienus, 22 Emperor Victorinus, 22 Emperor Tetricus. Victorinus would therefore seem to have been no mere shadow emperor, although his reign was so short.

Swansea W. A. BEANLAND

There is running through the fields at Wimborne a portion of a Roman Road. It is very distinctly marked. The road evidently went to Badbury Rings, it crosses the River Stour at Eyebidge, and then to a farm in Canford Magna. It seems probable that it was from Poole, which is an early seaport. I have not been able to trace much about it, it would be very interesting to know the extent of the road.

Wimborne Minster

S. CLEMENT RYLEY

Unemployment Before the War

I always read with pleasure the broadcasts of Commander Stephen King-Hall, but I must confess to being startled when I saw in THE LISTENER of June 20, page 1027, that he had said: 'There are Trades Union figures for skilled men going back to 1860, and although these statistics only refer to a little over half-a-million out of a total of eleven million manual workers before the War, the Trades Union figures show that there was always a certain percentage of unemployed. It was never less than about 3 per cent., and in 1908 it rose to nearly 9 per cent.' Now, as I had on innumerable occasions asserted in argument that Trade Union unemployment was frequently below 3 per cent. before the War, I have taken the trouble to look up the official figures, and I find that I was right and he is wrong. In a special Blue Book on British and Foreign Trade and Industry (Cd. 4954, issued in 1909) the Board of Trade gives on page 223, column 3, a table of the mean percentage unemployed of 'all Trade Unions making returns in any of the undermentioned years'. The table covers 48 years, and therefore I must content myself with quoting those years in which the percentage was under 3 or over 8:

1860 .. 1.85	1872 .. 0.95	1882 .. 2.35	1890 .. 2.10
1864 .. 1.95	1873 .. 1.15	1883 .. 2.60	1898 .. 2.95
1865 .. 1.80	1874 .. 1.60	1885 .. 8.55	1899 .. 2.05
1866 .. 2.65	1875 .. 2.20	1886 .. 9.55	1900 .. 2.45
1871 .. 1.65	1879 .. 10.70	1889 .. 2.05	1908 .. 8.65

The fact that Commander King-Hall says that in 1908 the rate 'rose to nearly 9 per cent.' seems to prove that he was consulting the same set of figures, and I cannot imagine how he came to miss the 16 years in which the rate was well under 3 per cent. Of course, as Commander King-Hall says, these figures cover

only skilled workers, and they would doubtless be a good deal higher for the present mass of skilled and unskilled insured workers. For this latter mass I should say that the Ministry of Labour's estimate of 'about 4½ per cent.—say 600,000 persons', would be fairly accurate for normal times.

Woodford

GEORGE EASTGATE

Workers v. Employers

Colonel Headlam suggests that the 'Trade Unions exist to secure the best possible conditions in regard to wages, hours of labour and working amenities', and also that 'the interests of the workers and the employers in any industry are really identical'. Taking these two statements together we must conclude that he does not really mean what he says. If the function of Trade Unionism is to protect the workers, whose interests are 'identical' with those of the employers, it necessarily follows, by reason of this supposed identity of interest, that it is also the function of the Trade Unions to protect the interests of the employer, which, of course, is absurd. Capitalism, by which is meant the existing social and industrial system, only exists by reason of the fact that it denies this identity of interest. It is the very purpose and function of Capitalism, not to identify, but to separate these interests, to separate and to keep separated, the worker from the means by which he earns his living and from the values his labour creates. Hence he starves in the midst of a plenty of his own creation. Therefore all talk about the identity of interest between the workers and their employers is both utterly nonsensical and entirely at variance with the truth.

Brentwood

SIDNEY HALL

Property and Prosperity

In the letter signed F. L. R. Douglas in your issue of June 20, objection is taken to my reference to Henry George and his form of taxation. If my article conveyed the impression that American Local Taxation is identical with that advocated by Henry George, the wording was certainly unfortunate, and I regret it. The point dealt with was the effect on the development of urban land, of taxing prospective capital values, as compared with that of taxing realised revenue. In that your correspondent seems to agree with me; for he says, alluding to the effect if Henry George's tax had been adopted, 'Land would only have been bought for use and valuable land would not have been held out of use'. Exactly: but it is just the quantity of valuable land which our system of rating has allowed to be held out of building use for which I am most thankful. Few things are more difficult than to keep enough land free from building in towns. So long as the use of land depends mainly on the choice of private owners, I believe any tax on potential capital values, by rendering more difficult the keeping of valuable land out of use, will do far more harm than good. I did not, however, attribute skyscrapers to the form of taxation; but their existence increases the potential difference in land values realisable from different uses.

Hampstead

RAYMOND UNWIN

Power of the Voter

The *raison d'être* of political parties is to fool the people, and the party which has not done so has yet to be born. I am afraid, however, that its advent is even less than the 'faint possibility' or the 'loophole of escape' so wistfully dreamed of by Mr. John L. Hodgson. We have all had such dreams, and the majority of us still indulge therein.

The crux of the whole disastrous political situation lies in the relationship of political parties to the people. When the electors use their vote, they thereby decide who are to be their political masters, and not who are to be their political servants. The whole electoral system, therefore, simply results in putting the cart before the horse, putting the political party in the position of control over the people, instead of putting it and keeping it under the control of the people. All political parties, including the Labour Party, act independently of, or in actual defiance of the expressed, or unexpressed but nevertheless perfectly understood, desires of the people who have elected them. The people

can thus have no control over political parties, and it is this absence of control which permits these parties to impose their will upon the people, and to condemn them to a standard of living compared with which that of the gaolbird or pauper is security and comfort indeed.

Brentwood

SIDNEY HALL

Charles Kingsley

In his recent talk on Charles Kingsley, Canon Raven told us that Kingsley was born at Chelsea. Surely this is a mistake and, I would suggest, a rather serious one, for those seventeen years of Kingsley's childhood and youth that passed before his father accepted the living of Chelsea did much towards forming his mind and outlook on life.

Kingsley was born on June 12, 1819, at Holme Vicarage, near Ashburton, in Devon. Later, there were several years at Barnack in the Fens, and in 1830 the family came west again to Clovelly, until 1836. During these six years the boy went to school first at Clifton and later at Helston, under the Rev. Derwent Coleridge. It was only in 1836 that the family removed to Chelsea—much to Charles Kingsley's regret, for he had learned to appreciate the more spacious outlook on life of the West Country.

Newton Abbot

WILLIAM PATRICK

The Telephone Service

With regard to the Postmaster-General's broadcast on 'Concessions to the Telephone User', will it ever be possible for every British subject who desires one to obtain a telephone free of all initial charge, paying only for calls and repairs? To me it seems obvious that sooner or later a telephone will be a necessity, and that every modern home will have one installed when built as a matter of course. Surely the Post Office is extremely short-sighted in maintaining the comparative dearth of the telephone? Its shape and size has been brought down to a comfortable and pleasing limit. Now is the time for the price to follow suit.

Birkenhead

CYRIL N. JONES

If Loyalties Conflict

By raising the power of the loyalties concerned, the problems before Dr. Clayton May, *The Lancet*, and your hypothetical scientist are capable of a simultaneous solution. For if we consider the loyalty due to humanity, we see that all other social loyalties are inferior and are embraced within it; all duties become crystal clear: Dr. May's to heal the injured felon and hand him over to the State; *The Lancet's* to revise its ethics; and the scientific worker's to refuse the exploration of poison-gases for offensive purposes. So that I would venture to disagree with your editorial dictum that an individual ethical judgment is involved, particularly in the last instance; for I think on the contrary that it is an internationalised standpoint—not now on the visible horizon—which is needed before the ultimate social loyalty can be attained. Does a spiritual loyalty enter into the question? *Nolle prosequor!*

Wilmslow

G. C. B. COTTERELL

The Indian Rope Trick

The following explanation of the Rope Trick was given to me many years ago. It is said to be performed in the evening, in a native village, by the aid of torches and much smoke. A wire, which is thus rendered invisible, is stretched across the compound, a rope with a hook on the end is thrown into the air and catches on the wire. A boy climbs the rope and draws it up, escaping with it along the wire to a neighbouring roof. The failing light and the smoke from the torches camouflage the whole performance. I know no one who has ever seen it.

Torquay

R. A. COUSENS

'Modern Poetic Drama'

Mr. Laurence Kitchin fires a big gun at the rather trivial review in your columns of Priscilla Thouless' important new book on Poetic Drama. It was obvious to me that your reviewer was insensitive to the subtle analysis in this book. His attitude is: 'We have on the musical comedy stage a well-known set of stock characters, the rich uncle, mother-in-law, etc., let the poetic dramatist make them still more like themselves and we shall thank him'. But, to make rich uncles richer or more productive of sixpences to youthful relatives, or mothers-in-law more interfering and ridiculous, is not the business of the poetic dramatist; his aim, according to Mrs. Thouless' book (page 9) is 'to pluck his individual from the mass and set him against the background of life itself'; the inner drama of the individual's feelings, not the representation of his stock social behaviour.

I agree with Mr. Laurence Kitchin that the comedy of manners is susceptible of poetic treatment, as in Ben Jonson's 'Bartholomew Fair' and other plays, and agree with him that verse need not devitalise or flatter character representation. It may be that Victor Hugo's dramas fail from excess of lush romanticism rather than from subject matter. It is not beyond the powers of poetic genius to 'distance' even your reviewer's rich uncle and mother-in-law, to set what they hope they are and what they are against the human tide of endeavour and frustration, hope and fear, indulgence and remorse and make them live dramatically.

Edinburgh

E. CANNELL

[Our Reviewer replies:

It is difficult in a short review adequately to define one's terms. What Mr. Kitchin, citing Ben Jonson, calls character, I should call 'humour', the hypertrophied moral quality. As to the flatness or roundness of Hamlet, that again is a matter of opinion. Of course, he is 'vitalised and differentiated', but that has nothing to do with his roundness. So are the 'characters' in Dickens. That the French Romantics failed with the stock music-hall figures was not due to the latter, but to the fact that the writers had no sense of the theatre. I offered them as a suggestion of material, with which to work, for the dramatist to 'distance', to use Mr. Cannell's word. There is no reason why the dramatist should adopt it unless he wants to. The only reason for making the suggestion is that their popularity and familiarity gives the public a handle to hold on to, and would seem to imply that they have some psychological and perhaps poetic symbolic value.]

Magic of Words

In his discussion with Professor Levy on 'The Magic of Words' Mr. Ogden might have quoted Pope:

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

Whatever words we may use, however, it is surely important that we should give to them 'certain accepted values'. It is, I believe, when we give to a word a value not generally accepted that trouble arises, for it is then that the human agent has to be considered. Thus Professor Levy said: 'A linguist is a man who makes a special study of language'. Fortunately, he defines his term, for I had always supposed that a linguist was a man who studied not language, but languages. A student of language, I suppose, should be called a philologist. On reference to the O.E.D. I find that the meaning given to the word 'linguist' by Professor Levy and Mr. Ogden is recorded as obsolete, the latest limit of this obsolete sense being given as 1817.

How often hard words lead to confusion! When I read Mr. Ogden's plea for Basic English, I was reminded of a passage in Swift:

I know not how it comes to pass [he writes] that Professors in most Arts and Sciences are generally the worst qualified to explain their Meanings to those who are not of their Tribe: A common Farmer shall make you understand in three Words, that his Foot is out of Joint, or his Collar-bone broken; wherein a Surgeon, after a hundred Terms of Art, if you are not a Scholar, shall leave you to seek. It is frequently the same Case in Law, Physick, and even many of the meaner Arts.

Ulverston

L. A. POORE

The Truth About Poison Gas

(Continued from page 1067)

and strikes again. True the casualties will be for the most part of a minor order, but in the event of a large-scale attack they are likely to be on the grand scale. For every person infected may, unaware, infect others. So the circle will widen with alarming rapidity. The psychological effect must be considerable; delay, confusion and dislocation of life and work, inevitable. It is easy to theorise on methods of 'cleaning up the mess', but in practice it will be a slow and arduous process; for that reason it is the more necessary to study and perfect methods for shortening this period.

Such is the real nature of the menace of aerial gas attacks; a very different picture from that painted by the alarmists. Yet those who consider the facts presented will, I think, reach the conclusion that it would be the height of folly, because it has been exaggerated, to belittle the danger. There are two lines of defence against it—a powerful defending air force which, if it cannot entirely prevent aerial attacks, will at least reduce them to proportions which can be dealt with; and an anti-gas organisation designed to evict the invisible garrison before the latter evicts the civil population. Should these two lines of defence break down, a series of paralysing blows could be dealt at every centre of military and civilian activity in this country.

*Pillars of the English Church—XII**Henry Scott Holland*

By the Rev. Canon C. E. RAVEN

WE have hitherto in this series been considering prophets of the past, men who nearly a century ago inaugurated the modern age in the Church. It is fitting that we should conclude with one who to many of us is a living memory—Henry Scott Holland, whose wise counsel matched his massive physique, and whose eloquence was the expression of his dynamic personality. Some of you will remember him in the pulpit of St. Paul's Cathedral; some of you were his friends in Hoxton or his pupils in Oxford. If you knew him, you loved and admired him. If his name is less widely known than the names of Arnold or Maurice or Kingsley, that is partly due to the fact that he is too near us to be seen in his true perspective, and that when he died the world was too preoccupied with the tragedy of war to do him proper honour.

During the nineteenth century there were two great movements in the Church of England. The Oxford Movement, begun in 1833 by John Keble's famous sermon and carried on by Newman and Pusey, Church and Liddon, revived in the Anglican Communion a sense of its continuity with the Church of the Fathers, of the greatness of its heritage and of the worth of its organic life. By their learning and devotion its leaders gave us a new consciousness of the grandeur, the discipline and the unity of Catholic Christianity: they built up the resources and strengthened the witness of the Church, and exerted an increasing influence upon the thought and activities of its members. But they were concerned rather with the inward development of the Body of Christ than with its relation to its environment, and paid little attention to the momentous changes which science and industrialism were accomplishing around them.

Alongside the Tractarians was the movement that we have been considering—the movement of which Maurice was the Moses and Kingsley the Aaron. Its concern was not so much with the history and tradition, the doctrine and order of the Church, as with its relation to the social and intellectual life of the time. Indeed, its prophets often appeared more conscious of the shortcomings of the Church than of its splendours, more anxious to equip it for service in the present than to preserve its continuity with the past. There was in consequence a real danger that Anglicanism might be rigidly divided into two sections, the one Conservative and traditionalist, the other Radical and revolutionary; that those whose concern was with the ordered life of devotion might become exclusively other-worldly, losing touch with secular events and withdrawing into a cloistered pietism, while those who threw themselves into the active service of social righteousness might neglect the spiritual for the natural and reduce the Christian gospel to a message of enthusiastic humanism. It was to Scott Holland that the avoidance of such a contrast and the first uniting of the two movements was due.

His training fitted him admirably for the task. He was born in 1847. His tutor at Eton was William Johnson, one of the Christian Socialists and a disciple of Maurice; and his closest friend was S. J. Fremantle, whose influence led him to ordina-

tion. At Balliol he worked with T. H. Green and R. L. Nettleship and caught from them a life-long devotion to philosophy and a clear insight into the newer and more liberal learning. At the same time he was in close touch with Pusey and Liddon and with his older contemporary E. S. Talbot, and after gaining a Senior Studentship at Christ Church was ordained in 1872. His broad sympathies and genius for friendship helped him to understand men of widely different outlook and his virility and soundness of judgment enabled him to formulate and maintain an independent position. A strong and secret self-discipline was combined in him with a ready and exuberant wit and an almost boisterous geniality. 'He was', as Stephen Paget says, 'a wonder in whom Greek philosophy and the Catholic faith were met together; but a most human wonder, loving athletics and music and poetry and friendship and laughter and chaff, never for a moment off his stroke, or not at his best, always miles ahead of the crowd, as if nothing were difficult or dull to him'.

This combination of wide human affections with strong and forceful opinions enabled him to bring together and unite men who would otherwise have remained estranged. His 'holy parties' in the vacations gathered Talbot and Gore, Illingworth, Arthur Lyttelton and Robert Moberly, and a number of other young scholars of the Catholic party. His 'Pesek' group—the letters stand for Politics, Economics, Socialism, Ethics and Christianity—in Oxford brought him into touch with Westcott, Stanton, J. B. Paton and the Co-operative Movement, and maintained his relations with Green, Nettleship and Toynbee. It was out of these bands of comrades that he found the material for his two great tasks.

In 1884 he was taken from Oxford to the canonry at St.

Paul's which he held for twenty-six years. The Cathedral, whose derelict condition in 1870 Holland has himself described, had been brought to life by the patient and wise labours of Dean Church. Lightfoot, Stubbs and Liddon had made it a centre of learning and eloquence. It was already the 'parish church' of London and its influence was increasing yearly. Here Holland, whose powers as a preacher had never yet had scope, could find a pulpit, and could devote himself to the 'attempt to put the Catholic faith into its right relation to modern intellectual and moral problems'. He was able almost at once to accomplish both his chief works: the year 1889 saw them complete.

The first was the publication of the volume of essays called *Lux Mundi*—a volume which Dr. Caspenter justly describes as 'a landmark in the history of English theological thought'. Though edited by his friend Charles Gore, *Lux Mundi* owed its inspiration to Holland and grew out of his 'holy parties'. The contributors were all his friends—those younger pupils of the Tractarians who had learnt to combine the liberal and Johannine doctrines of Maurice and Hort and Westcott with the reverence for tradition and the loyalty to the ordered life of the Church which they derived from the Oxford Movement. The Tractarians had hitherto been untouched by the



Canon Scott Holland in 1895

Photograph: A. H. Fry, Brighton

development of the new knowledge, had indeed been concerned to contrast it with the ancient learning and to criticise and denounce concessions to it. Their work was to protest against the ignoring of religion and to reaffirm its transcendental and supernatural claims: in their own generation that was a task of supreme value. It was plain to Holland and his friends that such an attitude could only lead to a divorce between religion and life, and that in view of the scholarship and devotion of the Cambridge school it could no longer be maintained that the new knowledge was necessarily irreconcilable with faith. So they planned to set out 'a series of studies in the religion of the Incarnation' which should interpret the principles of Christian orthodoxy in their bearing upon the problems and ideas of the time. In effect they produced a statement of Anglican belief which, while differing alike from the rigidity of Pusey and from the vagueness of Jowett, was yet coherent, fresh and scholarly. It initiated that process of restatement within circles representative of the most loyal sons of the Church of England which has since then been carried forward to her great gain. If it be in any sense true that the Anglican position is a bridge between Catholic and Reformed Christendom, that claim is largely due to the influence of Holland and of *Lux Mundi*.

That the book, just because it was synthetic and marked out a middle way, should distress the Catholics and fail to satisfy the Liberals, was perhaps inevitable. Liddon, who had uttered a note of warning when Holland first came to St. Paul's, was shocked by what he regarded as its disastrous concessions to scepticism. Others like Seeley and Nettleship, or Stanley and Hort, were equally clear that the full effect of scientific and critical studies had not been sufficiently recognised, and that the book, though a step in the right direction, did not go nearly far enough. In fact it initiated an age of which the end is not yet. But whatever the permanent value of its contents, the resolute determination to maintain the reasonableness of faith not only recalled the Church of England to its true character, but rendered great and timely service to Christianity.

Holland's own part in the book was the opening essay on Faith. He was plainly the right man to strike the note for the whole series of essays: his power of pen, his vivid fearless joyous style, arrested immediate attention: but here, as so often in his life's work, his popular gifts were of such value that they hindered him from dealing with subjects that would have given his philosophy and scholarship larger scope. Nevertheless it is to him, more than to anyone, that *Lux Mundi* owes its existence and its character. His spirit is at work in it all.

If *Lux Mundi* set out Holland's conviction that the Christian faith was relevant to the whole range of human experience, the Christian Social Union, founded a few months later, gave him the instrument for the practical expression of that conviction. Early in 1889 he had called a meeting and arranged that a course of lectures should be held in Lent by which to

test and prepare public opinion. In June, encouraged by their success, he launched the C.S.U. Westcott was the President, Holland Chairman of the Committee. The Union was to consist of Churchmen whose purpose was 'to claim for the Christian Law the ultimate authority to rule social practice; to study in common how to apply the moral truths and principles of Christianity to the social and economic difficulties of the present time; and to present Christ in practical life as the living Master and King, the enemy of wrong and selfishness, the power of righteousness and love'.

The great Dock Strike in August gave the Union its first opportunity, and its influence was immediate. Churchmen who had been untouched by the earlier efforts of the Christian Socialists and who had looked askance at the extremists of the Guild of St. Matthew, were at last compelled to recognise that their religion could not be indifferent to social evils, and that there was an honest attempt to investigate and to remedy. Branches were formed all over the country: by 1895 there were twenty-seven with a membership of 2,500. 'White lists' of tradesmen who paid fair wages and gave generous treatment to their employees were started. Investigations into cases of sweating, into dangerous trades, and into proposals for reform were set on foot. Expert help from economists, factory inspectors, government officials and sympathetic industrialists was obtained. A considerable literature of pamphlets, reports and outlines of enquiry was published. In the *Economic Review* and later in *Goodwill* and *The Commonwealth* the whole field of social problems was surveyed and discussed.

In all this Holland was the master-mind and the leading spirit. At C.S.U. meetings he found his favourite platform; and all over England his combination of passionate enthusiasm and accurate knowledge impressed the public mind. Men might denounce him as a meddler: he was ready to demonstrate that no minister of Christ could ignore or tolerate the evils of industrialism without apostasy. They might label him a sentimentalist, and be refuted by his grip of realities and his weight of evidence. They might sneer at the 'dignitary' of Amen Court: his simplicity of life, his austerity and generosity, gave the lie to their gibes. More than any other Churchman he aroused the conscience and changed the thoughts of his fellow-countrymen.

There are those who lament, not unjustly, that his powers were never used in any one great book or great task, that he squandered himself upon popularising where he might have been an expert, that his life would have been more memorable if he had stewarded and concentrated his efforts. Such a verdict depends upon the value that we place upon different types of achievement. If Holland never contributed to philosophy or theology what his friends expected of him, the world is certainly the poorer. But if to awaken men to life, to alter the whole scope of churchmanship, to express in terms of personality the religion of the Incarnation is man's highest end, then Holland, more than better-known contemporaries, has a claim upon the gratitude and admiration of us all.

On Foreign Bookstalls—III

What Italy is Reading

By CHEVALIER TULLIO SAMBUCCETTI

Chevalier Tullio Sambuccetti is Secretary of the Friends of Holy Movement and a Lecturer in Italian at the Regent Street Polytechnic

IN reply to my telephonic request to the University of Bologna, I was told that the fifteen writers most read in Italy today are the following: Benito Mussolini, D'Annunzio, Pirandello, Bontempelli, Gentile, Bottai, Panzini, Ugo Ojetti, Giovanni Papini, Grazia Deledda, Matilde Serrao, Virgilio Brocchi, Luciano Zuccoli, G. A. Borgese, Marino Moretti.

A referendum taken personally among the leading London foreign booksellers gave the following as the most popular Italian authors here: Croce, Deledda, Pirandello, Fogazzaro, Serrao, Vivanti, Campanile, De Marchi Guido Milanese, Guido da Verona and as a children's writer, Collodi, the creator of the famous Pinocchio. My young philosopher friend Dott. Pellizzi, of University College, has published a highly critical

and daring study on *Le Lettere Italiane del nostro secolo*: it should be consulted.

I have been given twenty minutes in which to deal with a vast subject: to describe the infinite variety of moods—one might say, the myriad rivulets of lava flowing from the volcano of Italy's soul—renewed, restless and creative, in this year of grace, 1934: to describe the radiant hopes, the healthy laughter of a confident youth: the inevitable clouds, the bitter irony of such writers as Luciano Zuccoli and Pirandello: the joys and sufferings of a city like Naples as described by Matilde Serrao: the psychology of Sardinian life as told by Grazia Deledda.

The new Italy is founded on four solid pillars: religion, a sane patriotism, the sanctity of family life and the sacred duty of harmonious work. And our literature inspires this atmo-

sphere, of which it is also the faithful reflection. By a keen sense of religion, which is far from bigotry, we are raising an altar in every soul—as Parini says: *‘è d'uopo o figlio alzare nell'alma il primo altare’*. In this connection, we may with advantage read over again the books of Fogazzaro—perhaps one of the Italian authors best known in this country—from *Daniele Cortis* to *Piccolo Mondo Antico* and *Il Santo*, and Papini's *Storia di Cristo*, *Sant'Agostino*, a different Papini from the writer of *Un Uomo Finito*. The happy conciliation between church and state has naturally produced an avalanche of books on the vital function of religion.

And now to other subjects. The Italian Touring Club has just published a really remarkable *Universal Atlas* and at last we shall be able to explore the world handling our own guide-books. Still more important is the *Italian Encyclopædia*—the twenty-first volume of which has just appeared—which in its general plan, artistic illustrations and scientific contribution, will be found to be the most comprehensive and ambitious publication of its kind. Ulrico Hoepli, of Milan, is just publishing a splendid edition in eight volumes of the speeches by Benito Mussolini, and we hope to see shortly an English edition of it. Mussolini's *Life of Arnaldo* shows the human side of the complex personality of the author.

Are you interested in the history of art? You will find on the stalls ambitious works by Venturi, and the newest and most exquisitely produced history of art, in atlas form, by Ugo Ojetti.

Various historians, philosophers and dramatists, such as, for instance, Pasquale Villari, Corradini, Bodrero, Volpe, Forzano, have endeavoured to typify the idealist and the positivist working to a common end. Mazzini the idealist, Garibaldi the imaginative soldier, and Cavour the statesman—a resourceful, unsentimental realist. But the books of today prove that while Italy can give striking examples of the individual idealist and the individual positivist, from St. Francis to Machiavelli, the majority of the race are descended from the marriage of the two elements, and in fact we Italians cannot perceive any inconsistency in these characteristics going hand in hand.

The archæological achievements of Senator Corrado Ricci, who was taken from our midst but a few days ago, have changed the face of modern Rome, but not the heart. Senator Ricci was a brilliant art critic and a writer of distinction. He left us masterly guides to Ravenna and Bologna and a most interesting book on the theatres of Bologna in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. A great student of Dante, he wrote a charming book *Hours and Shades of Dante*.

I must now say a few words about Gabriele D'Annunzio's magnificent volume, *Opera Omnia*, for he is not only, as many readers abroad imagine, the author of *Il Piacere* and *Il Fuoco*, he is also the writer of dramas and tragedies such as *'Fedra'*, *'Francesca'*, *'Gioconda'*, *'La Nave'* and, perhaps the greatest of all, *'La Figlia di Iorio'*, a pastoral drama based upon the traditions of his own native Abruzzi. But D'Annunzio is above all a true and a great poet—perhaps the greatest literary genius of the present time—and it is upon his poetry that his fame will ultimately rest. After writing the *Laudi del Cielo, del Mare, della Terra e Degli Eroi*, he became the apostle of the Greater Italy of the future and he has exerted a powerful influence over the political life of today. 'His most recent works, *Il Notturmo*, *Le Faville del Maglio*, inspired by his war memories, contain pages of great and strange beauty'.

And now, what about fiction? The more the national spirit of the Italians is forged by the hammer of a blacksmith's son, the more full of folk-lore and the more regional becomes its narrative literature. This should be studied for its psychological and social interest, and because we find in it the characteristics of Italian moral life. Until recently, Italy has not produced many great fiction writers since Boccaccio, Bandello, Grazzini, Giraldis: the writers of outstanding merit have been entirely lyrical or profoundly speculative geniuses. But the contemporary writers of novels and short stories are doing much to lift Italian literature out of its provinciality into a place of significance in European letters. The following writers who have concentrated their efforts on fiction are perhaps the most notable: Giovanni Verga, who deals with the manners, humour, and peculiar conditions of Sicilian life. Verga with Luigi Capuana stand at the head of the Italian *Veristi* and are often compared with Zola. Luigi Pirandello, dramatist and novelist, follows in their steps—but let the sun of optimism flood the room when we read Pirandello! His most

celebrated novel *Il fu Mattia Pascal* appeared in 1904, and this, with the 365 *Novelle per un Anno*, will repay the attentive reader. His plays have been translated into fifteen languages.

Renato Fucini revives for us the spirit of Tuscany, and his book *Le Veglie di Neri* is extremely popular throughout Italy.

The life of the Neapolitan lower middle classes, the shop-keepers, clerks, lawyers, etc., is the subject of the writings of Matilde Serrao who died in 1927. She was known as the Queen of Chiaia. Later she developed a liking for psychological problem novels, and later still, in the *Paese di Gesù*, she seems to have joined the new mystic school represented by Fogazzaro in his *Santo*. Salvatore di Giacomo, who has just died, also acquired a considerable reputation for his books about Neapolitan life, and some of his verse and plays rank among the masterpieces of modern regional literature. Grazia Deledda, whose novel *La Fuga in Egitto* was awarded the Nobel prize, was born at Nuoro in Sardinia in 1875. She has done for Sardinia what Verga, Capuana and Pirandello have done for Sicily, Fucini for Tuscany, Serrao and Di Giacomo for Naples, Panzini, Beltramelli, Albertazzi, etc., for Romagna, and so on. Alfredo Panzini will interest you as a keen and profound humourist; unknown until at the age of thirty he published his *Libro dei Morti*. According to the critic Prezzolini he has reached the heights in his novel *La Lanterna di Diogene*, published by Treves in 1909, for in it he is no longer the sceptic he showed himself to be in his earlier works. Papini says of him: 'If Panzini were nothing but a writer he would be admirable, but through his writings he reveals himself also to be a man, and on this account he is lovable'. But the true secret of Panzini's art consists in the fact that he regards the modern world through the eyes of an ancient. Emilio Bodrero, author, among other things, of *La Fine d'un Epoca*, is a great scholar and a deep philosopher. The last words of this book are significant:

In Homer, Hector, before his last battle, moved by the sight of his little son, exclaims—May the Gods permit that when he is a grown man all may say of him, He is indeed a better man than was his father. In this same spirit we veterans entrust our beloved Italy to the hands of the new generation.

I can only mention in passing, Ada Negri, and Anna Vivanti—the latter born in London. Bernard, author of the novel *Tre Operai* and *Stroppo*, whose *Vitello di Manhattan* has just won the prize at the Florence competition. Then Luciano Zuccoli. He became the official short-story writer for two of the best-known daily papers. Lately his attention as a novelist was concentrated on the study of the problem of the ideal position of woman in life and modern society. He has the positiveness of a psychologist and the enthusiasm of a poet. In the preface of his *Donne e Fanciulle* he states that man alone is responsible for the faults of women—a comforting doctrine for the fair sex!

In speaking of recent developments in the world of literature, I must not omit to mention the great work that is proceeding and ever increasing in the publication of foreign works translated into Italian. Among these, to mention only a few, are the writings of British authors, from Shelley, Swift, Stevenson, Jane Austen to Galsworthy, Bernard Shaw, Huxley, Edgar Wallace, Margaret Kennedy, Conan Doyle, etc., *Wellington* by Guedalla, Lloyd George's *Memoirs*, Priestley's *Good Companions*, as well as many authors of other countries, French, German, Russian and American.

It is for the critic to guide the reader and to sift the grain from the chaff, but I should like to suggest that anyone who wishes to know more of Italian writings, should read the works of Ugo Ojetti: his originality and restless spirit make him one of the most interesting figures in modern literature. Art critic, journalist and man of letters, his best novels are *de Vie del peccato*, *Mio figlio ferroviere*, *Donne Homini Burattini* and his volumes on *Cose viste* show his keen sense of humour and his versatility.

Dante, Machiavelli, Leopardi, Mazzini, Carducci, Pascoli, D'Annunzio—there is no break in the tradition of Italian national thought.

In view of the attention now being given to the problem of religious education, particularly of children, it is useful to know of a new attempt to portray the life and teaching of our Lord in a form which will appeal to the young. *The Story of the Lord Jesus Christ Told for Children*, by F. J. Brown (Epworth Press, 3s. 6d.) was written for the author's own grandchildren and retells the New Testament stories in a simple way, with reasonable comments upon the meaning of difficult passages and events.

Bolo Boy and Cossack Girl

Russia Reported. By Walter Duranty. Gollancz. 5s.

Cossack Girl. By Marina Yurlova. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

MR. DURANTY IS A REMARKABLE MAN; and, though I might sell the copy of his book that has been given me to review, and though I need the money it would fetch, I shall keep it as a curiosity, as a document that has much bearing on these troubled times in which we live. As everyone knows, he has been Moscow correspondent of the *New York Times* from 1921 till now. His messages—*Russia Reported* is a selected collection of them—have been widely read and much regarded. Indeed, it would be no exaggeration to say that they were one of the big factors in bringing about recognition of the Soviet Union by the United States. Someone told me—it is probably untrue—that when American recognition was assured, he was offered the Order of Lenin, but declined it. Whether this is the case or not, he unquestionably deserved the highest decoration that it is in the power of the Soviet Government to bestow.

Naturally, I turned first to those of his messages that were sent when I was in Moscow, and sending messages myself to the *Manchester Guardian*; that is to say, from November, 1932, to April, 1933. As I read on, the slickness of his style, the convincing manner in which he handles statistics and—to coin a word—*Pravda*iana, took hold of me. How clear it all was! How obviously one thing followed from another! Then I stopped, and saw again what had really been going on, famine and terror and the empty sound of slogans echoing through a devastated country, the actuality out of which his messages had been fashioned—saw all this again, and realised that it and *Russia Reported* had no connection with one another, were quite different things.

To take a concrete example—in the early spring of 1933, for one reason and another, unemployment began to be acute in the larger Soviet towns. The Government dealt with the problem in a characteristically ruthless way. It instituted a system of registration whereby every resident in these towns had to be provided with a passport. Passports were issued by the OGPU; and whoever was unemployed, or for any reason in bad odour with the authorities, was refused one, and had to leave the town in which he was living. It is impossible to describe the terror that the introduction of this passport system spread through the population of Moscow. At the least it meant contact with the OGPU, and every Russian understandably dreads that; at the worst it might mean leaving a town where conditions were bad for a countryside where there was famine. Mr. Duranty describes it thus:

On such [loafing, dishonest] workers repression is being applied through the new passport system, which superficially is no more or less than compulsory registration of all the adult inhabitants of the principal cities and adjacent areas. . . . In practice it means that a passport—that is, a residence permit—will be refused, and they already are being refused, to persons of 'undesirable social origin' such

as former aristocrats, priests, officers, police and business men, on the one hand, and worthless workers on the other.

I might multiply such examples indefinitely. Concentration camps are 'construction camps'; confessions extorted in Lubyanka Prison 'lay bare a plot about the main facts of which there is no possible doubt'; statistics, the wildest, the most impossible, are faithfully transmitted from the columns of *Pravda* to the columns of the *New York Times*. Early in 1933 I saw row upon row of tractors in Rostov waiting to be repaired, and unable to be repaired, as I was told, because of a shortage of spare parts; in a March message Mr. Duranty reports that 93 per cent. of the tractors in the North Caucasus have been repaired. Every foreign journalist (including myself) who visited the North Caucasus and the Ukraine the winter before last agreed that an appalling famine existed in those regions at that time. When our reports began to get about the Soviet Government forbade foreign journalists to leave Moscow without a permit. Mr. Duranty was the first to get one. In a message, dated September 13, 1933, from Rostov (not reprinted in *Russia Reported*) he gives a glowing picture of 'plump babies in the nurseries (*sic*) or gardens of the collectives', of 'older children watching fat calves', of 'husky girls and women hoisting wheat to the threshing floor', of 'village markets flowing with eggs, fruit, poultry, vegetables, milk and butter', and so on.

The fact is that Mr. Duranty is a romantic, and, like all romantics, can live in terms of ideas. The exigencies of the Soviet censorship, too, have encouraged this tendency, developed it. Russia, to him, is the Kremlin, and the population of Russia a certain, as he calls him, Joseph V. Stalin, the Boss, the Big Boy, the Dictatorship of the Proletariat.

Miss Marina Yurlova is a different sort of romantic. Where Mr. Duranty's adventures are in the realm of mind, hers are in the realm of action. As long as you believe her it's all right. I tried to believe her. I swallowed, but with some difficulty, her joining up at the age of fourteen, her melting the hearts of the rough old Cossacks, her being wounded and the doctor throwing a crumpled rose-bud at her, her miraculously preserved virtue; but when it came to her escape from the Kurds I crumpled up and never recovered. What happened was that an elderly Kurd cut up rough, and she, to keep him quiet, began, through an interpreter, to tell him a story. He and the other Kurds were so enthralled with her story that they followed her, not noticing where she was going. Thus she was able to lead them back to the Russian lines, where they were taken prisoner. As I have said, this was my Waterloo as far as *Cossack Girl* is concerned. Others may fare better and farther.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Lamb and his Circle

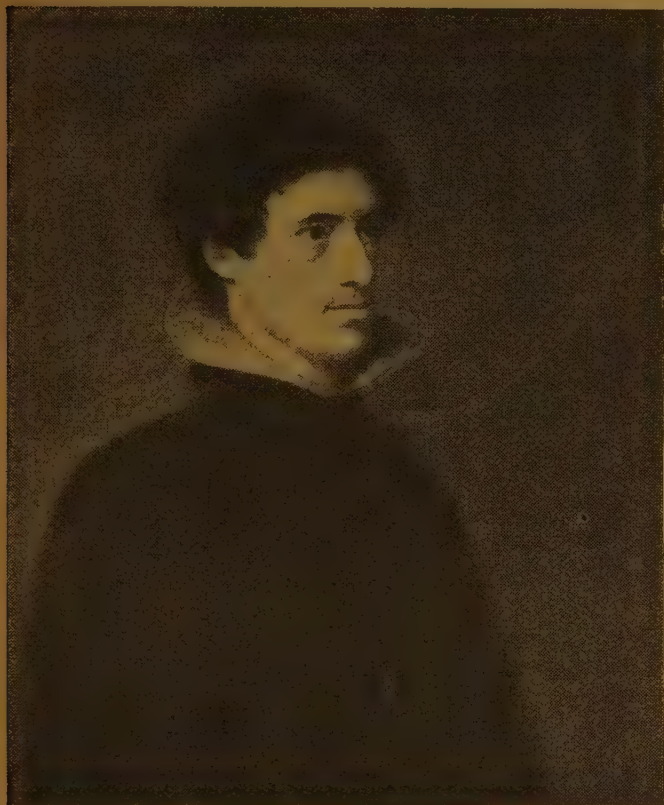
SUCH AN EXHIBITION as that of portraits of Lamb and Coleridge and their friends, now on view at the National Portrait Gallery, is an admirable medium for helping the mind to bridge the years, and to make some sort of contact with the spirit of a group of long-dead men and women. It is an exhibition which, though small, needs leisurely study. Naturally, too, the more knowledge of the period and its personalities the spectator takes with him into the Gallery, the more he will learn there. But it is hard to think that any receptive person, seeing these portraits, and the books and manuscripts supplementing them, can fail to have an increased understanding of that remarkable circle of friends which gathered round Lamb. It included not only Coleridge, but also Wordsworth, de Quincey, Leigh Hunt, Keats, Landor, Hazlitt, Rogers, Crabb Robinson the diarist, Southey, Clare, Hood and many others of varying degrees of celebrity. Portraits of all of these are exhibited, including Hazlitt's well-known painting of Lamb 'in a Titian dress' (one of Hazlitt's early ambitions was to paint like Titian), and B. R. Haydon's curious head and shoulders of Leigh Hunt, which, upon contemplation, becomes less harsh and garish than it at first appears. Best of all, perhaps, is the

picture of John Clare by William Hilton, R.A., a painter now little remembered, but one who, in this painting at least, achieved a soft, well-ordered distinction of colour, and a real insight into character. An exceptionally pretty little portrait, too, is that of Amos Simon Cottle, a *littérateur* of no great importance, by William Palmer, an entirely unknown painter.

Yet, essentially, this exhibition is not artistic (in the narrow sense) but literary, with books and manuscripts illustrating certain portraits, or linking one with another. The manuscript of 'Kubla Khan', lent by Lord Crewe, is there as a pendant to the portraits of Coleridge. A copy of the *Essays of Elia*, open at that 'On Some of the Old Actors', links the portraits of Lamb with those of Jack Bannister, Elliston, Munden (a typical comedian's face, with dimpled chin, indiarubber mouth, and strongly marked eyebrows) and other actors of whom Lamb wrote. One notable absentee there is from the gathering—Lamb's eccentric friend George Dyer, who walked into the New River from sheer absence of mind, and believed that 'a poem was a poem; his own as good as anybody's and anybody's as good as his own'.

Lamb and his Circle

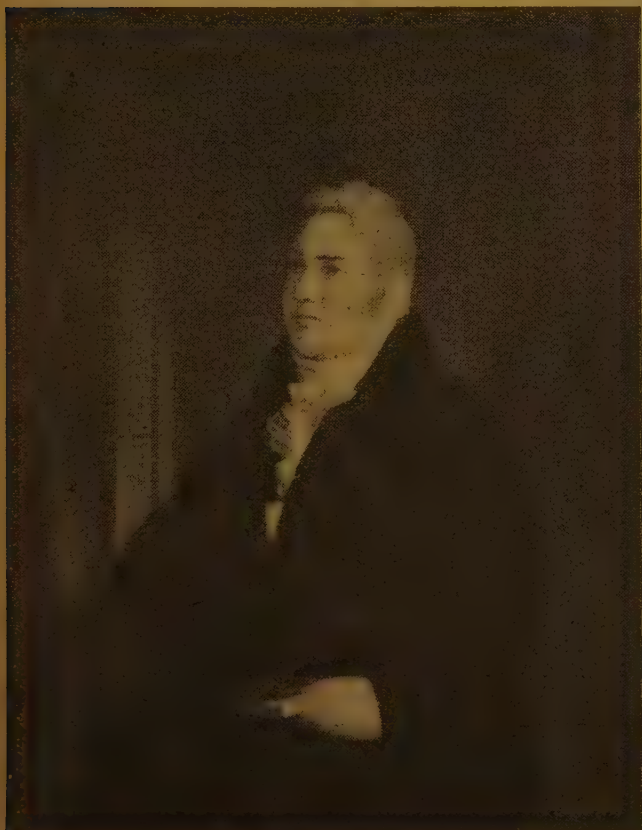
A selection from the exhibition now on view at the National Portrait Gallery of Lamb, Coleridge and their friends



Charles Lamb 'in a Titian dress', by William Hazlitt



John Clare, by William Hilton



Samuel Taylor Coleridge, by W. Allston



Leigh Hunt, by Benjamin Haydon

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Scientific Research and Social Needs

By Julian Huxley. Watts. 7s. 6d.

MANY OF THOSE who heard the talks and discussions arising from Professor Julian Huxley's tour of research centres in this country last year will welcome their publication in the permanent and much amplified form of this book. The matter was printed and well illustrated in *THE LISTENER* at the times of the broadcasts. It is now also well illustrated. It contains Sir William Bragg's introduction to the tour, seven talks on the relation of science at the present time to food, the materials of buildings, clothing, health, the means of communication, war, man and society, and international needs, and four discussions: one with Professor H. Levy at the beginning of the tour, another summing up its main results, one with Sir Thomas Barlow on research and industry, and the fourth on pure science with Professor Blackett. The book is full of novel and arresting facts, interesting ideas and points-of-view. A wide variety of topics is ably surveyed and quietly described. The reader will be struck, as was the author himself, by the vast amount of scientific knowledge and practical wisdom diffused throughout our country. Technique is everywhere astonishingly high. But whether it will be used for selfish or unselfish ends, for good or ill, for war or peace, lies beyond science at the moment; that depends upon the ideals or policies of those who shape our destinies. One of the important lessons learned on the tour was that science occupies an anomalous half-and-half position in the daily affairs of our country; our present civilisation is scientific only in parts; 'our research is entirely lopsided, with a great bulge on the side of industry, and the physical and chemical sciences which help industry; distinctly undeveloped on the biological and health side, and quite embryonic in the region of the psychological and human sciences'. Professor Huxley presses for a proper realisation of the fact that science is not the disembodied kind of activity that some people imagine it is, but a social force which is intimately linked up with human history and human destiny.

We have still a long way to travel before the practice of the world is raised to the level which science at the present time indicates. We are still in mortal fear of making reasoned judgment the basis of action in matters now determined by prejudiced opinion; we are still suspicious of statistics; we still distrust the 'experts'. But one thing is impressing itself on us in our generation and that is that the consumer, even if he contributes apparently nothing, has rights. Research organised from the consumption end—directed towards the needs of the individual citizen as an individual and as a citizen—has hardly begun and is imperative. It is quite as important as that organised from the production end, now highly efficient with its mass methods and low costs.

The Fool of Love. A Life of William Hazlitt

By Hesketh Pearson. Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.

Although Hazlitt himself described his conduct as being that of 'the fool of love', he was using the words for a special occasion; to use them, therefore, as the main title of a biography is rather misleading. Hazlitt, we know, could not get on without women, and three years of his life were spent, almost exclusively, in the thrall of a girl who played with his affections, but never returned them. Mr. Hesketh Pearson has concentrated on this period, with the result that the whole of the second and longest part of his book is occupied with an elaborate and fully documented account of it, based on Hazlitt's *Liber Amoris*. As a study of passion in its extremes of rapture and abysmal dejection, of jealousy, suspicion and reconciliation, these pages are admirable. The raciness and gentle malice of Mr. Pearson's style are exactly suited to the gossipy nature of his subject. In short, he can tell a good story. And if there ever was a 'good story', from the news-editor's point of view, it was the story of Hazlitt's extraordinary behaviour with his landlady's daughter in his rooms in Southampton Buildings. Mr. Pearson, it should be said to his credit, treats it more fairly, with greater sympathy and a good deal more understanding of the unaccountable behaviour of the human heart, than the company that foregathered in Mrs. Walker's parlour on the ground floor every evening to enjoy a bawdy tale and the latest news of the strange gentleman upstairs from the lips of Sarah herself. He spares his readers the mawkish tenderness and the repellent morbidity

of some of the passages in Hazlitt's own account—for which, Mr. Pearson omits to mention, he persuaded a publisher to pay him £100—he retains all the significant details. The progress of a love-affair cannot be criticised, where there are no rules, and where all normally accepted values become invalid; it can only be commented on. Mr. Pearson's commentary is absorbing, even though the most he can make us feel is pity, and the worst disgust.

These three frenzied years, during which Mrs. Hazlitt obtained a divorce from her husband under Scottish law, are not, however, the whole story. Mr. Pearson skims gracefully, but much too rapidly, over the rest. It is said that Hazlitt's last words were: 'Well, I have had a happy life'. Assuming that he retained even on his death-bed his notorious truthfulness, it is not easy to fit these valedictory words to the account of his life as Mr. Pearson gives it. We know that Hazlitt's temperament led to his breaking with his friends, even for a time with the gentlest of them—Lamb; that he misunderstood Wordsworth and Coleridge, and was misunderstood by them; that he was twice unhappily married; and that he was hyper-sensitive to criticism of himself and of his writings. But, for all this happiness did break in—in London, at Winterslow, and, even at the height of his infatuation for Sarah Walker, in the Highlands. Although Mr. Pearson's biography is, in places, unevenly balanced, it goes far towards repairing the injustice that posterity has accorded to everything concerning Hazlitt except his essays.

Tonight, the Ballet. By Adrian Stokes. Faber. 3s. 6d.

A little book written by an enthusiast for enthusiasts. The ballet, to Mr. Stokes, is the salt of the earth, and he makes no bones of proclaiming as much loud and clear. Gesture and bodily movement, he says, are more subtle than the voice. Pantomime is the essence of the theatre. Music has the power to transform any setting—even a prosaic room or a humdrum ugly street—into a significant *mise en scène*. So ballet, as distinct from stage dancing that is not ballet (Isadora Duncan's, for instance), is the most perfect and desirable form of stage-show; and becoming a devotee of the ballet 'is exactly like falling in love: a picture, an essence has become wedged in the mind, and one never knew it'. But Mr. Stokes can reason as well as rhapsodise. He makes it quite clear that in the modern ballet, instead of mimed action serving as an excuse for dancing, action is expressed by the dancing itself; and dancing is always based on classical technique. This technique must serve as a point of reference or a starting point; this relation to basic traditional elements is an important factor in the style of any ballet. Mr. Stokes began by not liking the classical ballet, but learnt to love it *via* the modern ballet—proceeding from 'Parades' to 'Les Sylphides' and 'The Swan Lake'. An unorthodox paradoxical course, for sure; but why not? The all-important thing is to start with something that strikes a spark. When a spectator has learnt to realise that the dancing in 'Parades' did rest on tradition, whereas German 'expressionist' dancing does not, and lacks 'the framework failing which expression tends to evaporate', we may regard him as a useful guide even if many of us agree to disagree with a few of his conclusions—not regarding, for instance, Massine's 'Les Présages' as a successful achievement, or even a promise of great things to come. But how right we shall feel him to be in his praise of Disney's 'Mickey Mouse' films, whose relation to the glories and sublimities of the ballet he shows in apposite, most convincing terms!

My Air Armada. By Air-Marshal Italo Balbo Hurst and Blackett. 18s.

On July 1, 1932, General (as he then was) Italo Balbo, with a squadron of 25 seaplanes, started from the air base at Orbetello in Italy on a formation flight of 12,000 miles that was to take them twice across the Atlantic, eastward to Chicago and then westward to Rome. It was a spectacular performance. Twenty-five great double-engined seaplanes, twice crossing the ocean, flying in mass formation as if they had been giving a gallant display of elegance and prowess in the sky of their home aerodrome; and many years, indeed, as Signor Mussolini said to the airmen, will pass before other men and other nations can match their thrilling exploit.

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modern journalism (so popularly encyclopædical!) has plucked the wings of the epic. Deeds that are sublimely heroic fall somewhat flat in our imagination, stirred but mildly by the superloud headlines of the *Daily Megaphone* brought to us with our morning tea. Thus it happens that the greatest human conquests are reduced to the level of topical news, the value of which lies in the amount of dramatic appeal at the sub-editor's disposal. Another negative factor—this from a strictly literary angle—are the records compiled by the 'special correspondents'. The narrative set up by these contemporary chroniclers is the work of writers whose job it is to describe the experiences of other men and to convey emotions which they themselves very seldom share; because a journalist, as such, is always bent to look upon any action with a detached eye and to visualise it within the framework of a *cliché*, the literary value of which varies according to the class of readers the newspaper caters for. Perhaps because he knew so well the newspaper-men of his times, Cæsar preferred to be his own 'special correspondent'. It is, therefore, delightfully refreshing to read the story of the great trans-Atlantic flight as it is narrated by the man who prepared and accomplished the feat. The main attraction of Air-Marshall Balbo's book is in its blunt disregard for literary dogmas. My *Air Armada* is, indeed, a book that does not bother to seize the reader at the outset. The story that will be told is of such superhuman magnitude that the reader may as well learn beforehand how the exploit was thought of and carefully prepared. The gripping interest will come later, when the airmen are on their journey; and there will be more than plenty to stir the imagination. From the perilous flight to Iceland through the Arctic fog, till the long leap from Newfoundland to the Azores, it is a crescendo which touches all the gamut of emotions, and reaches at times the diapason of lyrical expression.

A B C of Reading. By Ezra Pound Routledge. 4s. 6d.

It will be remembered that in *How to Read* Mr. Pound made incisive comments on Milton, equivocating critics, and the academic treatment of literature. Though his own proposals were disappointing, they ventilated issues which badly needed it—why and how should literature be taught? For this, and by stating (in a couple of pages which ought to be famous) the functions of literature, he put every serious reader in his debt. The best way to pay it would be to pass over the later book. In fact and intention it is an expansion of the 'method' sketched in *How to Read*; that is, it omits the pages which gave that pamphlet a more than ephemeral value, while re-stating at length its serious deficiencies. 'You can quite distinctly teach a man to distinguish between one kind of book and another': but the student will get no assistance from his *A B C*. There is the same old catalogue—the minimum desiderated for an education in letters—ranging from Homer, Ovid, Catullus to Provençal songs, Villon, Dante, and so on, with more extensive comments, and the same leaky partitioning of poetry into melopœia, phanopœia, logopœia. A fresh feature is a hundred-page section of exhibits, from his favourite authors, upon which the reader is asked to form his own judgments before reading the notes at the foot of the page. (As Mr. Pound suggests, such guessing would in an ideal republic be as popular a game as 'Torquemada's crossword abominations'). The task of the teacher of literature should be to equip his students with standards of value and some critical apparatus: standards will be imposed merely, and the student will not be able to apply them, unless he has developed his critical ability. Eventually the student should be self-reliant and independent of the teacher's personal preferences. This is where Mr. Pound fails; he never requires his reader to pay close attention to the words of his exhibits—literary criticism is only reliable when rooted in analysis of the author's writing—and is content to generalise. Of a poem by the sixteenth-century Mark Boyd he writes 'I suppose this to be the most beautiful sonnet in the language'; he comes no nearer to detailed comment than 'Sonnet properly divided in octave and sextet'. He repents sufficiently of his earlier slighting of Donne to call him 'the one English metaphysical poet who towers above the rest', and to print 'The Ecstasy', though in a page of note appended to the poem 'Platonism Believed', is his nearest to particularity. The discipline he lacks would save Mr. Pound from dealing in professorial 'influences', 'forms', and '-isms', and from such eccentricities as the collocation of Fielding, Sterne, Jane Austen and Trollope as the best English novelists, and the implication that Chaucer was a better poet than Shakespeare, because he was a European while Shakespeare was only English. Finally, 'Litera-

ture is news that stays news', says Mr. Pound: he should, therefore, have helped his student to cope with modern literature, for an education in letters which does not stimulate a discriminating interest in contemporary writing is a failure. It is to be feared that Mr. Pound's course will produce only dilettantes.

The Diary of a West Country Physician, A.D. 1684-1726. Edited by Edmund Hobhouse. Simpkin. 5s.

The second and more remarkable half of this book consists of extracts from the diary and account books of Claver Morris, a physician living and practising in the city of Wells between the dates given on the title-page. Besides enjoying an extensive and prosperous practice—he seems to have bled, purged, and sweated all the best families in a radius of thirty miles, spending forty to fifty hours a week in the saddle—he was a landowner of some standing and a minor public official. The full tale of his virtues is set forth in impeccable Latin on a memorial tablet in Wells Cathedral, where he lies buried. His diary and accounts were recently discovered in a Somerset country-house. They assist in building up a quite vivid picture of provincial life as it was lived over two hundred years ago. Even the bald record of personal expenses has its amusing, revealing moments, especially in its details of dress and furniture. More directly, these pages introduce to us a most engaging human being. Morris was a sociable, hospitable fellow. His story contains much eating and drinking—especially drinking, for Morris brewed his own strong ale, the home consumption of which averaged from 3½ to 5½ gallons a day. We follow him to Matins every morning with commendable regularity. We catch glimpses of him at work in his 'laboratory', playing backgammon, gossiping in the coffee-house, reading aloud to his family from *The Whole Duty of Man*. We discover that he liked an argument at times:

Mr Glin of Meer and I fell into a Debate, he being a Papist, about our Separation from the Church of Rome: In which it was very visible to the whole Company that I had met with a weak adversary. We did not shut up the Debate until half an hour after 2 a clock in the morning.

And again:

Bought Cloth for Shirts of Mr Salmon, and I argued with him, and Demonstrated the insufficiency and fallaciousness of Dr Newton's Notion and Hypothesis of Colours.

He was a handy man about the house, too. 'I Cleansed my Wife's Gold Watch', he records; and 'I put a Knocker on Mr Mills's Door'; and 'I fitted the strings for my new-contriv'd manner of Drawing and undrawing the curtains of the Window in my Dressing Room'. Above all, he was a music-lover. He sang, played a wide range of instruments, and was obviously the life and soul of a flourishing local Music Club. These trivialities make pleasant reading, touched with that pathos which hangs about all old records of things dead and gone that once made up a man's whole world. Anybody who finds difficulty in reading between the lines of the journal will observe that the late Dr. Hobhouse has done it all for him in the first half of the book. His summary is competently done, and may be a convenience to overworked reviewers, but doubtless most readers would gladly dispense with it in exchange for a fuller version of the diary, with permission to draw their own conclusions.

Processes of Graphic Reproduction in Printing By Harold Curwen. Faber. 12s. 6d.

Despite the great multiplication of illustrations in the daily and periodical Press, as well as in books, probably most people never pause to consider how these pictures are produced. And although information on the subject is readily available, there are still many readers who, if asked to classify the different kinds of illustration they have seen, would find it difficult to differentiate further than to say that—like the old play-books that fascinated Stevenson's boyhood—some are 'plain' and some are 'coloured'. No one who reads this book of Mr. Curwen's could ever again be satisfied with so inadequate a classification. The author, however, is not writing primarily for the man in the street, but for the designer of print—by which term we may understand not only the man who himself executes pictorial designs for reproduction, but also the planner of printed pieces, whose task it is to allocate different work to different processes, or to procure originals to suit the reproductive processes to be employed.

The practical directions given for the making of printing surfaces (*viz.*, the blocks, plates, etc., from which multiple copies are to be printed) will be widely helpful. They should not only guide the designer in the preparation of suitable originals, but should stimulate many an artist to try his hand

at practical printing—to the benefit of artists and printers alike. Mr. Curwen shows definitely that he has the craftsman's rather than the industrialist's outlook. It is characteristic that he avoids the customary tripartite classification of printing surfaces into relief, intaglio and planographic, and instead divides the processes described under two headings, 'Autographic' and 'Photographic'—that is to say: (1) processes in which the actual hand-work of the artist-craftsman provides the printing surface, and (2) processes in which the printing surface is made indirectly (by way of the camera) from the artist's original. The reader is introduced first to the process of printing from wood as practised in very early days of print-production, and as widely used at the time of the invention of printing from movable type. Here the author emphasises the distinction (often ignored) between wood-cutting and wood-engraving—the first the cutting of a design on the plank side of a block of softer wood, and the second the tooling of it on the grain-end of a harder block. In dealing with wood block printing, as also when later he treats of other processes, he gives adequate attention to the use of colours as well as monochrome. Passing from wood as a printing surface, he touches on the closely allied uses of linoleum and rubber, and then proceeds to explain the use of sheet metal in intaglio processes, including copper engraving, drypoint, mezzotint and the rest—in which designs are directly incised by hand. After stencilling methods have been interestingly outlined, we come to a comparatively extensive explanation of lithography. Instructions are given in the use of crayon and brush on the stone, the 'transferring' of designs, and the use of metal plates in place of stones. Here, by the way, Mr. Curwen oversteps his 'Autographic' classification by including a description of photo litho offset.

This brings us to the essentially photographic methods of reproduction, and there follows an instructive explanation of the most widely-used reproductive process of the present day—photo-engraving in the form of line blocks and half-tone blocks (the former bearing designs consisting of lines or masses, and the latter representing tonal gradations by the photographic splitting up of the image into tiny dots). The reader is also briefly, but instructively, introduced to photogravure (in which photography is used to give intaglio engraving) and collotype (in which the printing surface is a gelatinous image on glass). It may come as a surprise to find at the end of such a book a chapter on bookbinding, but the author thus finds opportunity to give a few hints on the peculiar conditions of designing for the ornamentation of book covers through the medium of brass blocks. A strong feature of this book is the plenitude of illustrations, which include—besides pictures of apparatus, explanatory diagrams, etc.—actual examples of prints by many of the processes described. It is a pity that not all the processes dealt with have been so illustrated; though there are references to help the reader to find examples elsewhere. It might be objected that the examples included are often by no means typical of the general run of work done by the processes concerned. But this is, in fact, a distinctive and commendable feature, it being evidently the author's aim not to encourage typical mass-production styles, but to make the reproductive processes the servants of the craftsman, reproducing his individual touch. It is instructive to observe the extent to which these illustrations keep free of the mass-produced book which is so commonly seen. A wisely-selected and up-to-date bibliography is included; but not, alas! an alphabetical index.

A Short History of Investment. By Percy Ripley Pitmans. 7s. 6d.

The subject of Mr. Ripley's book is not the history of money-lending in all its forms, nor is it the private purchase of landed estate or properties of that character. It is concerned with the history of stocks and shares. It traces the idea of the joint ownership of enterprises devoted to economic purposes and impelled by the pursuit of profits; it outlines the hindrances to the development of that idea, and illustrates the adventures and misadventures of the various business forms in which it has been embodied in the recent economic history of this country. It is an attractive theme, and one upon which the literature is curiously scanty. The specialist can turn to the substantial volumes of Professor W. R. Scott, whose elaborate researches provide a history of English joint-stock enterprise down to the bursting of the South Sea Bubble. He can examine recent American experience in the sober and illuminating pages of Berle and Means on *The Modern Corporation and Private Property* (New York, 1933). But the all-important gap between these volumes is not bridged

by R. H. Mottram's disappointing *History of Speculation*, nor is there much satisfaction to be gained from either the standard economic histories or the standard theoretical treatises. The valuable study by L. H. Jenks of *The Migration of British Capital* deals brilliantly with one branch of Mr. Ripley's subject, but it advances only so far as 1875; for the rest of it the student has to rely on the ingenious researches of Mr. H. A. Shannon, whose articles in the *Economic Journal* and elsewhere are severely statistical and cover so far only a brief span of years. Clearly the central agency of expanding capitalism still awaits its historian, and Mr. Ripley has ventured into a difficult and neglected but vitally important field of inquiry. He has not attempted to write a specialist's book or to compass a comprehensive narrative. He has written an outline and no more. It will be useful to many of the investors, Stock Exchange members, bankers, accountants, City workers and those concerned with the investment market of the present day, as well as to economists and examinees in banking and accountancy to whom the publishers recommend it, provided they have not already ferreted about in the sources from which a history of investment must be built up. But it is in actual fact a rather hurried and therefore thin narrative. It does not bring out with sufficient force either the astonishing mortality of limited companies or the haphazard growth of the joint-stock system. And it would have been more valuable if the reader had been provided with a list of useful sources rather than the four pages of all too short notes which appear at the end of the book.

The Charm of Ireland. By Stephen Gwynn Harrap. 7s. 6d.

The word 'charm' in the title of this book was probably not so much deliberate as inevitable; certainly much more likely to be so than the companion word in the other volumes of the series—*The Glory of Scotland*, *The Splendour of Wales*, *The Beauty of England*. And it fits the book, accordingly, only in a limited sense—that sense in which, at one time, men called their mistresses and wives their 'charmings'. Mr. Gwynn writes of Ireland with the enthusiasm of the lover, utterly devoted, unfailingly enthusiastic; he knows little or nothing of that detachment in admiration which might allow a more reserved man to say merely, in the conventional way, that Ireland is a 'charming place'. And that, surely, is the proper spirit in a guide. He is not out to explain Ireland, or to be witty or to give impressions of people or places. He wishes to get you first of all to Ireland, and a cursory reading and a glance at the very effective illustrations, some in colour, should suffice for that; and secondly, when he has lured you there, to help you to enjoy Ireland to the full. This book was originally written as a 'kitbag book' in smaller format; it still remains a book which should either be read on the spot, or used carefully with map and notebook when planning a holiday. This, therefore, is a representative paragraph:

But on the whole the ideal typical place for a fisherman's holiday is the Glencar Hotel, which gives its guests a rod on the Caragh river, excellent for salmon, and Cloon and Acoos within an easy drive. There are other lakes within reach, and this mountainous valley at the back of Carranoughill, the highest of the Magillicuddy Reeks, is as beautiful as any place this side Paradise.

Such enthusiasm is infectious; it is unfailing in Mr. Gwynn where river or lake is in question. When he writes of them, of Sheelin or Caragh, of Corrib or Mask, of the Nore or the Blackwater, one feels the music of waters in the mind and all Ireland becomes a summer noon. It is very bad for work.

It seems ungrateful to note one or two little slips. The map in the pocket of the cover—not to be blamed on Mr. Gwynn—is not likely to be of practical use on the road; one notes that it registers a railroad—Cork to Crosshaven—not now in existence, and omits a magnificent road, the Healy Pass, which is one of the best motoring roads of the Berhaven peninsula. That Dublin retains the vogue of old-fashioned melodrama is hardly true any longer since the old Queen's became a cinema. Newman might be styled rector rather than president of the old Catholic University College. The reformatory at Glencree, in Wicklow, does not now exist. River meadows, called 'inches', derive from the Gaelic *inse*, not the Gaelic *inish*, which means an island. Yeats is misquoted on page 132—three errors in four lines. The 'eighty-year old Fenian' Tom Clarke, who died in 1916, was actually not yet sixty at his death. But the trifling nature of such slips will only serve to indicate the general accuracy of a book of which the author can say, with justifiable pride, that he writes of only one place in all Ireland that he has not himself seen and enjoyed.

The Listener

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Reviewed by SEAN O'CASEY

BERNARD SHAW stands pilloried in his play of 'St. Joan'. Immediately after he had completed the work with its bold lines, its critical humour, its delicate beauty, its tapestried tragedy, all those who saw and admired, seized the artist and imprisoned him for ever in his own drama. When he writes another play the crowd cry out, not this thing, not this thing, but another and another 'St. Joan!' The most dangerous thing for an artist to do is to please the people, for they will never be satisfied till he pleases them again in the same way, which, of course, no artist can do. 'St. Joan' may or may not be the most beautiful thing Shaw has done; it is certainly not the most important. His 'Back to Methuselah' is, to me, as beautiful as 'St. Joan', and much more important than 'St. Joan' ever was or ever can be, for it stands a Postscript—and what a majestic and inspiring Postscript—to the Gospel of God! Bernard Shaw himself says that 'St. Joan' is but a play built out of official documents, and, though realising its strange beauty and wonderful charm, we ignore that modest repudiation of a great work, yet all who know the man through his works will unhesitatingly agree that to measure Shaw by 'St. Joan' is to measure a mountain with a tailor's tape.

Neither of the two major plays in this volume may be as attractive in pattern or as rich in colour as *St. Joan*, but though the forces in these two plays carry no banners, they are more terrible than the army that carries them. The flags here are flames of courageous thought which some day, sooner or later, will burn to ashes the hay, straw, and stubble of cod mercy and truth and righteousness and peace that find their vent in the singing of hymns, piling of law upon law, and the pampering of the useless and the unfit.

Mr. Shaw tells us in a preface that 'he thought he felt an unusual resentment in the attitude shown to "Too True To Be Good"'. Resentment is an unpleasant thing to a dramatist, yet it is a testimony to the fact that the barbed thought in the play went home. The irony within the irony is that every barb that struck another sank into Shaw's own breast, for he is the last man in the world who would wish to hurt another human being.

The English can stick 'St. Joan' because all that happened to her happened so long ago. The play to all who came to see it was like an illuminated Book of Hours that one can finger and fondle, and be amused by the quaint pictures, thanking God all the time that we are not as other men were. They like Shaw and they cheer him when he is content to be a Pursuivant dramatist with a play like a blazoned tabard; but they resent what he says and forsake him and flee when he elects to become a prophet of God. People can weep with *St. Joan* for *St. Joan* isn't 'The Patient'; they can condemn the Cardinal, for the Cardinal isn't the 'Clerical Burglar', and has nothing to do with an Anglican Episcopate; they can laugh at 'The Dauphin', for the Dauphin has no relationship with the British Premiership: his name is Louis and not Chavender.

Mr. Shaw asks in the preface to 'Too True To Be Good' to be told 'who have pictured the idle rich or really believed that they have a worse time of it than those who have to live on ten shillings a day or less, and earn it?' I, for one, have believed it for a long time now. For a long time I have believed that the first state is worse than the last. Not only the idle rich, but the vital and energetic rich, the good and the gracious rich, share sharply in the artificial sorrows and trials brought about by the system under which we live. I have often said that I am a Communist, not only out of sympathy for the poor, but also out of sympathy for the rich. The well-off no less than the poor and the needy, need the savour of salvation that a sensible change of life can bring. The rich have to wage a never-ending battle against the advance and threats of poverty, combined with a never-ending battle with the confusion, the weariness, and the toil of doing all the things that wealth must do. They can escape from their riches no

more than the sinner can escape from God. The temptations that the poor have to meet are small compared to the magnitude of the temptations that beset the rich. The poor stand as a picket outside the gates of heaven and refuse to permit the rich to enter, each the eternal enemy of the other. It is as bad, if not worse, to be born into great riches as it is to be born into bitter poverty. Looking back on my own life, when, in my infancy, the few things needed were not to be had, and that need unsatisfied meant many years of great pain coupled with the inability to do things done brightly by others; ending at last, but leaving behind for ever irritating and incurable defects: looking back on all these, and thinking of them long and deeply, I unhesitatingly say that these terrible handicaps of poverty were no worse, if they were even as bad, as the handicaps, different, but none the less terrible, that those who are born to riches have thrust upon them. It wasn't for nothing that the Church put in her Litany a petition for deliverance in 'all time of our wealth' beside the petition for deliverance in the hour of death and in the day of judgment. And we all remember—or do any of us remember now?—the story of the young man who had 'great possessions'. He wasn't an ignorant or a careless or a vulgar or a selfish young man: no, no; far from that, for we are told that he had kept the law from his youth up, and that Jesus beholding him loved him. He loved the rich young man as much as He loved the poor; more, maybe, for we are told that as He looked upon him He loved him, and after the young man had departed grieved because he could not do what Jesus had asked him to do, Jesus used an expression second only in sadness to those He used in the Garden and on the Cross. And the irony of the system under which we live is that now the rich cannot sell all that they have and give to the poor without making damn fools of themselves. If they did, they would not benefit the bodies of the poor, and they would lose the one chance of saving their own souls, namely, to use their intelligence to make life more healthy and sensible than it is, and to use their money to add power to their persuasion.

In 'On The Rocks' and in the preface before the play, the old warrior has raised the flaming banner of the right to exterminate. At present but a corporal's guard has rallied to the colours, but this corporal's guard one day will be an army; for sooner or later, the problem of the extermination of the unfit, the useless, who keep an army idle attending to them, and of all who find it impossible to fit into the mass that makes the nation, must be faced and must be solved if life is to lift itself a little higher than dogs who bark as we go by them. There must come a development of political wisdom which will ensure that the 'percentage of irreclaimable scoundrels and good-for-naughts that every human group contains ready to wreck any community' shall be cheaply exterminated, and not retained to be a worry and an expense to the rest of rational humanity. 'The notion', says Mr. Shaw, 'that persons should be safe from extermination as long as they do not commit wilful murder, levy war against the Crown, or kidnap or throw vitriol, is not only to limit social responsibility, unnecessarily, and to privilege the large range of misconduct that lies outside them, but to divert attention from the essential justification for extermination which is always incorrigible social incompatibility and nothing else'. This is the problem that must be solved soon. We can't go on bolstering up and covering with down the hopelessly unfit and the incurably useless, but rather must we learn to eliminate the waste products of humanity. Intelligence is a little sick of a sham mercy running round with a hanging rope in one hand and a prayer-book in the other. The neglect of the potentially fit in their youth, the heaping up of worry and unnecessary expense upon the already fit and useful in the care of those who can never be any better, but will probably become worse, is a sin against mercy and a violation of commonsense. The present-day talk about the sacredness of life is a sham. The healthy young among the mass of the people, under the present system must sink into

ruin before they can magnetise attention to themselves; while the unfit and the useless are not only cared for, but pampered with the attention of philanthropic societies and people. To get sensible help one must almost always first be in a condition when help is practically useless. To keep the fit fit and the healthy healthy must be the first care in an intelligent community. And to do this less time or no time can be wasted on the hopelessly unfit, and the incorrigibly incompatible. Critics will cry out, who are going to judge, who are going to be the judges? A scientific, humane, and sensible judgment will eventually be evolved out of trial and error. Out of here a little and there a little fuller development will come. There is no other way of learning. We must not fly in terror from a mistake, or from the fear of making one. No mistake can ever be so bad as that which sent the best of men to the grave in shoals. The fear of making a mistake is a besetting sin with the English. They are sheep who have never gone astray. This fear of making a mistake will always keep them separate from God.

'We must', says Mr. Shaw, 'have a common faith as to the fundamental conditions of a stable human society'. No community can be governed and no one can govern a community without it. A national standard of life must be formed. A standard of efficiency, of usefulness, of courage, and of

faith. The unity of one faith, one lord, one baptism, will no longer do, for in religion as it is, even here at home, we have too many lords, too many faiths, and too many baptisms. One is all we need, but one is vital. We must have a standard for the common good of all. If a man or a woman sink below this standard, then he or she must be eliminated. Should a man or a woman rise above it in efficiency, in usefulness, in daring, then a bigger place will be found for the functioning of that fuller efficiency and greater courage, and the result will be a double gain to the standard of life of the whole nation. We are already beginning to realise that national life is something more than a Parliamentary conversation picture piece, or an occasional jump into an adventure that we call 'the balancing of the budget'.

I praise him or her or them with a loud voice who ventured to change the colour in the format of the volume containing Mr. Shaw's latest plays. The colour has been changed from an unsightly and sickly greenish-yellow to a dignified maroon. In this new shelter of maroon linen, with the titles in gold on the spine, the book is delightful to look at and charming to handle.

The short play, 'A Village Wooing', with all its wit and sex-sense, is, to me, but an instance of a gigantic intellect unable to let an idle moment pass in an idle way.

From T. E. Lawrence to T. E. Shaw

'T. E. Lawrence' in Arabia and After. By Liddell Hart. Cape. 15s.

LAWRENCE—the romantic leader of a successful revolt, the champion of Arab claims at Versailles, the reluctant writer of a prose masterpiece, the adviser who helped to shape our post-war policy in the Middle East, the king-maker who reduced himself to the ranks of the Air Force—has been one of the most widely-discussed characters of recent years. The enigma of his actions, of his purpose, and of his personality has already provided matter for much journalism in newspapers and books. A study of him by the most stimulating military writer of the day promises well for interest. It was begun, the author tells us, as an historical sketch of the Arab revolt and its bearing on the art and practice of irregular warfare: it ended, as was inevitable once he came into close touch with that unique personality, as a study of T. E. Lawrence.

A short prologue on Lawrence's antecedents up to the War shows how in his early years he taught himself, more than was taught, to work with his mind and with his hands, becoming one of the fellowship both of thinkers and of craftsmen, the two classes with whom his affinities have since lain. Lawrence's student days were unconsciously a preparation for his task in war, apter than that of the great majority of professional soldiers: his curious mind absorbed, as a side-line, deep knowledge of the theory of war down the ages; his tireless wanderings in Syria brought him knowledge of the country and of his future enemy: thus mind and eye and body were already trained and inured, when the occasion demanded the man. The fact that he has never been able to pass time idly in those games and sports in which so much leisure is consumed in these hedonistic days accounts both for his extraordinary range of knowledge, which he pursued with a keenness with which others pursue balls, and for a certain aloofness towards those whose interests and speech lie much in sport.

Liddell Hart's narrative of the Arab revolt is taken from *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, from which many passages of Lawrence's inimitable prose are quoted, supplemented from other sources, such as Sir Hubert Young's book. Liddell Hart's own comments display, as usual, deep knowledge of military history and theory, and much shrewd thought for the future, spoiled at times by an over-shrewish girding at the professional soldier and all his works. Lawrence himself was less intolerant and had a better understanding of the qualities and difficulties of the regular.

The chapters entitled 'After' relate Lawrence's efforts for the Arabs at the Peace Conference; the writing of *The Seven Pillars*, a classic that will live as long as the English language; his service in the Middle East department of the Colonial Office, in which he helped to redeem, so far as was still possible, our war-time pledges to the Arabs; and his life in the ranks of the Royal Air Force and Tank Corps, in the former of which he still serves as Aircraftman Shaw. To many, whose curiosity has been aroused by the idle tales that have been circulated of Colonel

Lawrence and of Aircraftman Shaw, this period of his translation from the one to the other will be the most interesting part of the book. The facts are well and fairly related, and will help to dispel some of the legends that have gathered round the two names, though they cannot wholly explain the problem of his character or why he chose to hide his talents in the ranks. Part of the explanation seems to be that he was, as he himself has said, most unwillingly a man of action. Like a Hamlet who has promptly and efficiently despatched his uncle at the beginning of Act II, he has spent the later acts in repentant abdication, in writing an explanation to Horatio, and finally in retirement to a monastery, from which it seems unlikely that any crisis in the affairs of Denmark is likely to drag him. Which prompts the thought: supposing politicians were equally scrupulous and hid themselves in the ranks whenever they found themselves unable to fulfil their election pledges.

In his final summary Liddell Hart claims a place for Lawrence among the Great Captains, and submits in support of the claim three 'brilliances', a theory, a campaign, and a battle. The theory, on which Lawrence based the whole Arab revolt, is set forth in Lawrence's own words in the latter part of Chapter V (it was published in full in the *Army Quarterly* many years ago). It is the most brilliant 'appreciation of the situation' ever written. Liddell Hart acclaims it as a new theory of war, adaptable to all wars. No one will question the brilliance of execution of the campaign based on this appreciation: the vulnerability of the target (800 miles of railway, guarded by a weak and discouraged enemy) may be set against the many material and spiritual difficulties that Lawrence had to overcome. The 'battle', at Tafileh, Lawrence's one set-piece, is a miniature in scale; but it showed his quickness to take in a tactical situation and his coolness and judgment in action; his description of it, too, is a masterpiece. Though few may be persuaded that these three brilliances justify Liddell Hart's exaggerated claim, that the claim should have been put forward at all shows how deep an impression Lawrence's personality and powers have made on a writer steeped in knowledge of military history. And, whatever may be the judgment on Lawrence's military achievements, Liddell Hart's final tribute to his spiritual quality will find an echo in the minds of all who know the man. Lawrence's genius may be perverse, and may often be cloaked by an impish humour, but it has the unmistakable stamp of real greatness, of greatness purged of all self-seeking. If anyone doubts his spiritual qualities, let him read the 'Twenty-seven articles' in Chapter III of this volume, written by Lawrence as a guide to British officers in dealing with Arabs. They show a depth of understanding of others, of patience and of wisdom, that only Lawrence himself can have attained.

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Jews and Germany

My Life as German and Jew. By Jacob Wassermann. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

I Was a German. By Ernst Toller. John Lane. 5s.

REALITY IS COMPOUNDED OF MANY INGREDIENTS, the main ones being incidents (or facts) and the quality of mind and soul experiencing those facts, just as in the same way music is compounded of strict metrical structure and interpretative rhythm, or a garden of an arrangement of certain mineral and vegetable items and of the transforming quality of light. In considering the two books under review it is not the incidents, the facts, which provoke uncertainty in the sensitive reader, but the quality of the minds recapitulating and arranging those incidents for our consumption. Both books seem obviously the work of sincere, suffering men, of idealists; both are by Jews evincing the characteristic Israelitish passion for justice and humanity, raising their hands to heaven imprecating vengeance on the abominable callousness of men, which Herr Toller attributes to 'a laziness of heart'. But when we have supped of the cruelties and horrors heaped before us and our disgust and pity are, as it were, inebriated, it is perhaps wise to stand back awhile and reflect on the reality of which these reports were reflected facets, to ask ourselves if our judgment is not being clogged by a temporary sluggishness of soul as well as by ignorance. In such a mood it is salutary to remember that ever since the War the English reading public has, to all intents and purposes, been allowed to see Germany only through the eyes of certain writers: Emil Ludwig, Stefan Zweig, Feuchtwanger, Remarque, Wassermann, Toller, all of them Jewish. These authors virtually dominated the bookstalls as interpreters of Germany; the nineteen-twenties saw them acclaimed and famous. What did the English know of Moeller van den Bruck, Binding, Jünger, Dwinger, Carossa, Alverdes, to take the names of a random few who may be said to be spokesmen of a Germany very different in outlook from Herr Toller or Jacob Wassermann? The truth is that the works of the Jewish writers were the cleverer, the more sensational and arresting in their logic; they made better films and were more titivating to the modern taste. The quieter, more innately aristocratic literature of the 'national opposition', as it was referred to under the Weimar Republic, was contributed by men who were fostering an organic growth, who were diviners of truths which escaped the glaring analysis of the intellect and were dependent on associations and memories of living or instinctive experience. The Jewish writers knew no shame; surgeons of intellect, the private lives of great and mean alike were specimens for their dissecting scalpels.

Jacob Wassermann's autobiography makes sombre reading. Not only is its matter, the introspective analysis of a Jew's spiritual and social isolation among Germans, gloomy, but his style—the German original rather than the English translation—is heavy, sullen almost. The texture of Wassermann's writing has a quality of coarse, toilsome strength; it seems to lack all fragrance and luminousness. How ill it compares with a letter by Rilke or a passage out of Carossa's war diary, like a lump of brown coal with some lovely crystal. It is not surprising that Arnold Bennett praised Wassermann: for he, too, wrote with the same type of unrefined bourgeois energy and push, great heaving epic novels utterly devoid of poetry. Yet into this particular work Wassermann has distilled a good deal of wisdom and dignified reflection. The main part of the book is devoted to the plight of the Jews in Germany and the fatal incompatibility of Jews and Germans. Wassermann himself came of a middle-class Jewish family near Nuremberg and he describes vividly the dead hand of the Hebrew tradition which lay over his childhood. He was repelled by the materialism and sterility of his Jewish upbringing and felt a romantic attachment to the land of his birth, to the landscapes and language of Germany. His tragedy and unhappiness lay in the fact that he could never be accepted as a whole product of the soil which nurtured him. He seems to have spent much of his life in an endeavour to make the Germans embrace him as one of themselves. Having renounced Jewry he became as a ship without an anchor. The division between Jew and German dogged him, a perpetual riddle: 'Can the two thousand years of the Jews' life in the West have failed to modify their blood? Though it be alien blood, have not the air and the soil and the water, a common history and a common destiny, action and work in common, had their

effect, even if we exclude actual physical interbreeding?' In an epilogue written twelve years later, shortly before his death, he writes with great insight on the importance of landscape in the formation of a man's character and the profound influence which geographical surroundings may have on a writer's style. 'It should be possible to recognise from the cadences of a writer's prose the landscape which covers it as a fruit covers its kernel'. How much of this, one wonders, was unfulfilled idealism? For Wassermann's prose is extraordinarily colourless, unredolent of the soil; it exudes no atmosphere, the music of the German *Gaue* does not vibrate in his sentences. At the end he was bitter and full of self-pity that this was not so; but he saw himself religiously vindicated by his effort. 'Dripping water will wear down a rock. There must always be the first drop'.

'Jews are the Jacobins of our age', wrote Wassermann, and Herr Toller bears it out. He is excitable, violent, explosive; always going off like a squib. One does not doubt the sincerity of his idealism, his personal fearlessness. But there seems to be no steady consistency of purpose in his development, no serene assurance of a mission. From the days of his childhood, when he was always indulging in petty villainies, to his leadership of the Soviet insurrection in Bavaria, he seems to have shown an almost insolent recklessness. He describes his childhood in Posen and his war experience in a breathless, staccato manner, brief incidents hurled one after the other in telegram style. It is only when we reach the tenth chapter and the German Revolution of 1918-19 that the book settles down to a more even stride. But even these parts, vividly described as they are, do not hang together in a patterned whole. The jerky, dramatic reporting reflects only the confusion and pace of the times. Toller himself seems to have been in the thick of it, and to have kept his wits sharp, his courage undimmed. He issued from it all at thirty with grey hair but 'not tired'. How fantastic that Bavarian revolution with its slaughter of innocent and misguided men! Toller makes it feel Russian rather than German; his vision is that of the authentic Russian revolutionary, not of the German at all. The incredible naivety and amateurishness of the Bavarian Soviet, the incessant internecine differences and discussions, the utter lack of plain leadership and policy, all forestalled its doom. Toller, who must have realised that, nevertheless hurled himself into 'the cause of the workers' with a quixotic bravado and irresponsibility which make one both like and distrust him. He realises the slipshod fatuity of Socialist ideology and the romanticised 'proletariat'; yet it is in this jargon that he thinks and feels at home. His disgust with the Social-Democrats of whose triumph he became a victim is justified; they had overthrown caste-rule and stamped out the flames of Bolshevism in order to pursue their own bourgeois ambitions. But for the true German revolutionaries who swept their nation to unity and renewal in 1933 Herr Toller has only rapid words of abuse and cynical censure. He is hopelessly crabbed through his identification with the Muscovitish insurrection of his Munich days. He knows nothing of the young Germany which grew to maturity between 1920-1930, and whose faith was based not on theories or idealism, but on organic experiences and a long and patient self-training. The history and work of the *Buende* who were the active pioneers of Hitler's Reich and are its creative ferment today, are a closed book to him. Their values were those of religion, not idealism: therein lies the difference. For idealism with its assertion of human omnipotence and omniscience is ultimately ever materialist. And this is also a Jewish limitation. The Jews, someone wrote, were the first white race; in consequence of this they have never lost their pride and sense of human superiority. They lack, and Toller's book lacks, the redeeming attitude of *Ehrfurcht*, to use a lovely German word, reverence and wonder before the inexplicable. And *Ehrfurcht* is the quality which the best young Germans of today possess and demonstrate, and wish to see a national characteristic. Herr Toller will jeer at this and place his faith in one more proletarian insurrection led by the ghost of Liebknecht. But time will prove all things, not least the saying: 'By their fruits ye shall know them'.

ROLF GARDINER.

Dangerous Side of Nazism

Germany, Prepare for War! By Ewald Banse
Lovat Dickson. 10s. 6d.

THIS IS A REMARKABLE and an alarming book; remarkable because of the pathological condition of the writer's mind which it reveals, and alarming by reason of the fact that the owner of that same mind is retained in a position of authority in a governmentally-supported educational institution. Every country at some time in its national life has produced individuals the outpourings of whose minds is abnormal, but there is cause for uneasiness when the sufferer from such mentally dyspeptic symptoms as Herr Banse's receives the sanction of the responsible authorities of a great nation. The book first appeared in Germany in September, 1932, and one of the early acts of the Nazi regime, after the Revolution of January, 1933, was to appoint Herr Banse as the first incumbent of the Chair of Military Science at the Technical College of Brunswick, the state in which a year previously Herr Hitler had acquired German citizenship.

Herr Banse belongs to that category of individuals who believe that if a personal conviction is stated with sufficient vehemence, it becomes a verifiable fact. He begins, therefore, with the statement that 'the internationalist is a bastard in blood and a cunuch in intellect', and goes on to give thanks that now at last, after fourteen years' exaggerated prestige, the pen will be put in its place and 'the sword will come into its own again'.

Herein lies the germ of all that follows, for Herr Banse's whole treatise—which he euphemistically calls 'a study in defence'—is really no more than a detailed study of the many factors, geographical, physical, psychological, military and economic, which led to Germany's defeat in 1918 and which must be marshalled for victory in the coming war, in which the new Germany, the *Dritte Reich*, must achieve not only hegemony in Europe but also supremacy in the world outside.

Within this *Dritte Reich* Herr Banse has no hesitation in incorporating Austria, Danzig, Luxemburg, Lichtenstein, Holland and the Dutch Colonial Empire, together with annexations from Belgium, France, Switzerland, Italy, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Lithuania and Denmark; a Germany, in fact, stretching 'from the Flanders coast to the Raab, and from Memel to the Adige and the Rhone'. Such a *Reich* could, Herr Banse admits, be only born in blood and iron, but these 'mighty empires are not founded upon treachery, deceit or huckstering; they only grow out of the clash of swords'.

In order that this 'compact mass of ninety-two million Germans in Central Europe' may achieve its confessed aim of first European, and later world supremacy, certain mistakes of the Great War must be avoided, and chief amongst these was the cardinal error of not using Holland as a naval base of operations against British commerce and an invasion of Great Britain itself. For England is Herr Banse's bugbear; she stinks in his nostrils and he gloats over the possibility of seeing her 'fallen from her high estate and weltering in her blood'. 'We confess that it gives us pleasure to meditate on the destruction that must sooner or later overtake this proud and seemingly invincible nation, and to think that this country, which was last conquered in 1066, will once more obey a foreign master, or at any rate have to resign its rich Colonial Empire'. And he generously provides a map to illustrate how this may be achieved.

The book might be dismissed as balderdash were it not for the position which its author continues to hold, and that in his final chapter he advocates the establishment of a government department for the Science of National Defence, which should have 'to do the scientific spade-work for the central government and the army command, and to carry out the training of the German people in national defence'. 'A new field of activity lies open, one that will bridge the gulf between brain and hand, the sword and the pen'. This approximates so closely to what is already being accomplished in Germany that Herr Banse's farce becomes stark tragedy.

No review of this book can omit reference to the peculiar circumstances which attended its publication in this country, circumstances which are described in a note by Mr. Lovat Dickson. Attention was first drawn to the book by Mr. Wickham Steed in a letter to *The Times* on October 27, 1933. The contract for publication in England was signed on November 3, at a moment when Herr Hitler was conducting a referendum and general election campaign of which the keynote was 'Peace and Equality', a policy clearly inconsistent with Herr Banse's bloody-minded fanaticism. On the same day the book was banned by the German Government on the somewhat naive grounds that it had 'unfortunately given anti-German propaganda abroad occasion to throw doubt on the peace policy of the German Government'. The British publishers were threatened with an action under the Berne Copyright Convention, but though their cheque dated November 9, in payment for the rights of publication, was never acknowledged, it was, nevertheless, duly cashed.

JOHN W. WHEELER-BENNETT

A Tilt at Modern Art

Modernismus. By Sir Reginald Blomfield
Macmillan. 6s.

DUST-COVERS HAVE MUCH TO ANSWER FOR: from the inside of *Modernismus* it would be impossible to suspect that it was a study. The reader would rather drink it in as a sermon or put it aside as an effusion, according to his taste. But the wrapper calls it 'a study' and so invites the kind of examination and detailed criticism which a study should be prepared to face. In truth, it is little more of a study than M. Vautel's *Folies Bourgeoises* which it quotes as an authority, and it is infinitely less amusing. For a study should at least come to grips with a definite question, must examine something and come to some conclusions about it: but Sir Reginald will leave even the most sympathetic reader wondering exactly what he is tilting at and what the whole tirade is about. Besides, a study should be judicial and objective: and not even the author's occasional protestations of fairness and his more-in-sorrow-than-in-anger manner can disguise his bias. The damaging epithet ('futile Hapsburg prince', 'those weird new Eastern states', 'that strange creature, Van Gogh') is an ambiguous weapon, apt to discredit a writer's honesty of purpose at least as much as it blackens his pet aversions.

To tell the truth, that is the most unhappy feature of the book, that it contains not the mellow reflections of one whose age and experience give him a claim to be heard, but rather a hasty outpouring of impotent rage against the whole younger generation. It is not necessary to give more than a few instances to show how this animus has usurped the place of argument and frustrated the processes of reasoning. The necessity of being rude to Herr Mendelsohn, on pages 53-54, leads the author to sweep away all the artistic history of Germany and Austria in one contemptuous flourish: pleased with the effect of this, he repeats it on page 56: emboldened yet farther, he demolishes all the states of Eastern Europe on page 81. One would almost think that Sir Reginald's Gothic experience, to avoid contamination, had ventured no wider afield than Cologne or, say, the battlements of Bruges station. Meanwhile, on page 71, the argument suffers from a sad confusion between symbolism and functionalism. Then in the course of a digression on the Baroque, he takes Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell to task for 'sweeping into the net of the Baroque any and every important building that existed in Italy in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries': but himself, among some very fair comments on certain aspects of the Baroque, excludes from the category, rather capriciously, any building that has the merits of simplicity and skilful design. It is hardly possible to swallow with patience the charge (made on page 10) that our young architects 'start bravely on their architectural careers unimpeded by any knowledge of the past': if it were true, who would be to blame, now that entry to the profession is controlled by the R.I.B.A.? If the elder statesmen who still hold these things under their control have not exacted a sufficient standard of antiquarian learning from aspirants, let them revise their regulations with due modesty. But, in fact, in no generation has knowledge of the antique been so widespread and intelligent as in our own. Modern architects are modern, not because they have not studied the Parthenon and Salisbury Cathedral, but because they build for modern conditions; and no longer wish to disguise a railway station as a baronial castle or to freeze a middle-class family in a Doric mausoleum.

When there are so many bubbles that need bursting and so much upon which architects might agree towards the improvement of the public taste and conscience in these matters, it is sad to see the heavier guns fired without aim. Two or three houses, mostly by Corbusier, are anathema because Sir Reginald would not like to see them on the Chilterns. (Is that any valid reason against their remaining where they were built, in the suburbs of Stuttgart?) Two or three flowers of American journalism are pilloried in the chapter on Music and Letters. (Surely these are not worthy of the cannonade?) Poor Douanier Rousseau is treated to an ironic epithet. It all gets us nowhere. If he could only tell us instead how to make and keep a city in England one half as orderly and beautiful as Stuttgart, or how to abstain from spoiling what little of London is rational and well-designed; or if he could even raise effective protest against



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our municipal habit of pretending that a surveyor is necessarily an architect!

In the last chapter, the author reviews the position in the light of last summer's symposium on architecture in *THE LISTENER*, and admits some distinctions and qualifications in his hates. He also makes some very sound remarks on the treatment of materials. But the damage is already done: for not only extreme modernists, but most fair-minded readers, will have become impatient of the earlier petulance, and will not get so far.

CHARLES W. BATY

Nigger Omnibus

Negro. An Anthology made by Nancy Cunard
Wishart. 42s.

THE FUTILITY OF ANY ATTEMPT at 'reviewing' this terrific encyclopædia must be evident when it is disclosed that between its handsome covers are nearly 400 photographs, more than twice that number of nasty shiny buff pages closely printed with the discourse of 150 different (very) collaborators, and no alphabetical index. Black magic, boxers, Zulu clicks, the Ku Klux Klan, slang, hot jazz, the history of Haiti, Pushkin, Josephine Baker and the Virgin Islands are just a few of the lesser subjects; the main object, Miss Cunard explains, being to make a record of the 'struggles and achievements' of the negro peoples. Her second object, equally noble if less easily explicable, seems to be to convert the world to Communism. Probably she is right to give a savage gloss to these accounts of negro exploitation; but the facts themselves might have spoken even more eloquently, relieved of their propagandist tom-tom accompaniment, which will irritate many an otherwise willing ear. Even as it is, this book contains enough dynamite to shatter the prestige of two continents and the complacency, it is to be hoped, of a third—our own.

Not many decades ago the 'civilised' West considered the Chinese entirely barbarian. Indeed, we had very little tangible evidence of culture in China until our own jolly troops, turning the tables very nicely, brought back the plunder of the Summer Palace. And lest anyone think I am trying to draw a ridiculous parallel, listen to the testimony of the greatest living authority on Africa's positive achievements:

There is not a shadow of a doubt that Negro Africa (1400-1800) was in the heyday of an uninterrupted efflorescence of all the arts—(scientific agriculture, education, industries, great states perfectly oriented down to the last detail)—an efflorescence which the European conquistadors callously destroyed . . . Even in 1906 I found villages whose streets were lined with quadruple rows of palms . . . huts that were all most delightful examples of weaving and carving . . . inhabitants richly clad in materials of their own weaving—magnificent plushy velvets, made with layers of the tenderest leaves of certain banana trees, supple and downy stuffs with the delicate sheen of silk, woven from fibres prepared from the raphia palm. A flourishing civilisation . . . the gestures, manners and customs of a people dignified and refined in the smallest particular . . .

It is perhaps the major disappointment of this unequal but generally excellent anthology that, although several contributors (notably Pound and Michelet) quote him by and large, there is nothing else here from the pen of Leo Frobenius. Not that there is any lack of support for his suggestions (some of which I have telescoped above) that there have been, and potentially still are, black civilisations of a most impressive order. We learn from these pages that casting in iron and bronze, for example, was current *far west* of Benin and *before* the advent of the Portuguese; and that at least two tribes have for long employed original systems of syllabic writing—others being able to send complicated messages hundreds of miles by blowing into little flutes. But the peak triumph of the negro genius is unquestionably his craftwork, particularly his sculpture; and to this 50 pages of admirable reproductions, as well as several scholarly articles, are devoted. I do not think we can say that such examples as the astonishingly fine mask illustrated on page 669, or the head-rest on page 729, are inferior either in conception or finish to the most admired Chinese ivories, which they closely resemble. Is it not too much to ask us to accept, in place of this superb plastic art, the nostalgic folk-wail of the plantations or the desperate twitching and posturing dances hatched in the Nashville 'Jooks'—genuine and vital though these things also be? Yet they are tremendous symptoms: the syncoptic throes of a people knocked silly and howling for rebirth. It is as impossible to ignore the racial and political issues raised by *Negro* as it is to deal with them here. The indictment of American and imperialist administration—(or at least of the attitude nicely

epitomised by Mr. Plomer as: 'Wanted. Capable all-round white assistant, understand cattle, handle niggers . . .')—is *compelling*, even if one-sided. Incidentally, it seems quite evident that some form of collectivism, such as obtained in their earliest communities, is the most satisfactory way of life for the negro masses. How that, or even decent conditions and plain justice, can be attained, is a question to which Miss Cunard and her band of zealots black and white have only one answer. It is possible meanwhile to believe, or at least to hope, with Mr. Wyndham Lewis, that 'no revolutionary wars are necessary to deal with this: only a strong movement of instructed opinion'. Well, here is the instruction—and a shockingly luminous *exposé* of a very dark subject. Even those who cannot share all her enthusiasms and beliefs will not for a second doubt Miss Cunard's sincerity, courage (see page 198) and missionary fervour: her book is signed all over—in her articles, bangles, captions, footnotes—with a vivid and vital personality.

HUGH GORDON PORTEUS

Mr. Eliot's Heresy Hunt

After Strange Gods—A Primer of Modern Heresy
By T. S. Eliot. Faber. 3s. 6d.

IN THESE THREE LECTURES, delivered appropriately enough at the University of Virginia, Mr. T. S. Eliot comes forward as the defender of orthodoxy and tradition against the heresies of the modern man of letters: not his literary heresies, be it understood, but that lack of objective moral or spiritual standards which causes literature to transgress its proper limits and to become confused with religion or philosophy. The result of this state of things is that every successful man of letters tends to become the prophet or Messiah of the moment and imposes his personal view of life on his readers as a new gospel. And since his prestige rests on nothing but his personality and his literary powers, it is essentially fugitive and temporary and is entirely dependent on the changing tastes of the public. This situation is an uncomfortable one even for the favourite of the moment, and that is why our literary prophets are prophets of revolt against the existing order and why, like D. H. Lawrence, they struggle so desperately to escape from their own personalities and to achieve some contact with the powers that lie beneath the surface of life.

Unfortunately, as Mr. Eliot points out, these powers are not necessarily benign ones, and the free personality, released from the bonds of social tradition and moral obligation, is in danger of becoming the servant of dark and sinister forces. Hence, in Mr. Eliot's view, the vital need of our time is 'to concentrate, not to dissipate, to renew our association with traditional wisdom, to re-establish a vital connection between the individual and the race'. Here he is at one with Irving Babbitt and the American humanists and with Charles Maurras and the French traditionalists. But he admits that traditionalism and humanism are not enough. They must be reinforced by orthodoxy, that is to say by the strenuous adhesion of the individual mind and will to the truths that are absolute and eternal. It is the loss of this conception—a loss which he illustrates by a characteristic passage from Professor Macmurray's *Philosophy of Communism*—which is the cause both of the weakness and sentimentality of sheer traditionalism and of the anarchy and spiritual perversion of modernism.

These defects are, strictly speaking, religious defects, and the weakness of modern literature is a religious weakness. 'The chief clue to the understanding of most contemporary Anglo-Saxon literature is to be found in the decay of Protestantism'. That is to say, it is the result of the reaction from a religious tradition that had itself originated in a revolt and which had become progressively narrower and more impoverished. The attitude of such different men as Irving Babbitt and D. H. Lawrence towards Christianity was perhaps determined by the fact that they knew that religion only in a debased and uncultured form, and that is why each in his own way went 'after strange gods', the one to the remote ethical idealism of Confucius and the other further still to the barbarism of ancient Mexico—to gods as dark and bloodthirsty as those of which the Hebrew prophet wrote. Thus the revolt against tradition and orthodoxy does not bring man spiritual freedom. It merely deprives him of chart and rudder and compass and leaves him adrift in an unknown sea at the mercy of every wind that blows.

CHRISTOPHER DAWSON

Gentility in Wardour Street

For Filmgoers Only. Faber. 2s. 6d.

THIS LITTLE BOOK is a symposium of addresses on the art and social importance of the cinema, given last year under the auspices of the Y.W.C.A. The speakers were Mr. Andrew Buchanan, Miss Mary Field, Mr. Paul Rotha, Miss C. A. Lejeune and Mr. R. S. Lambert. The British Institute of Adult Education has acutely gathered their speeches together and given them this more permanent form. We have had books on the cinema by Lejeune, Rotha and Buchanan and oddments of criticism from the other writers before, but they gain from cumulative presentation. The domain of cinema is wide and many of its aspects are too difficult for one critical mind to cover with specialist attention. This mass attack on the subject gives the more various and more valuable picture.

In his foreword Mr. Lambert tells us that the book pursues a *via media* between the highbrow criticism of the more advanced film journals and the lowbrow film gossip of the popular newspapers. If anything, the book suffers from the avoidance of more difficult issues, which the popular nature of the audience and the original command to the lecturers to be popular, have imposed upon it. One doubts, for example, if it is possible adequately to analyse the propagandist importance of cinema, as Mr. Buchanan has done, without a deep and even difficult consideration of the political and economic bases of present day production; or the educational importance of cinema, as Miss Field has done, by a simple account of the information value of the film. The persuasive power of the cinema—the continuous crystallisation of the sentiments for good or evil—is the guide to its propagandist and educational strength alike, and a later book must give us a more solid account of the things cinema is persuading us to. Mr. Buchanan speaks of 'outworn customs, pernicious traditions and time-wasting relaxations' and makes a good and sensible beginning to the task. Miss Field, however, misses the mark by a full category. After mention of slow-motion and speeded-up and infra-red photography 'by which the camera will not only photograph easily in the dark, but in the fog as well', she tells us 'it is by photography of this kind that the film makes its most serious contribution to learning'. The proper reply is that cinema is shooting in the fog now, and is the very Prince of Darkness.

Mr. Lambert's chapter on 'Why we get the films we do' demonstrates better than any the dangers of the popular compromise. He tells us that the film 'gives a vicarious release to the repressed instincts'. He proceeds, with curious generosity, to identify this vicarious release with the catharsis of Aristotelian theory. He concludes, more generously still, in what amounts to a blessing of the entire business of sex and sensationalism. 'The sins of the film are the sins of omission rather than commission . . . The path of restriction leads nowhere'. This is the popular viewpoint with a vengeance, and I doubt if many of us will quite so happily and quite so carelessly leave the commercial outlook in undisputed possession. A continuous and unrelieved emphasis on the trivial, to put it no higher, may be a grave power for evil, and particularly in a time like ours. Nor is it certain whether one can ever separate the sins of omission so simply from the sins of commission. The one may be very much the other, and an accessory after the fact who harbours crooks is provided for by the law of the land. Another point: it is not enough to say that the 'passions and emotions which we would otherwise suppress find a natural outlet in cinema' and that cinema is the reasonable modern equivalent of 'the festivals, wakes, carousings, dancings and ceremonies' of human history. More careful psychologists would not take the same quick view regarding the evil of 'suppressing passions and emotions' and would certainly point out the possibility of making social appeals which transmuted them. They would indicate, too, the dangers of so frequent and so insistent an exploiting of only the crudest and most socially apathetic nostalgias.

I know the path of the critic is hard and that commercial interests are powerful, and I appreciate that the commercial interests must sometimes be placated. Generosity goes too far, however, when the blessing of the Wardour Street-Hollywood product becomes a general one. No sooner has Mr. Lambert done than Miss Lejeune goes by, like Pippa herself, to bless even the astuteness and ability of the film gossips. There be limits even in loyalty, for astute or able or no, it is a trifling pursuit to wallow year in year out among sevenpenny novelettes and hardly by a gesture, hardly by a line or an underlining, suggest that they

should be more. The abilities and the astuteries ought to have a prouder sense of themselves. These, however, are carping criticisms of a book which has good practical information and instruction (from Miss Lejeune, Miss Field and Mr. Buchanan) and one short historical account of cinema from Mr. Rotha which could not be better done. I envy him the precision of his distinctions between the different schools as I envy Miss Lejeune her rules for precision in criticism.

It has all along been obvious that the denouncers of cinema would be more profitably employed in practical organisation of better things and, as it happens, these particular writers represent in their different fields the most valuable constructive work in English cinema today: Buchanan with his 'Cinemazine', Lejeune with her creative column in *The Observer*, Rotha with his contribution to documentary, Lambert with his Film Institute and Mary Field with her 'Secrets of Nature', the finest films in English production. The larger job still stands to be tackled and it means a direct challenge of the Wardour Street article and of Wardour Street's narrow consideration of only the more insignificant common factors of popular want. But short of that, there is nothing like building up new audiences and new productions in the territories which commerce has not yet perverted. This book is a first and fine step in that ameliorative movement.

JOHN GRIERSON

Oxford on Buchman

Oxford and the Groups. Blackwell. 5s.

OXFORD AND THE GROUPS is a book whose interest is not confined to what it has to say in criticism of the movement from which it takes its title. Several of the essays—to mention only three, those of Mr. Morris, Mr. Auden and Father D'Arcy—treat their problems in a way which goes far beyond the immediate criticism of Buchmanism, and they deserve to be read even by those who have made up their own minds about the value of the Groups. The editor is to be praised for the comprehensiveness of his choice of subjects and authors. That comprehensiveness only adds to the overwhelming nature of the indictment laid against the Groups by critics who know how to be kind even to the point of generosity. All the contributors pay a tribute to what they severally hold to be good and valuable elements in the movement.

As a whole, the book is an interesting study in Oxford's tutorial method translated into book form. Given the Groups with their achievements, outlook and technique, an essay in spiritual adventure, here is a group of Dons subjecting the 'pupil' to a searching examination of his thesis, in all friendliness but yet with a certain ruthless expertness. If one were an adherent of the Groups one might be made angry. For if the accusation that they are anti-intellectual is sustained, they cannot get much fun out of being forced to think; being made to examine their assumptions; being shown that where they supposed themselves to be neutral they are sectarian, that where they supposed themselves to be appealing to mankind they are in reality appealing to the middle classes, and that where they believed themselves to be introducing a 'new world order' they are 'a serious obstacle to all organised social reform'.

In other words, the certainty with which the Groups address themselves to their task is a certainty which comes from not learning the lessons of history or from ignoring the experience of other similar enterprises, in short from not knowing enough or thinking enough. Of course, it is all very nicely done, but the pupil is sent from the assembled presence of the Dons with his intellectual tail more or less between his legs. It is a question whether the treatment will be very effective in this case, for the methods used are the patient reasoning methods of those who look to the gradual development of the pupil rather than to the immediate product of his labours. The Groups are at present concerned more with immediate than with long term achievements. Nor is reason today regarded so highly as it once was. Two essays, those of Mr. Allen and Professor Grensted, are written from the standpoint of the Groups. Mr. Allen gives an interesting account of the history of the movement, Professor Grensted is concerned more with its future. In neither case can it fairly be said that they meet the objections which they are called upon by their fellow-contributors to face, although Professor Grensted hints that a defence is there which only the limitations of his space prevent him from stating.

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Progressive v. Public School

Progressive Schools. By L. B. Pekin

Hogarth Press. 6s.

ALL SCHOOLS APPARENTLY fall for Mr. L. B. Pekin into two classes—the Public Schools (which he castigated in an earlier book and to which he returns in the first chapter of this) and Progressive Schools. The whole mass of state-aided schools, elementary, central, and secondary, which belong to neither category, are not mentioned. That extraordinary omission is typical of the author: he writes from his own experience and is not concerned with what goes on beyond it. Moreover, the two types are clear-cut 'and never the twain shall meet'; whereas in reality there are all sorts of intermediate states: and there is far more 'progress' in the public schools, and far more stagnation, due to doctrinaire obstinacy, in progressive schools, than the author cares to admit. But apart from these faults, the book is good. It is pleasantly and for the most part moderately written; it is obviously based on first-hand knowledge and completely sincere. It will no doubt help to convince those who need convincing that progressive (or 'advanced' or 'new') schools are not necessarily run by faddists for freaks, and that they do not invariably turn out atheists, vegetarians, communists, teetotallers, haters of cricket, free-lovers, pacifists, reformed dressers, aesthetes, anti-vivisectionists, and other offenders (these offences being all about equal) against the social code.

What, then, are the marks of the progressive school? There are first such criteria as co-education, on which Mr. Pekin lays tremendous stress—though he surely exaggerates in saying that 'life in a mixed school is exactly twice as rich as it is in those schools where boys and girls are carefully guarded from each other's company'; secondly, a sensible attitude towards dress and games; thirdly, a more balanced and less academic curriculum. These, however, are comparatively minor points: the real issue is joined over the question of Freedom. No word has loomed so large or cast such a fog of confused thinking over educational theory. By reaction from a rigid discipline, imposed from without, has come the no less mischievous doctrine that children should be left entirely free to develop on their own—the 'hands-off-the-child' dogma, as the writer describes it. His own position lies somewhere between the two extremes, but much nearer to the left than the right. The whole trouble, indeed, is to discover where to draw the line. Take punishment as an example. Mr. Pekin writes eloquently about brutal thrashings; but are we, as he suggests, to rule out punishment practically altogether? In practice one cannot; so that it is foolish to state a theory that misrepresents facts. Any sensible person will agree that the only real discipline is that which comes from within: the problem is how far children can reach self-control unaided. (Thus, public school boys evolved for themselves the puerile if harmless rules of dress that the author pours scorn upon.) Let the extremists turn back to their prophet, John Dewey: 'Nothing', he writes, 'can be developed from nothing; nothing but the crude can be developed from the crude—and this is what surely happens when we throw the child back upon his achieved self as a finality, and invite him to spin new truths of nature or of conduct out of that'. Incidentally, it is significant that the writer, in tracing the development of progressive schools in Germany from Abbotsholme through Hermann Lietz, mentions Wickersdorf but not Salem. Yet one can gladly accept Mr. Pekin's cardinal principle that 'the one fundamental thing in education is the right relationship of trust between grown-ups and children'. Perfect trust casts out not only the greater part of school punishment, but also that sham dignity of the teacher which is allied with hypocrisy; it stops 'probing into the souls of adolescents—a nasty habit but a very insidious one'; and it prevents favouritism, which consists in 'treating some pupil as a friend in a community where all friendship is suspect'. So, too, with his dictum, 'the aim of the school is, to put it quite simply, to free the child from its parents, to help it to face the first impact of the outside world and society at large'. This paradox will be found on reflection to contain the real value of 'freedom' in education. It may be added that readers who are repelled by pedagogic theory (as they well may be) will find the account (in the last chapter) of daily life in an actual school of great interest.

F. A. CAVENAGH

Poems of Yesterday

The Modern Muse. Oxford University Press. 5s.

THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION has published, through the Oxford University Press, a volume which, in the words of the dust-cover, 'has been compiled as a companion' to the two series of *Poems of Today* (1915 and 1922), also sponsored by the Association, differing from them by its inclusion of poems from the Colonies, Dominions, and United States. The sales of these two series were 350,000 and 132,000. There is every chance that, with the Association's hallmark on it, this present volume will sell equally well. (Why, therefore, we may ask, does the Association have to thank authors for 'waiving and reducing customary copyright fees'? Surely, if its aim is 'to promote the due recognition of English as an essential element in the national education', it owes the normal wage to those who are producing the raw material of English.)

The late Harold Monroe's collection, *Twentieth Century Poetry*, gave an excellent picture of poetry in the first thirty years of this century. It did not claim to be 'contemporary'. The present work is definitely less modern; and yet it claims to be (quoting from the Preface) a 'collection of contemporary poetry'; the dust-cover even asserts, 'poems of today'. Since it will be bought by members of the Association, here and overseas, and by English teachers who want to keep up-to-date, and since it is likely to be as widely used in schools as its predecessors, it is of considerable importance to see to what extent it fails to substantiate its claims. It is not a question of preference at all—many of the poems included are very good; it is simply a matter of accuracy of description. Good or bad, over half the English poems have no right to be called contemporary in 1934. The poems of James Elroy Flecker, Rupert Brooke, Edward Thomas, Francis Thompson, Alice Meynell, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, were contemporary once—but that was anything from sixteen to forty years ago. There are, of course, a few concessions to the title; such as two poems from Mr. Eliot ('Marina' and 'Song for Simeon') and three from the Sitwells (one each). But, in general, of those poets who can be truly called contemporary, few have been represented by contemporary work: e.g., Mr. Yeats is here, of course, but only with 'The Salley Gardens' (1889) and a handful of poems from before 1921, with not a hint of the recent magnificence of *The Tower* and *The Winding Stair*. But the oddest thing of all seems to be that in an anthology expressly intended as a companion to *Poems of Today*, aimed at precisely those people who bought *Poems of Today*, there should appear, out of a total of 124 British poems (including Irish), 29 that already appeared—twelve and nineteen years ago—in *Poems of Today*.

The best commentary on the omissions is provided by the Preface. The anthology is intended 'to exhibit the range and variety of poetry among contemporary writers of English throughout the world'. That, of course, is precisely what its function should be; not to push one particular school, or reflect one particular taste, but to show who are the poets writing now who do make some stir, whose poems are discussed and argued over, and who quite obviously are influencing the work of other poets today. We look for Mr. Auden, for Mr. Spender, for Mr. Day Lewis (who are, we believe, the only new English poets of the last five years whose work has called forth a demand for a second edition), and not one is there; further, we do not find any of the other young poets of *New Signatures*, or *The Criterion*, or *New Verse*. They cannot be omitted on grounds of 'strangeness' or 'oddity'; for, half apologetically, the Preface has warned us that in order 'to make the selection fully representative' it was necessary to include 'poems which are unusual in form, structure and subject-matter'. Nor can they be omitted because they deal with contemporary life; for we are assured that 'the Great War and its consequences have shaken the world from end to end. Such experiences could not fail to find expression in poetry'. It is not that the poets we have mentioned are necessarily better poets than Francis Thompson or Rupert Brooke; but that, whether you like it or not, they are quite demonstrably an active force and influence in English poetry today, and that Francis Thompson and Rupert Brooke are not. Their inclusion would not necessarily make this a better collection of poems; but would make it fulfil its declared purpose more honestly.

There is one important reservation to be made. The American poems—collected by John Gould Fletcher—do give, on the whole, an accurate and representative picture of what is active in American poetry. This may be partly connected with the fact that the average age of the American writers represented is about 48, while that of the British is about 58; or that the mortality among the American authors is considerably lower than that of the British—22 British out of 71 are dead, and only 4 Americans out of 24. Certainly this section shows—as for English poetry Mrs. Harold Monroe's *Recent Poetry* anthology has lately shown—that 'the range and variety of poetry among contemporary writers' can be demonstrated without recourse to the literary body-snatching practised by *The Modern Muse*.

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Is Music in Decline?

Music Ho. By Constant Lambert. Faber. 10s. 6d.

Reviewed by M. D. CALVOCORESSI

THE author being primarily a composer and a conductor, it was natural to expect that this survey of contemporary music would deal with the subject from the inside and not the outside, express the feelings of a participator rather than those of a spectator; but also, that this would be done from a more or less exclusively personal angle. A composer must have strong preferences, an uncompromising creed and outlook of his own, rather than the impartiality and adaptability which are, in theory, the essential requirements of the ideal historian or critic. It is interesting to note that none of the idiosyncrasies of Mr. Lambert the composer and music-lover (the two are not necessarily concomitant) are allowed to rule the roost in this thought-compelling book of his. Those who know him are aware of his extreme sensitiveness to points of craft and imagination, to beauties of idiom and treatment, and will appreciate the discipline which has dissuaded him from overpraising everything that appeals to his musical sense, and probably led him to give credit to a good deal of music for which, personally, he has little use.

He is out to see music against its social background, in relation to the landscape, social life, and political circumstances in which it comes into being; and he succeeds in doing so far better than any other writer on modern developments has done. 'The recent invention by critics of a hitherto unknown art described as "pure music" has resulted', he tells us, 'in the criticism of music becoming more and more detached from life, composers being treated as though they produced patterns of notes in a spiritual vacuum. . . For every technical argument for or against a method of composing, there is at least one social argument; and the social argument is often the more far-reaching and convincing'. And so, he is able to come to conclusions such as the following, which are thoroughly representative of his method:

The spiritual foundation of 'Boris Godounov' was the spiritual foundation of Mussorgsky's Russia, and that is why every scene has such extraordinary realistic force apart from its purely musical value, but the spiritual background of a modern people's opera like Vaughan Williams' 'Hugh the Drover' is something which no longer exists and which nothing will bring back, and the work in consequence fails to move us in a detached nostalgic way . . .

Mozart represents the aristocratic internationalism of the eighteenth century, Wagner the passionate individualism of the romantic movement, Mussorgsky the equally passionate democratic nationalism of the nineteenth century. The people who, in effect, say to the modern composer: 'Why don't you stop making those beastly noises, and write lovely tunes like those in "Figaro", "Tristan" and "Boris"?' may not realise that modern composers . . . are totally lacking in the artistic faith, conscious or unconscious, that those phases of thought provided.

Music, he remarks, has an odd way of reflecting the actual physical conditions of an age. Hindemith's, for instance, faithfully embodies the drabness of modern urban life. It is too often forgotten that most of the works considered as typically revolutionary today—Schönberg's 'Erwartung' and 'Pierrot Lunaire' and Stravinsky's 'Sacre' among others—were written long before the War. The tendency of the moment is not towards experiment, but towards pasticcio. With the break-up of traditional Teutonic technique by the revolutionists of yesterday, experiments had been carried on so recklessly that music reached the utmost limit of possible complication. Nothing but pasticcio seemed to remain possible. Stravinsky, after 'Noces', progressed by a series of reactions. The moment came when he proclaimed that *toute réaction est vraie*; and he achieved 'the final triumph of creating a fashion for boredom'. The modern champions of abstraction mistake the restraint of the classics for deliberate frigidity, and forget that 'the only classical music that is abstract is bad classical music'.

The internationalism of eighteenth-century music was but relative at best, and accidental. The music of the early periods had a definitely national tang, that of the eighteenth itself was mainly Italian in style, that of the nineteenth mainly German until other influences gained the upper hand; and 'the twentieth-century dance-music, which provides the most genuinely

international style of today, is international only at the cost of submission to America'. We could never revert to an internationalism comparable to that of the eighteenth-century style such as it was, because the physical and mental background is different.

Nineteenth-century nationalism brought about the break-up of German tradition and gave us a few masterpieces (the greatest, Mr. Lambert unhesitatingly declares, are 'Boris Godounov', Borodin's 'Prince Igor', and Balakiref's 'Tamara'), but provided no basis for a new tradition. Nor did the cult of the exotic, its almost automatic counterpart, from which to the exploitation of picturesque 'low-life themes' such as apache or gangster life, café tunes and negro bands there is but one step.

Jazz, as now current, 'marks the popularisation of that well-known modern vice, the inferiority complex'. Whether 'hot' or 'sweet', it embodies desperate attempts to hide an underlying boredom and malaise. It is essentially a cosmopolitan, sophisticated product, 'the application of the negro temperament to an alien tradition and an acquired language'. Alone the works of Duke Ellington are real music, imaginative and shapely. They set a standard by which we may judge the music by American or European composers who indulge in what is called symphonic jazz. Jazz might provide more stimulating and fruitful materials than the cult of the neo-classic and exotic and of folk song. It is technically more plastic. Milhaud, Weill, Copeland, Walton and others have put these elements to good use.

Let us pause awhile and ask ourselves if, then, those of us who are constitutionally incapable of developing a liking for, or even an interest in, those jazz elements are to acknowledge, on the strength of Mr. Lambert's arguments, that they are turning a deaf ear to the one vitalising force in the music of today. Fortunately, the author has no sooner perturbed our minds with the suggestion than he proceeds to reassure us. There are a few composers who have found spiritual freedom in higher regions: Sibelius, 'the first great composer since Beethoven whose mind thinks naturally in terms of symphonic forms'; Busoni; and Bernard Van Dieren, 'whose attitude towards harmony is more indicative of future development than new-fangled note-clusters or quarter-tones'. Bartók's second Piano Concerto and Schönberg's Orchestral Variations 'represent an approach to the spirit of integration and artistic completeness characterising Sibelius' music'. Walton's Viola Concerto, too, is 'a finished and well-balanced work of art'. 'The composer of the future', Mr. Lambert concludes,

will draw more inspiration from the solitary figures of present-day music than from the various pettymovements which spring up every five years. For, if their work is to have any but ephemeral value, they will be solitary figures themselves. The artist who is one of a group writes for that group alone, whereas the artist who expresses personal experiences may in the end reach universal experience.

The above quotations will have shown that if Mr. Lambert is chary of parading his preferences, he is resolute enough when it comes to proclaiming convictions which are as much a matter of judgment as of taste or even intuition—for instance, when he declares that 'Boris Godounov' (in Mussorgsky's original, not in Rimsky-Korsakov's distorted version) is one of the highest peaks in music, alongside with 'Figaro' and 'Tristan'; that Balakiref's 'Tamara' is the greatest thing in national Russian orchestral music, and 'a far more closely knit and convincing piece of construction than any of Brahms' symphonies'; and that Debussy's masterpiece is not 'l'Après midi d'un Faune' or the 'Nocturnes', but 'Iberia'. Again, his enthusiastic praise of Van Dieren is in startling contrast with the scandalous indifference shown to this composer's music by most writers and practically all concert-givers.

I have restricted myself to showing the trend of the book without attempting to discuss it—which could not be done with any approximation to fairness except at great length: for even when one does not agree with Mr. Lambert, one feels that the points he makes are worthy of careful consideration.

Background to Shakespeare

A Companion to Shakespeare Studies. Edited by
Harley Granville Barker and G. B. Harrison
Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.

LIKE THE PLAYER-QUEEN in 'Hamlet' publishers are apt to protest too much. Surprise comes with the claim made on the blurb of this noteworthy manual to the effect that 'the editors have produced a book, and not an assemblage of discourses', seeing that the contents are by no means well articulated. Beyond an amiable conspiracy on the part of sixteen scholars of distinction to afford aid and comfort to Elizabethan students in general and Shakespeare lovers in particular there is no unity of aim. What we are really proffered is a well-informed miscellany which, in the variety of its appeal and the ready response it makes to a multiplicity of demands, is likely to prove of better service than a homogeneous work of more limited scope. One feat it performs more comprehensively than has ever been done before. Its salient accomplishment lies in the six studies contributed by Professor C. J. Sisson, Mr. Granville Barker, Dr. G. B. Harrison, Miss G. D. Willcock, Miss M. St. Clare Byrne and Mr. Bonamy Dobrée, which, taken conjunctively, piece together a perspicuous mosaic of the Elizabethan Scene. It is true that no synthesis, however able, can limn for us the personal characteristics of the man Shakespeare, but it is possible by steeping oneself in the Elizabethan atmosphere to make a rational estimate of his work, and particularly to determine what influences were paramount in the moulding of his genius. Fruitful already as has been the informed missionary spirit and persuasive eloquence of Mr. Granville Barker, nothing he has achieved possesses quite the importance of his overwhelming assault in the persisting Johnson-Lamb dogma, that noxious, paralysing fallacy which maintains that Shakespeare inevitably loses virtue in the representation. (Tragedy could never have been credited with the quality of purging the emotions, if the emotions implicit in it had never been aroused by declamation in full assembly.) Mr. Barker clarifies the muddled waters by showing that the plays of Shakespeare diminish in potency only when crushed into a mould for which they were not intended, and that, conversely, their appeal is accentuated when they are represented under conditions which make fair approximation to the conditions under which they were originally acted. What exactly were the distinguishing characteristics of the permanently-backgrounded Elizabethan stage, how they were arrived at, and what were the conventions they gave rise to is succinctly depicted by Professor Sisson in his paper on 'The Theatre and the Companies'. Here, one has but one mild criticism to offer. So far as there has been evolution, we know that the modern English theatre derives, not from the open theatres of Shakespeare's day, but from the synchronous small select enclosed theatres, known of old by the misleading term 'private'. Such, therefore, is the historical interest in the private theatre that it is vital its genesis should be correctly determined. Following earlier authorities, Professor Sisson states that Farrant's Blackfriars was the first house of this particular order, ignoring the fact that the recent researches of Professor H. N. Hillebrand of America clearly show that that distinction fell to Westcott's Paul's.

Though his unparalleled universality proved him to be not of an age but for all time, Shakespeare had no thoughts of after-fame: his apparently boastful claim in the Sonnets is merely the conventional attitude of the Elizabethan sonneteer; and, though he pleased himself in writing his poems, as dramatist he was purely a time-server. One finds his environment in his middle period deftly stippled in by Dr. Harrison in his vivid picture of 'The National Background', though there are occasions when one jibs at the conclusions. There is unjustified traversing of Lytton Strachey's advancement of the paradoxical nature of the Elizabethan mind. We are told here that the mistake is in judging from exceptional instances, and that, once an average is struck and the common man taken into consideration, 'it will be seen that the character of the Englishman has changed very little in essentials'. But what Englishman today, gentle or simple, could gain equal enjoyment from the brutalities of the bear-garden (if we had any such institution) and the sublimities of Shakespearean declamation? If a sea-change has not come over us, it is difficult to understand how the insensate gabbling of our poetic heritage meets with acceptance in our theatres. It may be that the Elizabethan's delight in sententious oratory, his delicate

appreciation of the colour and magic and melody of words—even that proneness to word-twisting to which Shakespeare himself was given—sprung from the fact that England had suddenly grown language-conscious, that our tongue, despised and untaught as it was in the schools, was in process of re-creation. Never before or since was germination so widespread. It is one of the glories of Shakespeare that he added a greater number of serviceable words to our language than any other man. On this score Miss G. D. Willcock in her paper on 'Shakespeare and Elizabethan English' has much to say that is of absorbing interest. Of no less importance is Miss St. Clare Byrne's able conspectus of 'The Social Background', and that in spite of the fact that now and again she is apt to consider too curiously. Miss Byrne maintains (what I myself alone have previously striven to enforce) that Shakespeare's anachronisms were intentional, part of his scheme to tell old romance in terms of contemporaneity for the better understanding of the illiterate. Nothing could be more penetrative than her reflection that 'Shakespeare does not handle time and place directly; he translates them into terms of emotional atmosphere'; but this conclusion should have given her pause when she found herself tempted to apply her full knowledge of court ceremonial to Shakespeare's plays and to marvel that he made so little use of it. Apart from the fact that the Elizabethans were evidently at one with Charles Lamb in the belief that on the stage elaborate ritual was non-essential, there were many things in Elizabethan days which, owing to the necessity to save time, had to be suggested rather than realised. There are certainly indications that realism of the sort was looked upon as undesirable. Courtly ceremonial was meticulously followed, possibly for the first time, in 1613, when 'Henry VIII' was produced, and we find Sir Henry Wotton, in his letter describing the burning down of the Globe Theatre, stating that the play 'was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage; the Knights of the Order with their Georges and garters, the Guards with their embroidered coats, and the like', adding significantly, 'sufficient in truth within a while to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous'.

Finally, it needs to be said that Mr. Bonamy Dobrée's erudite study of 'Shakespeare and the Drama of his Time' comes as an admirable corrective of the old romantic conception that the supreme poet was an unrelated phenomenon. It is important to note that Mr. Dobrée has arrived independently at the conclusion that Shakespeare was influenced for a time by the vogue of Jonson's Humour plays, viewing the fact that Mr. J. Isaacs, in the second part of the section on Shakespearean Criticism, cites a passage from Coleridge setting forward that Shakespeare's method of creating a character was 'by conceiving any one intellectual or moral faculty in morbid excess and then placing himself, thus mutilated and diseased, under given circumstances'. This, surely, was very much Jonson's method. When two fine intellects arrive at a conclusion independently, the mere iteration goes far towards establishing its validity. Enough perhaps has been said to indicate the excellence of this manual, but one cannot refrain from adding that its importance extends even to the very appendices. Therein is a 'Comparative Table of the Age and Dramatic Activity of Shakespeare and his Contemporaries', a highly successful embodiment of a wholly new idea.

W. J. LAWRENCE

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tribute to his art that he has succeeded so well in preserving the directness, the intimacy and the warmth of the President's expression. As Čapek says in his Foreword to the Czech edition: 'It is our privilege to learn to know our great contemporaries. The better our knowledge of men the better is our knowledge of life, but to learn to know men whose life and work have been crowned with supreme fulfilment is in itself more than a document or a romance, it is truly an example'.

As we read this book we see unfolding before our eyes one of the most astonishing careers of modern times. We also see something which is perhaps more interesting and more important, the moulding and gradual development and growth of a truly remarkable man, the shaping of a noble character. From a peasant hut in Moravian Slovakia a youth went forth into the great world seventy years ago, a youth animated by an insatiable thirst for knowledge, deep religious feeling coupled with a thorough grasp of the facts and realities of life and inspired by a deep-rooted sense of right and justice. From a blacksmith's apprentice the youth became a student, then a Professor of Philosophy, a writer, a member of the Austrian Parliament, and finally a great leader of his nation in its struggle for emancipation and liberty. It is pathetic and amusing to read how the fearless fighter, the defender of so many unpopular lost causes, confesses that he has mostly been drawn into conflicts and battles against his own inclination, but his honesty and deep sense of justice would not allow him to sit quiet and inactive when difficult issues had to be faced.

How he loves his people! He was drawn into politics mostly by his desire to improve the moral standard of their public life. 'I based nationality and statehood on morality, and for that reason I came in conflict not only with political parties but also with the narrow circle of well-known men who placed so-called nationalism above everything, and regarded it as the motive force of all individual and social life'. His earnestness of purpose is shown by his story how, under the influence of Jesuit literature, as a young boy he became such an ardent Catholic that he converted to Catholicism the wife of the blacksmith to whom he was apprenticed. Independent thinking and a deep religious sense brought him a few years later to refuse to go to confession: 'I would not let myself be persuaded. I disliked all formalism . . . I was tormented by the everyday practice: today my sin is absolved and tomorrow I shall begin to sin again'.

All through the book one is particularly struck by its astonishing frankness and truly grand simplicity. Every page is packed with wisdom. In a charming, unassuming way Masaryk expounds his ideas on education, public affairs, sex life; on Greece and Rome, different philosophies and many other subjects; and many of his ideas he has tried to put into practice during his long life. 'Everything' he says betrays the great spirit full of understanding, the keen intelligence of this wise old man. We are told how, while fighting against the empty pan-Slav slogans of many of his contemporaries, he became an authority on Russia, of his encounters with L. N. Tolstoy, whom he visited several times to discuss Tolstoy's philosophy of non-resistance. Needless to say, Masaryk could never accept that doctrine. His knowledge of Russia served him in good stead during the War and explains why he never believed in the 'Russian steam-roller'.

On one occasion his talk with Čapek had to be interrupted as the President had to go and hear the daily report. He said: 'Do you know, from the time I was a blacksmith's apprentice in Čejč I have never stopped working. When I was made President, the German philosopher, Fritz Mauthner, came to visit me: he wanted, he said, to see what a happy man looks like! Happy? Why not? But if I had gone on as a blacksmith at Čejč I might have been just as happy. The great thing is to have a life rich in happenings and inner development—and in that respect I can be satisfied'. Then, again, on a later occasion he says: 'My personal satisfaction, if I may call it so, lies deeper, for, as the head of the State, I relinquish nothing that I believed in and loved as a penniless student, a carping critic, a reforming politician; occupying a position of power, I do not seek for myself any other moral law or relationship to my fellow men, to the nation, and the world than those which guided me before'. A man who can speak thus of himself can certainly look back with satisfaction on his life.

The translation is very good, but a footnote here and there, explaining to the English reader who some of the people mentioned are, would have been useful.

J. V. HYKA

A Rod and Staff for Poetry

Poetry: Direct and Oblique. By E. M. W. Tillyard
Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d.

IF THE EVIDENCE of an increasing amount of work on poetics counts for anything, serious interest in poetry is making some headway among the public; and the persistent efforts of Eliot, Richards, Leavis, Roberts, and others to preserve the art from extinction, and argue its right to exist as a necessity to our changing modern life, would appear to catch an ever-widening attention. And now comes Dr. Tillyard's arresting contribution to the diagnostics of poetry, demanding thought, reasoned agreement, and dissent; for it is certainly controversial to the point where the more cautious reader may hesitate to accept certain assumptions. But it will recommend itself immediately for the honest limpidity of exposition, a virtue that invariably refreshes us when we approach the well-head of Dr. Tillyard's criticism.

The main 'plot' is based on the presence of two predominant elements in the poetic statement:—directness, and obliquity: a postulate which is easy to accept. But there is an obvious peril of the thing being considered as a dichotomy into the only two possible kinds of poetry. The author, aware of this at an early stage, warns us that 'all poetry is more or less oblique: there is no direct poetry'. True; but is he actually remembering this throughout the story? Is he doing so when he so indignantly condemns the direct statement that 'masquerades', in a poem, as obliquity—'much modern verse is of that *evil* kind, disguised statement' (page 266; my italics)? It looks to the unlearned reviewer almost as though he had, forgetting for the moment his own *caveat*, set up the two elements as exclusive categories into one of which poetry *must* fall, if it is to be good; and if it does not fall cleanly into either, it is bad. Further, there is the danger of forgetting, in the heat of discussion, that directness and obliquity are merely vehicles and not ends. There is no apparent reason why great poems should not be written by means of either, or one masquerading as the other: there is nothing wrong about a masquerade. Nor can one feel that ultimately it makes much difference which form is chosen. What is much more important is whether a poem is organic or inorganic—whether the statement or obliquity has become so imbued with living art that, 'if you scratch it, it bleeds'. This question need not have anything to do with that of 'disguised statement', but Dr. Tillyard (page 133) evidently thinks that it has. To confuse the two is almost to confuse the train with the railway station: to be 'organic' is to achieve Parnassus; to be oblique, direct, or disguised, is to use a mode of progressing thither. The modes of poetry were formerly, perhaps, too much in the limelight, and that may be why some modern critical schools rather sternly look past them, to judge from a recent statement in *Scrutiny* to the effect that satire must be considered as poetry that happens to be satirical. This is a drastic corrective to the older view; and Dr. Tillyard's examination of the 'ways of getting there' provides a useful counter-corrective, suggesting (consciously one may believe) that, rather than the general abstract 'Poetry', there are different sorts of poems, and that distinguishing marks encountered in these poems have their own, generally unsuspected, significance.

Dr. Tillyard deals most ingeniously with alarming assumptions, rushing us past them before we have time to take notice. 'The baroque rhetoric of the metaphysicals', we read, and find ourselves dragooned into assuming (a) that *all* the Metaphysicals, whether Herbert or Crashaw, employed baroque rhetoric; and (b) that baroque is not far removed from a secret vice. Again, we are to assume (page 148) that a poet is an oyster to whom inspiration or theme, like the sand-nucleus of the pearl, just arrives: and that it is wicked deliberately to choose a 'great' theme. But it need not follow that because Arnold chose deliberately and then wrote 'Merope', that all poets, choosing similarly, would write bogus poems. This dismay at intellectual choice is regrettable, if only because it awakes unkind suspicions that Dr. Tillyard may lean towards the Platonic heresy that a poet does not sing by art but by divine power.

A certain Puritanism about the æsthetic of the book, supported by the full power of its writer's scholarship—formidable as ever—constitutes a challenge that is not to be ignored: it is well for students of poetry that Dr. Tillyard wrote at this juncture, and in this manner.

SHERARD VINES

Health in Russia

Red Medicine. By Sir Arthur Newsholme and J. A. Kingsbury. Heinemann, 10s. 6d.

IN THE THREE HUNDRED PAGES of this book are given not only a thorough analysis, from wide reading and observations, made during a visit extending over more than six weeks and covering 6,000 miles of travel, of the present position of medical and health matters under the Soviets, but also many enlightening particulars and comments on the general conditions of life in Russia. From the point of view of an impartial student of Russian affairs it has the great merit that it is written by competent and specialist investigators, and bears ample evidence of a too rare objective and dispassionate approach to the subject.

The complete index indicates clearly the importance attached by the authors to the various phases of the subject, and confirms their record of the broad view of medicine taken in the new regime. Not only maternity and child welfare clinics and hospitals, but housing, abortion, industrial conditions, medical training and vital statistics are the concern of the central and local soviets which control and direct the health services. The references to preventive medicine—rather a contradiction in terms—emphasise the new outlook of the medical profession in Russia today. Planning for health and its maintenance in the stress of industrial life play at least as important a part as does medical and surgical treatment. Every factory has a health section as complete as the productive section, and a proportioned utilisation of even meagre resources as between them has become the rule.

Leaving the very interesting general references for those of medical interest, one finds impartial information about legalised abortion, the wide use of sanatoria and rest-homes, the attempt to train as quickly as possible the great numbers of doctors and nurses needed to staff these big schemes, and about the relationship between state and private medical practice. Reliable evidence is adduced that, while quality may leave something to be desired, the great mass of the people are by way of having for the first time access to a comprehensive and gratis medical service. A definite opinion is given on the vexed question of the necessity of competition and financial gain to secure faithful and competent service, and after a reference to conditions in other countries where security prevails and good services are rendered, it is stated that no evidence was found that a general absence of these motives leads to any loss of keenness or efficiency. The doctor ranks among the workers, with a status below that of an engineer of the same experience, and has limited hours of work. He is saved from the temptation, which occurs where there is a shortage of personnel, to do hasty and inferior work, and he is free to tackle malingering without fear of reprisals. A great advantage is the period of three months' obligatory post-graduate study every three years.

It becomes clear that complete state control of the medical services, with planning of the resources available for a definite object, leads to much greater attention being given to prophylaxis than is the case in other countries. Fewer doctors are engaged solely or mostly in treatment, and more effort and resources are expended in averting much avoidable illness that otherwise occupies the doctor's attention. What might be termed enlightened self-interest on the part of the state makes the administration willing, if only to secure efficiency in the carrying-out of the vast industrial undertakings of the successive five-year plans, to plan as comprehensively and resourcefully for health as for industry and education. In effect medical practice has become more institutionalised, and it is claimed that in the towns, where they are now available, practically 100 per cent. of births take place in maternity hospitals. Here the regime is much less formal than that to which we are accustomed, and there seems to be little reluctance on the part of the mothers to enter them. It is claimed, with statistical evidence, that not only has the maternal mortality been relatively reduced, but that it is now lower in the towns than in England! Insistent propaganda against alcohol, and organised efforts to deal with the problems of tuberculosis and venereal disease, are increasingly effective in reducing suffering and industrial inefficiency.

The book retains a fair balance in comparisons between conditions prevailing in Russia and those of other and more developed countries. Much anti-Soviet criticism is futile because it fails to take account of the backwardness of the people and the pooriness of medical and educational provision in Czarist

times, and also of the devastating disorganisation of all the material and social resources of Russia at the time of the counter-revolution from 1917 to 1920, only after which could any planning for social and industrial reconstruction be begun. An analogy is drawn between a socialised medical service and a state educational system like ours, and this rather suggests that under the Soviets there is being developed a *health culture* (but not a cult!) of a constructive and preventive character, in place of the rather patchy and wasteful, because unplanned and uncontrolled, *medical service* which prevails here. This applies also to social insurance, to which enlightening reference is made. Doubtless any doctor who reads this book will be led to ponder the subject of a state medical service, to which we appear to be travelling fairly rapidly, with its various advantages and possibilities, and the extent to which Soviet plans and experience may be utilised in its development.

With the background of a brief but intensive study of medicine in Petrograd and Moscow at about the same time as the authors of *Red Medicine*, I find no statement of fact or opinion to which I can take exception. On the general issue I feel that their conclusion, 'What Russia has accomplished in its courageously original schemes for the health and social well-being of its people constitutes a challenge to other countries', should lead an increasing number of our people to seek fuller knowledge of the greatest social experiment of history.

JOSEPH ROBINSON

The Modern Platonist

Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson. By E. M. Forster Arnold, 10s. 6d.

HAD I BEEN ASKED after Lowes Dickinson's death whether his Life should be written I think I should pretty certainly have said no. The quality I saw in Dickinson which seemed to permeate his life was so rare, so elusive, so spiritually delicate that I could not imagine even any close friend of his being able by pen and paper to reproduce a personality of such an intangible composition. But Mr. Forster has done what I should have conceived to be impossible, done it with penetrating sympathy, with the restraint which Goldie himself valued so highly, with a charming intimacy and without a single jarring note. Successful careers punctuated by appointments, positions and promotions give a biographer a fairly easy framework on which to work. But with Lowes Dickinson there was little material of that sort, and Mr. Forster set himself the far more difficult task of telling the story of a contemplative mind, of tracing the stages of intellectual development and the evolution of the ideas which led to action. One can well imagine in some cases that this kind of analysis of character might be dry and difficult to read. But the subject of this biography made the introduction of any note of dryness or pedantry out of the question. Profound as his philosophic reflections were, and excellent as his equipment in scholarship was, Dickinson, whether in the company of dons, of undergraduates or of soldiers, gained immediate sympathy by his simple humanity and his wonderful capacity to understand. Mr. Forster traces the development of his ideas, his academic career, his success as a lecturer and broadcaster, and the publication of his writings, and as a supplement he gives an interesting collection of his letters. But it is where he pauses from time to time to summarise Dickinson's method, character and personality that he shows his remarkable capacity for not only accurate but brilliant portraiture. A good likeness may often be ill-drawn. A fine picture may lack resemblance. Mr. Forster has managed to combine the two. A few instances must be given:

His voice and his expression are not easily conveyed because they were not dramatic, it was no mission of his to vibrate with emotion, or to point out the choice before us with his forefinger, or to stamp on international anarchy with his foot. He left such achievements to orators. What did come across was a modulation in the tones and a light upon the face, which showed that the whole man was alive and was working at a distance to bring help.

His hatred of crowd-psychology was so great that he could scarcely bear to discuss it, much less to utilise it; in fact it was too great and limited his utility; when two or three hundred were gathered together, he felt sure it was in the name of the devil.

(He once said to me that when he spoke he greatly objected to loud applause. It made him miserable. He felt he had stooped.)

(He) kept in touch in his own fashion with the world, but he could

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never slap it on the back or stand it a drink. And he loathed its brutality and bullying—with them there could be no compromise; his objection to rowdiness was not its noise but its inability to flourish without a victim.

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Mr. Forster has succeeded in giving his friend a memorial which is not only fully worthy of him, but which may succeed in extending still further the influence Dickinson exercised while he was alive—an influence largely perhaps unseen which has 'left us more alert for what has not yet been experienced and more hopeful about other men because he had lived'.

PONSONBY

The Master Craftsman

Engravings, 1928-1933. By Eric Gill. Faber. 63s.

AMONG THE MOST INTERESTING of contemporary British artists is Mr. Eric Gill, whose sculptures adorn the vestibule and the exterior of Broadcasting House. Inspired by wind and wave, by the rhythm, audible or visible, of music and the dance, their function is to remind the wayfarer, if he do but lift his eyes from the pavement and his thoughts from the headlines and the posters, of the magic of air and ether as divined by the creator of Prospero and Ariel and now admitted to every house, as a matter of course, by the beneficent agency of the wireless.

The same superb craftsmanship that distinguishes Mr. Gill's achievements as a sculptor in stone and a designer and executant of lettering in a monumental style worthy of the ancient Romans is displayed on a smaller scale when he engraves wood blocks, or more rarely copper plates, for the decoration and illustration of books or the production of separate prints. Opinions may differ about their merits as designs: 'Some critics', Mr. Gill himself now tells us, 'have said that my engravings are cold and unemotional, lacking in the warmth of human affection'. He has his own very proper answer to this criticism, which it would never have occurred to the critic who signs this article to make. There can hardly be critics, I should imagine, who



The Lion of St. Mark, from *The Four Gospels*

would go so far as to dispute the excellence of their craftsmanship. Mr. Gill works within very definite self-imposed limitations. His use of hatching, for example, is rudimentary. Many of the accomplishments of the modern wood-engraver, for instance the astonishing range of 'colour', in *nuances* of grey between the black and the white, that is at the command of Mr. Blair Hughes-Stanton, another remarkable technician of modern British wood-engraving, are neglected, or more probably avoided of set purpose, by this austere craftsman. He alternates between black line on white (which predominates in his work) and white line on black, but it is rather rare to find him breaking up black surfaces, as he does on pages 60-63 of this volume (pages 2-3 are their less elaborate precursors) by dots and flicks of white and detaching the main outlines of the forms from their background by a narrow interval of white, firmly bounded at one edge, broken and serrated at the other, which has the effect of investing each black figure with a quivering, supernatural or phosphorescent halo. That is the nearest approach that he makes to the modern complications and refinements to which I have alluded, and what these prints suggest, rather than anything modern, is the fifteenth-century technique known as *la manière criblée*, minus the actual dots. Mr. Gill is unconsciously, if not consciously, archaic in almost all of his engravings. Their most striking characteristic, however, is the perfection of the long flowing lines with which the contours are expressed. The actual engraving of these lines, as well as their design, is masterly. A superb example is the Lion of St. Mark from the *Four Gospels* (Golden Cockerel Press), which also exemplifies Mr. Gill's tact in arriving at a just proportion between black and white. The emblem of St. Luke from the same series is another magnificent design, of a monumental dignity that reminds us of Romanesque sculpture. The other engravings for the *Four Gospels*, one of the masterpieces of modern printing, are most remarkable for the originality and skill of the combination of figures, not with letters only but with entire words, such as the 'And' on page 86 or page 90, or 'There' on page 85.

It is a necessary consequence of the period to which the contents of this volume are confined (1928-1933), that the illustrations of the Golden Cockerel Press books form a large proportion of its contents. It may be hinted that of the Chaucer borders perhaps a smaller selection would have sufficed. There is a certain monotony in the conventional foliage of which they largely consist.

This book is a sequel to the earlier volume, *Engravings* by Eric Gill, published by Douglas Cleverdon, Bristol, in 1929, which contained a complete chronological list of Gill's work to the end of 1927 with impressions from a large number of the original blocks or plates. The new volume is also liberally illustrated with 102 examples, and contains, like its predecessor, a preface written by the artist, while the chronological list is carried on from No. 215 to No. 543 with brief indications of the purpose for which each engraving was produced. It is indispensable to collectors of books illustrated by Mr. Eric Gill or of his separate prints.

CAMPBELL DODGSON



The Burial of Christ—chapter-heading from *The Four Gospels*

Illustrations from 'Engravings, 1928-1933', by Eric Gill

The Story of Rome

Twelve Centuries of Rome. By G. P. Baker Bell. 16s.

THE HISTORICAL NOVEL can be justified on several grounds. It is frank invention, no one takes it for literal truth, and it may stimulate an interest in genuine history. But the tendentious productions so popular in recent years, ranging from the feline pleasures of Lytton Strachey to the pompous fabrications of the Third Reich, however amusing they may be, are a perversion. From one motive or another, they distort, and aim at making the distortion pass for truth. Mr. Baker's book is differentiated from these, and from the works of those historians who find it easier to guess at facts and causes than to investigate them, by his adherence to the principle that 'the object of historical study is to demonstrate a certainty, or failing that a probability'.

It would need a more than human novelist to invent anything like the story of Rome, from its beginnings with the little group of tribesmen on the Cermal hill, to dominion of Italy and then of the world, a dominion not of force only but also by a code of law which still underlies most modern systems; from thatched huts to those two unimaginable cities of the earlier and later emperors; a story packed with thrilling incidents and dramatic situations. No fiction could stand against it. So that Mr. Baker's rectitude gives him a strong handicap, of which he makes good use. By holding firmly to the main thread of the story, by taking, without dogma, a clear course, and by dealing with persons rather than with institutions, he has avoided the danger, inherent in the compression of twelve centuries in a six hundred pages, of producing an ancient 1066 and *All That*; and although his style sometimes comes perilously near the bright colloquial manner now commonly supposed to be the only method of making simple facts palatable to a public spoon-fed on fancy biographies, its somewhat considered humour is often touched by wit, and a certain acid directness keeps it from cloying. The authors' imagination is keen, but controlled. This is well seen in his treatment of early legends—the emphasis is on essential facts and the decorations are given for what they are worth, with the reasonable assumption that they are usually true in substance if not to the letter. For example, Romulus. A lively imaginative description, with which the book opens, of a man ploughing the boundaries of the earliest Rome, and of his thoughts while doing so, finishes with the objective 'Some man certainly guided the plough round Roma Quadrata. The Romans called him Romulus'; and the rest of the legend follows.

The history of the Republic is given in some detail, and that of the Empire seems perhaps a little sketchy by comparison. How the machine evolved is shown, not how it worked when complete—if it was a machine, if it was ever complete. The organisation of the Empire has hardly a mention; there is nothing on corn-supply or water-supply and the great engineering works which they called into being; architecture and the other arts, including literature, win something under a page of incidental mention; there is much on battles, little on frontiers; and there is surprisingly little on religion of any kind, whether it be those dim but appealing early thoughts, or Christianity, or Mithraism. Casual mentions where they come to the surface and affect events obviously—the persecutions under Nero, the Syrian antics of Elagabalus, Constantine's change of faith—otherwise nothing of the ferment below the surface. In short, the demands of narrative are dominant, and the title has a closer meaning than one thought at first; what happened is described, not what was attained; events rather than thoughts. Yet it is hardly fair to complain that an author does not go outside his title, and actually much valuable matter, legal and constitutional, is brought in. The constitutional development is shown to be from the aristocracy of the patrician-plebeian system to the senatorial oligarchy of Hellenistic times; through the series of dictatorships, culminating with that of Julius Caesar, which is regarded as a blend of the popular and military; and on to the great compromise of the Principate, which ended in hereditary monarchy. The diagram which explains this development seems better in conception than execution, and some of the maps, too, might well be clearer. The other diagrams of comparative chronology, showing, for example, how the time from the discovery of America to the war of 1914 is about equivalent to that between the fall of the early kings of Rome and the birth of Caesar, are not easy at first sight, but repay study and stir the imagination.

The illustrations are portraits enlarged from coins; an excellent source, even if not necessarily 'by far the most authentic'. The drawback is that you never see your man except in profile; and it is difficult, in life, to judge by profile only. The frontispiece, a cameo of Augustus in the British Museum, lacks the vigour of the best statues, busts and coins. Perhaps Mr. Baker intends this—the abstract Princeps, not the man?

Whether you believe or not that the history of Rome 'still remains the explanation of what we are and the key to what we shall be', you will yet find the book of absorbing interest.

BERNARD ASHMOLE

Sæva Indignatio

Georgian Satirists. Edited by Sherard Vines Wishart. 6s.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF ECCENTRICITY coincides with the decline of satire: neither can flourish in a society whose standards are not rigid. About the time that some eccentric last made the tour of a *salon*, climbing monkey-like from one piece of furniture to another, the practice of writing satiric verses fell into disuse. Shelley once tried his hand at the medium with success, and today we have Mr. Wyndham Lewis' ponderous batteries; but with every decade it has become more difficult to create good satire. 'Arising from the conflict of reason and unreason', it demands some fixed standard of reasonableness for moral, social and intellectual behaviour; its attacks gain point and force from the framework in which it functions. Today no one may be called unreasonable; we have no standard of measurement and people can merely be said to have personal idiosyncrasies and opinions. From a fixed scale of values, satire takes its acid authority, and the eccentric emerges as a natural divergent. The loss of the latter may not be serious; to lose the first implies a poverty and retrenchment in the scope of literature, and typifies the gulf which has widened in the last fifty years between the literary and politico-social worlds. When one has read Professor Vines' wide interpretation of satire in his introduction to *Georgian Satirists* our loss becomes even clearer. Satire is not only reformative and iconoclastic, it has definite value as an æsthetic medium—a particularly exact and exacting medium. As Professor Vines points out, Shakespeare most often uses it in this non-utilitarian, non-didactic manner (see 'King Lear' where he satirises the reproductive urge, 'to't luxury pell-mell'); and one of its most pleasing qualities is 'grandness' and an impartiality effected by subordinating personal disgust and anger to æsthetic discipline. Today, however, not only is the writer of satire at a disadvantage, but the public starts with a prejudice against it. The restriction of 'poetry' to the poetic idiom of the nineteenth century, belief in certain poetical subjects, and the idea that cleverness is not a legitimate creative instrument, largely account for this. It is a pity, since the public miss a source of pleasure and poetry becomes unhealthily restricted. Professor Vines' selections from half-a-dozen eighteenth century satirists are chosen—and well chosen—to overcome just this disinterest, and his introduction prepares their way. These Georgian satirists—Churchill, Young, Smart, Savage—lived in a stable society, to which their medium was well suited, and inherited a full tradition of satiric writing. Under such circumstances it became possible for writers who were often without first-class talent to produce complete and satisfying work. Dryden in his *Discourse Concerning the Original and Progress of Satire* had mapped out their province, had told them satire was to be constructive rather than destructive, and had demanded nobility and the exclusion of personal motives; Pope, magnificently transgressing, had given his particular twist and bitter brevity to their medium. The ruggedness of 'Hudibras' still exercised some influence and, among the classics themselves, Horace and Juvenal stood for archetypes. The matter and the manner were to hand and these poets combined them to such effect that their verse is constantly stimulating, and sometimes, in its conciseness, movement, and organisation, it becomes poetry of importance. Young and Churchill, the philosophic rake, seem to be the most interesting of these poets. The latter's 'Night' is a real and witty piece of writing, and the width of Young's range is amazing when one compares his rococo style in satire, with the large, romantic, and imaginative qualities of his later 'Night Thoughts'.

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LIS. 2/5

Makers of Modern Spain

The Origins of Modern Spain. By J. B. Trend
Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.

THE WORD 'REVOLUTION' is fast losing its terrors for us. Though Mr. Walter Elliot's creed may seem shocking to our elders, most of us are now ready to accept as a truism the *mot* of Señor Jose Ortega y Gasset (in *The Modern Theme*) that 'revolutions are not constituted by barricades but by states of minds', their least essential feature being violence. It was Señor Ortega y Gasset too who demonstrated that the actual *political* shift is only the last stage in a long process whereby the national being grows a new skin. That is manifestly true of the French Revolution, as it is of the Nazi revolution in Germany—whereas the so-called 'revolution' of 1918 was *per forza* an abortion for lack of previous mental and spiritual preparation. But it is conspicuously true of Spain where the political upheaval can be traced directly to the inspiration of a group of philosophic radicals, educators in the full sense of the term.

In his earlier work, *A Portrait of Modern Spain*, Mr. J. B. Trend sketched the outlines of that spiritual and educational renaissance dating from the 'sixties, thus supplying the key to a new Spain which would otherwise be incomprehensible. He has now given us a more sustained recital of the methods and achievements of those educators, with deft portraits of Sanz del Rio, Francisco Giner de los Rios, Nicolas Salmeron, etc., and Manuel Cossio, its living embodiment. A first chapter describing the Spain of 1868, just before the hurried departure of *esa señora* (that impossible lady), Isabella II, makes an effective antithesis.

Sanz del Rio betook himself to Germany to study the philosophy of law and worked at Heidelberg on the system expounded by pupils of an obscure philosopher named Krause, whose chief merit seems to have been to hand on the moral teaching of Kant. Not even Professor Trend can discover any especial significance in 'Krausism', except what the Catholics called its affinity to 'the damnable morality of Kantian ethics'; but there is no doubt that the effect on potential Spanish rationalists was wholly salutary. It induced 'a courageous, joyful outlook on the world and on life', as the poles apart, however, from 'Anglo-Saxon' comfortable optimism—and, above all, intellectual integrity. The latter was rare enough in Spain, as a result of centuries of clericalist domination of schools and universities.

The first act of educational reform, the founding in Madrid of the *Institución Libre de Enseñanza*, was the work not of Sanz del Rio but of his most distinguished pupil, Francisco Giner de los Rios. In the reaction that set in after the luckless First Republic Don Francisco was among those ejected from their professorial chairs and, though 'a good Catholic who never meddled with politics', in the words of *The Times*, was imprisoned in the famous Santa Catalina fortress at Cadiz for the sin of Liberalism.

When released he and his friends founded the *Institución* as a protest against State and clerical control of education. Dependent as it was on private initiative, the Free School could hold itself entirely apart from the spirit or interests of any particular religious communion, philosophical school or political party. German and English influences combined to make the distinctive features of the school curriculum and procedure. But the whole pattern was shot through by the radiating personality of Señor Giner de los Rios himself. There are no examinations, no text-books—but the boys are encouraged to take their own notes, which are regularly looked over by the masters. History and geography are not taught as isolated subjects but treated together with literature and art as elements of the history of civilisations. 'Tracing History Backwards' was one of the earliest expedients. Above all, the founders attached importance to museum visits, to excursions in the country, as the surest means of awakening a live interest in history, art, geology or country life. After the International Congress on Education in South Kensington (1884) which was attended by Giner de los Rios and Cossio, open-air games and other character-building features of the English system were added. Free-hand and model drawing, music and manual work are not extras but form part of the regular school training. These things may seem commonplace today; in 1876, and in Spain, they were revolutionary.

Against bitter opposition from the 'traditional obstacles' there gradually developed other schools, colleges and research centres inspired by this idea of learning to do things rather than learning things, as described in Professor Trend's earlier work. But they were an oasis in the scholastic desert until the Republic

came. Now the dearest wishes of Don Francisco and the others have been gratified in the enterprise, through 'pedagogic missions', of conveying to the remotest villages the delights of music, of painting, of books and films, formerly the prerogative of the élite. Humanism is the hall-mark of the new Spain. It is fitting that Cambridge should have honoured with a professorship the man who better than any other Englishman has told its story.

W. HORSFALL CARTER

Prison Walls

Black Monastery. By Aladar Kuncz
Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.

THE AUTHOR OF THIS BOOK, a Hungarian who already had some reputation among a small circle, and who has died since the publication of this, his greatest work, was living in France at the outbreak of the War and was interned by the French authorities. The book is a full account of his experiences as a civilian prisoner, and we doubt if anyone will put it down without exclaiming that internment for political opinion, history or status is a crime. Although *Black Monastery* tells of events fifteen years old—and although, as in German internment camps, induced suicides or the formula 'shot while trying to escape' are not to be found in it—it may serve to remind our rubber-truncheon men that a man cannot be trusted to play gaoler over his political opponents and remain a decent human being.

However, this book is not a work of propaganda nor of hate. Its sympathy is wide. It is a piece of literature, profound in its love, pity and understanding, fascinating in its wealth of character and variety of scene. I have not read a book which has moved me so much for years and which has left me with such a sense of exaltation, gratitude and power. First in Noirmontier, a disused fortress off the coast of La Vendée which had housed German prisoners in the Franco-German War and had hardly been touched since then, and then in another camp on L'Ile d'Yeu, the author and some two hundred others were shut up for four years. The conditions at Noirmoutier were appalling; at L'Ile d'Yeu they were materially better but bad enough to horrify Swiss and American visitors. By the end of the War many of the interned had died, some had gone mad and the rest were nervous wrecks. The strain of sleeping forty or fifty to a room on straw, with a yard space per man, combined with the calculated cruelties of sadistic governors and the complete lack of any but perverted sexual outlets, turned the camp into something like a madhouse.

These civilian prisoners had for the most part been long resident in France. There were Austrians, Poles, Germans, Hungarians; they were small tradesmen, artisans, labourers, artists, waiters, gypsies. Their portraits and their individual struggles to protect themselves from the horror of their environment are drawn with the greatest skill. The farces and comedies, the quarrels, the tedium, the tragedies and the curious idyllic moments which came when seemingly the mind could stand the strain no longer, are beautifully rendered. Aladar Kuncz shows the amazing adaptability of human beings, establishing a prison society with its codes, improvising, surviving as much by ingenuity as by faith. Men carved, painted, sang, danced and made musical instruments. A man died and they carved a monument to his memory—this was destroyed by one of the governors. It is probably inevitable that the number of sadists among governors of political prisons is large. There is a striking scene in which, after a peculiarly bad period of cruel treatment, the prisoners suddenly ignore the guards—always armed with fixed bayonets—and howl the tyrant down. The relation between gaolers and gaolled is studied with subtlety; it was a game of cat and mouse relieved by sudden moments of shame in which both with embarrassment remembered their humanity. I know of few things more moving than the descriptions of the occasional permitted visits to the town, when the author so wondered at the sight of free human beings that he wanted to touch them. But it is impossible to single out characters and episodes in a book so rich in both, so profound in its humanity. Its purged and unbroken spirit remind one again and again of another great prisoner, Cervantes. *Black Monastery* is one of the classics of this literature, and a finer study of a sensitive man's adaptation to this torture I have never read. After fifteen years Europe has learned nothing; in Germany and Italy sensitive men have endured, are still enduring, similar tortures.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Lion and the Dragon

Variations on a Time Theme. By Edwin Muir
Dent. 2s. 6d.

IT IS OFTEN RIDICULOUS to talk of a poet's promise: the majority of poets are lyric poets, their earliest writing is among their best, and when the lyric impulse passes (as it often does) the result is silence or mere versifying. To those readers, however, who happened to see the *Six Poems* published in a limited edition by the Samson Press in 1932, it was clear that Mr. Muir was a poet whose powers were likely to continue to develop. His poetry is essentially philosophical, not lyrical or narrative, and his imagery is mythological—that is to say, the images which are the vehicles of his thought and feeling recur in constant relation to one another, and the effect which they have on the reader is increased by the memory of their earlier contexts. A philosophy can only express our thoughts about things, its words are abstract and colourless; but a mythological system, by its use of definite concrete images, expresses both thought and feeling. A genuine poem is an incantation: it makes the reader walk along the street saying the words over to himself, aware that they produce a specific effect whose value does not depend on any thought or information or incitement to action which the words may convey.

The present sequence is such a poem: it will remind some readers of Mr. Eliot's later poems:

We did not know life held a place like this,
Or not for us, for others.
Yet we saw
Good halting stations on our road here, open doors,
Lights in windows, lighted shrines, and human faces
Not such as these.

But Mr. Muir's poem is not an imitation of any other: its appeal is not restricted to the admirers of Mr. Eliot, and it is rather important to get Mr. Eliot's poetry, and Mr. Eliot's reputation, out of one's head when reading these Variations, for they express a vision sufficiently complete and sufficiently important to be judged independently of any other.

Primarily, these poems are, as the title says, variations on the theme of Time, and Time itself is used as a symbol of all those things which stand between man and his desires:

A child in Adam's field I dreamed away
My one eternity and hourless day,
Ere from my wrist Time's bird had learned to fly,
Or I had robbed the tree of which I die—

—and Time in these poems stands not only for 'Time' in this extended sense—"Time's armies are the seconds soft as rain"—but also for man's realisation of Time, and hence for that capacity to see things as part of eternity, which results in indifference, the feeling of the worthlessness of effort, so that man:

Can stare at Beauty's bosom coldly
And at Christ's crucifixion boldly:
Can note with a lack-lustre eye
Victim and murderer go by:

but which also produces Pity:

Then must dead Pity, wakened by my plight,
Start up again and make for my delight
A mimic stage where in the day
A phantom hound pursues a phantom prey,
Where the slain rise and smile upon the slayer,
And the crowned victor is a harmless player.

Time, which is the enemy of life, is life itself: and these contradictions are expressed through the contrast of the living and the heraldic lion, who is lifeless and eternal:

Who curbed the lion long ago
And penned him in this towering field
And reared him wingless in the sky?
And quenched the dragon's burning eye,
Chaining him here to make a show,
The faithful guardian of the shield?

It is not easy to comment on such poetry at first sight, for it is likely to reveal its meanings slowly, and perhaps those which appear at first are not the most important. But though understanding may be necessary if we are to explain our enjoyment to others, it is nevertheless possible to say at once that this is a very fine poem, for its thought, its rhythms and its images are not such that its appeal is likely to be restricted to our own day or to a small group of very special reading and pre-occupations.

MICHAEL ROBERTS

The Lane Pictures

Hugh Lane and His Pictures. By Thomas Bodkin
Harrap. 8s. 6d.

THE NAME OF HUGH LANE is best known to the public over the controversy about his collection of modern pictures now in the Tate Gallery which are also claimed by Dublin. Lane was born in 1875 in Southern Ireland. At eighteen he was forced to earn his own living and entered Colnaghi's Gallery at a salary of a pound a week and in a very short time he set up shop as a dealer on his own. Such was his flair for pictures that after a couple of years he had made over ten thousand pounds. He closed his shop, took rooms in Jermyn Street and embarked on his career as a 'gentleman dealer'.

In 1902 he organised a very successful exhibition of Old Masters at the Royal Hibernian Academy, Dublin, in aid of its funds. Spurred on by Lane, the President in 1903 wrote a letter to the Press, in which he claimed from the Government a new Charter, an increased endowment, more suitable buildings and the establishment of a gallery of modern art. This was the first definite intimation of Lane's project to give Dublin modern pictures. In 1904 he organised an exhibition of contemporary Irish Painters at the Guildhall in London. In his introduction to the catalogue he urged again his plans for Dublin. So great was his enthusiasm that already in 1908 a Municipal Gallery of Modern Art was opened in Dublin in Clonmell House, a large private residence, with Lane as Director. To this he presented over seventy pictures and drawings besides lending his collection of modern continental pictures: the latter he intended presenting if a gallery was erected within two years. This started the unfortunate dispute over finding a suitable site for the Gallery. All Lane's efforts towards a solution were rejected by the Dublin Corporation until finally in disappointment he carried out his threat, made public some time before, and withdrew his pictures from Dublin altogether. They found a temporary home in Belfast until they were accepted unconditionally as a loan by the National Gallery, London. In October, 1913, gratified by this arrangement, he made a new will leaving these pictures to found a collection of Modern Continental Art in London, the remainder of his property to go to the National Gallery, Dublin. In February, 1914, he received a letter from the Keeper of the London National Gallery saying the Gallery was going to hang fifteen of his pictures provided he would pledge himself to present or bequeath them to England. Lane resented the letter, refused to agree to their making a selection, and declined to make any definite promise, but intimated that if giving the collection to London would mean that steps were taken to create a Gallery for Modern Continental Art, he would be tempted to give them. As a result of this *contretemps* the pictures were not exhibited until 1917, two years after his death. In February, 1914, he was elected Director of the National Gallery, Dublin. His gifts to Dublin during this period numbered twenty-one and he refused to take any salary, preferring to devote the money to buying more pictures for the Gallery.

In February, 1915, he went to America on business. Before going he added a codicil to his will dated February 3, 1915, in which he left the pictures on loan in London to Dublin, on condition that a suitable building was provided for them within five years after his death, failing which they were to be sold for the benefit of the National Gallery, Dublin. The codicil was signed but not witnessed. On May 7 the *Lusitania* was sunk with Lane on board. Lane's will, made on October 11, 1913, was validly executed and witnessed in accordance with the Wills Act and so overruled the codicil. Lady Gregory, the trustee named in the codicil immediately published it and claimed the pictures for Dublin. This started a controversy which was fought in the Press and in Parliament, resulting in the setting up in 1924 of a Parliamentary Committee to consider the rival claims. Whilst the Committee found that in signing the codicil Lane thought he was making a legal disposition, they advised against Parliament giving it legal effect, on the grounds that to do so was without precedent and that had Lane lived to see the present Tate Gallery he would have wished his pictures to remain in London.

These facts are set forth in the present book, which is a public edition of the *de luxe* volume published privately by the Irish Free State in 1932. It contains an appreciation and sketch of Lane's life, together with a full statement of the claim advanced by Dublin to the collection, with reproductions of all the pictures concerned.

GEORGE FURLONG

How Many Stories Are There

bought and published every year? And how many articles? If you remember that there are about *four thousand* newspapers, weekly journals, and monthly magazines published in the U.K., nearly all of which require to buy articles and stories from outside sources, you will quickly realize that *thousands* of stories are required and *tens of thousands* of articles.

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CASSELL

The Cause of War?

Property or Peace? By H. N. Brailsford. Gollancz. 5s.

MR. BRAILSFORD writes about political and economic questions, matters difficult and dry enough in themselves, with a persuasive magic such as hardly any other publicist of our time commands. His earlier and very influential book, *The War of Steel and Gold*, must have weighed with many who were not entirely persuaded by the argument of it. But this is a more important book than that, and one even better written.

Mr. Brailsford's title implies that there is a dichotomy between Property—by which he means our system of society resting upon private ownership of the means of production—and any durable order within the community or any lasting peace between communities similarly organised. He thinks that there is no chance of our organising a secure international order that will give the nations peace, so long as they maintain within themselves these mutually conflicting economic systems, with their consequent nationalist outlook and their insistence upon their own absolute sovereignty; that the very foundations are lacking, and that, if we want to build an effective international federation, we have to remake the foundations in our internal order. It is a very impressive argument, closely marshalled, which his book is designed to illustrate; and by a careful survey and analysis of what has been happening to the world in these post-War years, particularly during the last four years of slump, aggressive nationalism, renewed armament, and breakdown of the League, he makes out a strong case for it.

His argument starts from the point that with our command of the technique of production we could enjoy a very much greater degree of prosperity than we do; but that our system of property prevents us from adequately distributing what we produce, and so 'an industrial society that starves its own internal market must soon go pioneering overseas in search of fresh and wider markets'. 'The kernel that determines the character of the whole', he says, 'is the typical factory, whose owner will not return to its workers the value their labour produces, and cannot himself consume the surpluses he appropriates'. From this springs the need for imperialist expansion, and here is the clue to some of the conflicts leading to modern war. Mr. Brailsford speaks as if the investing of capital overseas is wholly bad; but it may be good—witness the railways, the irrigation works, the agricultural and industrial development it gives rise to. And so far as the borrowing country gains more out of its consequent industrial development than it pays in interest to the lender, it has no reason to complain. Mr. Brailsford's argument in relation to empire is a trifle too simple to be wholly satisfactory.

With the relations between sovereign-states, he is on stronger ground. 'Sovereignty is in the international world what property is in the industrial realm'; and he adds bitterly, 'Each a law unto itself, these sovereign states conspire to produce the order and harmony of our modern world'. It is in the conflicts of unregulated and uncontrolled economic power, he holds, that the causes of modern war lie. 'War in the modern world is an outgrowth of the system of property. When men will to banish war, they must abandon the exclusive and monopolist institution of property'.

In its analysis excellent, the book is, not unnaturally, less good when it comes to offer a concrete policy in the present international situation. One reader at any rate was unconvinced that we should 'go on demanding that our own Government shall disarm' as a remedy for the German impasse, since the victory of Nazi aims in Europe is not likely to advance those causes to which, in the rest of his book, Mr. Brailsford bids us look as our only hope of peace. Still, his book is the statement of a very important position, and it is undeniably a brilliant expression of it.

A. L. ROWSE

French Flattery

A Frenchman's London. By Paul Morand. Cassell. 8s. 6d.

M. PAUL MORAND has achieved the difficult feat of understanding the English and their ways without giving up any of his own Frenchness. From the author of *L'Europe Galante*, the prototype of all chroniclers of post-War life and loves, a fearful exhortation might have been expected for a town without *cafés*, with only the most sedate night-clubs, and where town-planning is accustomed to take the form of replacing antiquated and beautiful buildings by structures not beautiful and only a few years less out-of-date in style. On the contrary M. Morand is full of praise. *A Frenchman's London* is a book of little more than three hundred pages but it would be difficult to imagine a more competent or a more sympathetic survey, touching on every imaginable side of London life. M. Morand was educated at

Oxford and he was a secretary at the French Embassy, so that his acquaintance with England is far from superficial. At the same time it is a remarkable achievement for a Frenchman to be so appreciative of a capital that he himself calls 'the anti-Paris' without jettisoning any of his own essential nationalism. He loves a good generalisation, of course, and very good are most of his generalisations, and the way in which he condenses the history of London, from pre-Roman times up to the War, into seventy pages. He deals with everything: Londoners, the City, Clubs, the Law Courts, Bloomsbury ('every house contains a famous man'), the Thames, theatres and cinemas, churches, royal processions, restaurants (with some very kind and sensible remarks about English food), the parks, the East End, dog-racing, the Dirt Track, the Zoo, and Covent Garden. He describes everything with sympathy and understanding and just the right amount of *snobisme*. Indeed his tolerance goes so far that he can extend it to the neo-Tudor cottage tea-shops of the by-pass roads out of London. One hesitates to recommend a book which confirms so much of our national complacency. At least it would be true to say that there are not many Englishmen who could sit down and write so accurate and so balanced an account of their own capital.

There are a few small points where it is possible to disagree with M. Morand. Peers of the Realm do not necessarily wear wigs; there are not many clubs now for which candidates are put down soon after birth; hussar uniforms are dark blue and not black; it was Lord Winchester, surely, as hereditary holder of the office, who bore the Cap of Maintenance at the opening of Parliament, and not Lord Londonderry; while to say of the British Expeditionary Force of 1914: 'Noblemen left for France, for the trenches, with their plate, their servants, and their racing stable just as they had in the eighteenth century' is an inexactitude more worthy of an earlier generation of French students of English eccentricity than of the well-informed and sophisticated M. Morand.

ANTHONY POWELL

The Devil Shamed

Shame the Devil. By Liam O'Flaherty. Grayson. 10s. 6d.

'Oo is it owes 'im the threepence?' asks the melancholy jockey in 'The Arcadians', as one of the characters leaves the stage shaking his fist and bawling threats. I am not so irreverent as to echo his remark, after reading Mr. O'Flaherty's confessions, but it did, I confess, come into my mind. I have a very great admiration for Mr. O'Flaherty, who has written some of the finest short stories of our time: but the objective vision and the artistic detachment which made them are too often off duty in *Shame the Devil*. Driven by influenza and/or remorse, Mr. O'Flaherty rushes off to Paris, to Spain, to Brittany. While meeting many adventures, at the races, the bull-ring, among poverty-stricken fishermen, and elsewhere, he reviews his life and considers his sins.

In the course of thirty-seven years I have made rather an astonishing journey from the naked rocks of the Aran Islands, where I was born in extreme poverty, to a position of some note in the literary world.

It is indeed an astonishing journey, which does him all credit; and his account of it is vivid and interesting. His imaginative powers, sharpened by poverty and training, were exercised early. As a small boy, he frightened his mother with a wholly fictitious account of a neighbour killing his wife. Trained for the priesthood, he broke away, enlisted, and went through the War. When he came back to Dublin, he found himself an outcast. Communism followed, and writing, and success.

Shame the Devil is a disturbing book for several reasons. The first is its inequality. The bull-fight, the return to Aran, and many other passages, are the work of the man who wrote the marvellous short stories. But who wrote this?

Truly this is an age in which the race is to the mean, an age in which the scum of society sets the pace for aristocracy. An age in which greatness is denied its dignity and is compelled to go abroad in its nakedness. Or was it always so? 'For slander's mark was ever yet the fair', said Shakespeare. Then why should I, a pigmy scribbler of crude words, take umbrage at offence, when that almighty lord of music deigned to have his sublime verses first sung to tavern sots? Let the unclean vermin feast on the corrupt flesh. They cannot touch the soul.

That is a temperate example. There are scores of passages far wilder, about which it is only charitable to suppose that the virus of influenza was still in Mr. O'Flaherty's blood when he wrote them. It is to be hoped that, the devil duly shamed, he has got all this perilous stuff off his chest. Mr. O'Flaherty at his best is an artist of genius; and we cannot afford to lose him. Having presented this dagger to his enemies—the phrase is his own—let him next present another book like *Skerrett* to his friends.


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